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CHRONICLE OF ST MONICA'S

D. MAURUS M. SERAFINI, ORDINIS S. BENEDICTI

ABBAS GENERALIS

Congregationis Cassinensis a Primæva Observantia

Cum duo Censores pro revisendis libris deputati examinaverint Volumen Secundum Operis, cui titulus: RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH CANONESSES REGULAR OF ST AUGUSTINE: *a R. P. D. Adamo Hamilton, Provinciæ nostræ Gallicæ elaboratum, nihilque in eo fidei aut bonis moribus contrarium deprehenderint, Nos ut typis evulgetur permittimus, si iis ad quos spectat ita videbitur.*

Romæ, ex ædibus S. Ambrosii, Die 1ª Decembris 1905.

D. MAURUS M. SERAFINI,
Abb. Gen.

Nihil Obstat.

FRANCISCUS AVELING, S.T.D.,
Censor Deputatus.

Imprimi potest.

GULIELMUS PRÆPOSITUS JOHNSON,
Vicarius Generalis.

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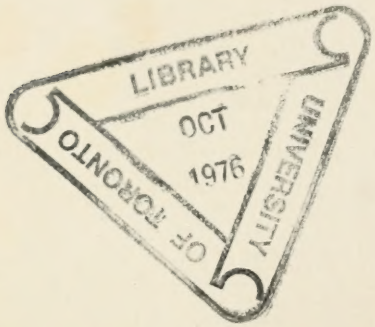
WESTMONASTERII,
Die 19 *Aprilis*, 1906.

I protest my complete submission to the decrees of the Holy See wherever in this volume I have given the praise of sanctity or martyrdom, or related any occurrence that might appear to be supernatural.



THE FAMILY OF BLESSED THOMAS MORE.

Engraved about 1730 *from the Painting by Holbein. Kindly lent by Leonard Longstaff, Esq.*

1. John More, the Chancellor's Father.
2. Anne Cresacre.
3. Blessed Thomas More.
4. Lady More.
5. Margaret Roper.
6. Elizabeth Dancy.
7. Cecilia Heron.
8. John More.
9. Margaret Giggs.
10. Henry Patenson. (More's fool).

[*Face Title-page*

The Chronicle of the English Augustinian Canonesses Regular of the Lateran, at St Monica's in Louvain

(NOW AT ST AUGUSTINE'S PRIORY, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON)

A CONTINUATION

1625 to 1644

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND ADDITIONS

BY DOM ADAM HAMILTON, O.S.B.

WITH MANY RARE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PEDIGREES

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1906

To the Honour of

BLESSED THOMAS MORE, CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND; BLESSED MARGARET PLANTAGENET, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY; BLESSED HUMPHREY MIDDLEMORE, CARTHUSIAN; BLESSED ADRIAN FORTESCUE KNIGHT OF ST JOHN; BLESSED JOHN FELTON MARTYRS FOR THE CATHOLIC FAITH

And to the Memory of

VEN. ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.; VEN. THOMAS GARNET, S.J.; VEN. GEORGE HAYDOCK, PRIEST; VEN. JOSEPH LAMBTON, PRIEST; VEN. PHILIP HOWARD EARL OF ARUNDEL; VEN. WILLIAM HOWARD, VISCOUNT STAFFORD VEN. MARGARET CLITHEROE; JAMES RADCLIFFE, EARL OF DERWENTWATER; WALTER COLEMAN, O.S.F.; HENRY GARNET, S.J.; JAMES LAYBURNE, AND OTHERS KNOWN TO PUBLIC FAME AS HAVING LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES FOR THE SAME HOLY CAUSE

WHO WERE UNITED BY TIES OF KINDRED TO NUNS OF ST MONICA'S COMMUNITY

THIS VOLUME OF ST MONICA'S CHRONICLE IS REVERENTLY DEDICATED BY THE EDITOR

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME

THE portion of the Chronicle of St Monica's, published in this second volume, gives the annals of the community during a period of nineteen years, closing with the visit made to our Canonesses in 1644 by a future martyr, the Ven. William Howard, Viscount Stafford.

Like the earlier part of the Chronicle of which it is the continuation, it consists largely of sketches of Catholic home life in England during that troubled period, the aggravation of the sufferings of Catholics by the Civil War being severely felt by the community, reduced to the direst poverty by the failure of remittances from England. The history of our old Catholic families, which the good Chronicler, according to her own avowed intention, has sought to illustrate, furnishes many a charming page in this portion of the Chronicle, in most instances of deep historical interest. The families of Musgrave, Berney, Fermor, Draycote, Thimelby, Philpot, Jerningham, Gillibrand, Tempest, Pole, and many others, are brought before us, while those of Clifford, Bedingfeld, Throckmorton, and others, which we met with in our former volume, come again on the scene. It is almost startling to find among the Sisters of St Monica's a daughter of Lord Monteagle, of Gunpowder Plot renown; and the Worthington records made it necessary to include from the manuscripts preserved at Newton Abbot a letter of Charles Towneley of Towneley. The foundation of Bruges Priory, a filiation from St Monica's, the siege of Louvain in 1625, and the plague in the Low Countries, are

stirring episodes in this portion of the annals of St Monica's.

There is ample material for a third volume of the Chronicle, though after the year 1660, the finished copy of the narrative being lost, it will have to be compiled from several detached manuscripts, full of precious records for the historian of the Catholic Church in England. But the writer of this Preface cannot with confidence promise himself the pleasure of completing the work.

The first volume was well received by the reviewers. By one or two critics, whose opinion is entitled to the highest respect, some exception was taken to the length of the editor's prefaces, but the contrary opinion was expressed by so many, that after considerable hesitation he decided to edit the second volume to a great extent on the same lines. In doing so, he has only aimed at carrying out more fully the purpose of the Chronicler, occasionally inserting notes from the obit-book and other inedited records, preserved by the communities of Newton Abbot, Teignmouth, and Chudleigh, or from other sources not easily accessible. To the same course of action he was finally determined by the wish of the Prioress and community of St Augustine's at Newton Abbot, to whom he is indebted for the best part of the historical additions contained in the prefaces.

It was also their earnest desire that the volume should include some notice of the last of our English martyrs, James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, their devoted friend and benefactor. His wife and son were buried in their church at Louvain ; the two Sisters Radcliffe of their community were his near relatives, and the Derwentwater chasuble, with the Radcliffe arms embroidered on it, is one of the treasures of the sacristy in their church at Newton Abbot. To gratify their wish, I have added a chapter at the end of the volume, much of which is due to Mr R. D. Radcliffe of Liverpool, to whom I am also indebted for portraits and illustrations regarding the martyr and his family.

To the kindness of Lord Clifford I owe the beautiful illustrations from the paintings at Ugbrooke; to the Plowdens of Plowden Hall, the portrait of Edward Plowden, the illustrious Elizabethan lawyer, and some others; to the Reverend Mother Prioress of St Augustine's, Newton Abbot, several views of their Convent, and a plan of St Monica's at Louvain, besides others of antiquarian interest; Lady Petre and Mr Radcliffe contribute the Derwentwater portraits, and Mr Gillow's valuable illustrations will be found in the volume duly acknowledged. The chapter on the history of the Gifford family has been in great part supplied by Major-General the Hon. George Wrottesley. Mr R. D. Radcliffe has furnished the history of the lords of Derwentwater and other historical details; Mr Joseph Gillow has revised all the pedigrees, besides supplying many other historical details. To Mr Leonard Lindsay and the Hon. Mrs Stapleton I am also much indebted, as also to Mr J. S. Hansom and to Mrs Tempest of Broughton.

The records of our ancient religious communities have thrown much light on the history of St Monica's, for which my warmest thanks are due to the Lady Abbess of Teignmouth, the Lady Abbess of Syon, the Reverend Mother Prioress of Lanherne, and the Dominican community of Stone. To the labours of the Society of Jesus (especially have I to thank Père Villaert, S.J.), the Oratorians, and others mentioned in the Preface to the former volume, is owing the possibility of undertaking a work of this kind. Above all my gratitude is due to the Reverend Mother Prioress of St Augustine's, and to the indefatigable labour and research of a religious of the community.

The portrait of the venerable martyr, William Howard, Viscount Stafford, which served as frontispiece to our former volume, and the two letters which he wrote to his daughter, Sister Ursula, likewise reproduced in the same, are not the only treasures which have come into the possession

of our Canonesses through their connection with the martyr. This volume, as I have already said, ends with his visit to St Monica's. Although Sister Ursula's profession does not come within the period covered by this portion of the Chronicle, yet the wish of the community that some notes on the Venerable William Howard and his cloistered daughter should now be published, is one with which I most willingly comply. For want of a more appropriate place in the book, the remainder of this Preface may worthily be devoted to that purpose. From the Louvain manuscripts I have taken the following extracts :—

"Upon the fourth of September 1663, was clothed for a nun Mrs [Miss] Ursula Howard, daughter to the Viscount Stafford, whose father, mother, and eldest brother, and one of her sisters were present at it, with a train of ten servants. She had a rich cloth of silver gown and petticoat. The church was hung round, and all things accordingly, in great state, befitting her quality. The Archpriest performed the Office, and the ghostly Father preached."

"Upon the 22nd day of September 1664, was professed Sister Ursula Stafford or Howard, it being the Feast of St Mauritius and his companions, whose relics are enclosed in our High Altar. At her profession were used vestments, cope, dalmatics, tunics, veils, etc., of cloth of silver, with a rich gold and silver lace of the same, as her clothing-gown and petticoat were, of which also were the antependiums of the three altars, with vestments and veils for the two low altars. Before her profession, she gave a jewel of diamond worth £50. She gave also two pendents worth £10, to adorn the Monstrance of the Blessed Sacrament. Her portion was £400 ready paid, and £30 yearly for her life."

"1720. This year died Sister Ursula Stafford, 14th September." (Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.) The "diamond jewel" pendent still adorns the Monstrance used on high festivals at St Augustine's

Priory, and the vestments of cloth of silver are still in use there.

Venerable William Howard, Sister Ursula's father, was the third son of Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and of Alathea Talbot, daughter of Gilbert, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury. He was the grandson of another holy martyr, Venerable Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, one of the noblest of Elizabeth's victims. Viscount Stafford's integrity of life, his gentleness and piety, and his unswerving faith and loyalty, were crowned by a glorious martyrdom. The account of his execution is given in Challoner. On his sixty-ninth birthday he was arraigned before the House of Lords; on the Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury, the 29th of December 1680, he sealed his faith with his blood on Tower Hill.

Sir Francis Winnington began his opening speech for the prosecution with the ominous words: "My Lords, I look upon the cause of this day to be the cause of the Protestant Religion." These words are the key to what would otherwise be inexplicable in the judicial murder of a blameless nobleman, on evidence which many of those who voted him guilty did certainly believe to be false. Winnington's threats alone deterred Lloyd, Protestant Bishop of St Asaph's, from coming forward in favour of the accused. While Lord Stafford was speaking in his defence, Lord Lovelace rose and said: "I think I see one of the impudentest things that ever was done in a court of justice; while we are trying a person for a popish plot, I do see a professed papist standing in the body of your house, and that is Sir Bernard Gascoigne;" who thereupon went out of the court.

Against this torrent, it was useless for the noble prisoner to stand up for justice. "I defy any creature in the world," he said, "to say that I ever used one disobedient or disloyal word of the king, or did any such act. I waited on the king that now is, in the un-

happy war that is passed, when I was in a low condition enough as to fortune, and my wife and family were thereby reduced to great straits, for my wife and children lived some five or six years [in the Low Countries] upon some plate and jewels that we had, whereas, if I would have come and been at London and joined with that party, I could have saved my estate and lived quietly as others did." His manly and generous defence made no impression. To die he feared not. The brief and calm letters written to his daughter, whereof our Canonesses possess the originals, only exhort her to patience and resignation since he "doubted not to obtain everlasting happiness." But, he pleaded, it was his duty to defend himself. He owed it to the memory of Charles I., who had made him a peer; to the honour of his parents; to his family, "for I would not have it said after my death, my wife was the widow of a traitor." All was in vain. In the mind of every man present was the thought: "The cause of this day is the cause of the Protestant Religion," and on this the speeches of the accusers, without exception, did not fail to insist.

His letters, with an account of his martyrdom, his last speech, and his last prayer: "Sweet Jesus, receive my soul; into Thy hands I commend my spirit," were despatched at once to Louvain. If they were tidings of sorrow, they were also news of gladness for the martyr's triumph. Only three years before, his daughter Mary, a younger sister of our Sister Ursula, had made her profession as a nun at "Het Spellekens Huis," Brussels, and from the Dominican records I take the following beautiful passage: "It is handed down in the community that Sister Mary Delphina [the martyr's daughter] happened to be reader in the refectory the week of her father's execution, and Mother Prioress Barbara Boyle, wishing to have the account of it read at table to the religious, appointed another reader for the occasion. Sister Delphina begged so earnestly to be

permitted to read it herself, that our Mother could not find in her heart to withstand her. With wonderful, almost supernatural, composure, she read the whole of it through without betraying the least discomposure, but next morning it was found that her hair had become perfectly white. She was about twenty-two years old."

Concerning this heroic nun, I may as well add the rest of the account in the Dominican records of the Spellekens Convent at Brussels.

"Sister Mary Delphina Howard was the fifth daughter of Right Honourable William Howard, Lord Viscount Stafford, who was unjustly put to death on Tower Hill, 29th of December, St Thomas of Canterbury's day 1680, Old Style, and of the Honble. Mary Stafford, Baroness and Viscountess, his lawful wife. Sister Delphina Stafford Howard had 3500 guilders (of dowry) which is all on the land of her mother, the Viscountess Stafford, for which she paid us yearly 240 guilders, which was due the 25th of September, the which was continued by her son the Right Honourable Henry, Earl of Stafford, until his death. Sister Mary Delphina was an excellent painter and miniaturist. The offices she held in the Convent are not given."

It adds to the interest of the above extracts that they were copied for this work in May 1901, by a descendant of the martyr, a Dominican nun at Stone. From her statement that Sister Mary Delphina was "an excellent painter and miniaturist," I suspect that she executed the miniature portrait of her father, preserved at St Augustine's, which forms the frontispiece to our first volume of St Monica's Chronicle.

Sister Delphina at first tried her vocation at St Monica's, and in the records of our Canonesses is the following entry: "Upon the fifteenth of September, the Octave of our Lady's Nativity, entered the monastery for a trial to be a scholar for the Order, Mrs [Miss] Mary Stafford, with that condition that if she took not the

scholar's habit within three weeks she was to go forth again. . . . Mrs Mary Stafford above mentioned, having provided a scholar's coat and kerchief [the postulants' habit], at the three weeks' end she had no mind to put 'em on, but departed to Brussels and entered among the English Dominicanesses, begun by his Eminence the Cardinal of Norfolk, whose cousin-german she was, and also his god-daughter."

On the other children of the martyr a few words will be enough. His eldest son, Henry, Earl of Stafford, made an unhappy marriage with the Countess de Grammont. Among the legacies in his will are, "a hanging of green velvet wrought by Mary, Queen of Scots," and "my carpet, wrought in silk by our great-grandmother of blessed memory, Anne, wife of Philip Arundel, Earl of Surrey." Alethea, sister to Sisters Ursula and Delphina, was an Augustinian nun at Paris, in the community now at Neuilly. Their sister, Anastasia, married George Holman of Warkworth Castle. Both were renowned for their charities, and their stately home served as a refuge for persecuted priests. John Stafford Howard, the martyr's second son, married Mary, daughter of Sir John Southcote. Their son, William, was the second Earl of Stafford. His daughter was a Conceptionist nun at Paris. How the title passed from Howard to Jerningham, I have told elsewhere.

It has been the lot of this illustrious community to have been closely connected with our English martyrs from blessed Thomas More to the martyred Earl of Derwentwater. The editor cannot but account it his own good fortune to have been permitted to publish their Chronicle. To bring before the minds of Englishmen the deeds and sufferings of their heroic forefathers in the long struggle for the Catholic Faith is one of the most effectual means for the return of our country to the inheritance of which it has been despoiled.

BUCKFAST ABBEY,
Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 1905.

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CHRONICLE OF ST MONICA'S

PREFACE TO CHAPTER THE FIRST

The story of a Warwickshire manor. Sister Lioba Morgan. Colonel Thomas Morgan the Cavalier, and his Carmelite daughter. An extract from the Lanherne Chronicle. Portrait of Ann Preston, Lady Clifford, at Ugbrooke. Markhams of Ollerton. A London rake in the days of James I. Sir Drew Drury, Queen Mary's jailer at Fotheringay. Did he die a Catholic? Extract from Abbess Neville in Teignmouth Chronicle.

THREE miles from the Benedictine Priory of Princethorpe in Warwickshire is the little village of Weston-under-Wetherly, with its old church, whose monuments, especially that of the Morgans of Weston, are of interest to the historian of Catholic England. Moreover, the chequered history of the manor of Weston, now the property of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, in a singular manner connects our Louvain Cannonesses, first with the Morgans of Llantarnam in Monmouthshire and then with the Cliffords of Ugbrooke, besides other names illustrious for loyalty to the Faith in the days of persecution under Elizabeth and the Stuarts.

The first chapter of this volume of our Louvain Chronicle tells us of the profession on the 10th of August 1625 of Sister Lioba Morgan, whose parents lie buried in the little Warwickshire village, and a Morgan, a descendant of theirs, was professed in the same community as late as 1867. The story of these Morgans of Llantarnam and Weston reads almost like a romance, but I can only give it here in outline.

At the opening of Queen Mary's reign the manor of Weston was in the possession of the crown. How this came about is not known. It formed no part of the confiscated abbey lands; from the days of the Saxon franklin Ulf, down to Sir Thomas Newnham, who held it in the reign of Edward VI., the list of

lay owners is continuous. Anyhow, in the fourth year of Queen Mary, she made a grant of Weston to Sir Edward Saunders, Knt., Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and to his son-in-law, one Thomas Morgan of Heyford or Hefford in Northamptonshire, the son of Francis Morgan, Esquire. This Thomas Morgan had married Sir Edward's daughter, Mary, and both were staunch Catholics. They had their share of suffering; their two little girls, Margaret and Mary, died in infancy (a touching inscription in Weston church tells us how the two little ones and their mother lie buried there in one grave); and they had to bear the brunt of persecution. As late as 1607, when poor Mary Morgan was an aged and childless widow, we find among the State Papers a "Warrant for a grant to Richard Harris, gentleman usher, of the recusancy of Mary Morgan of Weston"; one example among many of the way in which the upstart hangers-on of the court fattened on the fines wrung from the devoted Catholics.

After his children's death, Thomas Morgan, anxious to perpetuate at Weston his lineage and name, made his will, leaving the estates to his niece, Bridget, daughter to his brother, Anthony, of Heyford. Bridget Morgan's anniversary, by the way, is still religiously kept in the suffrages of the community at Newton Abbot. The will included a condition, that the said Bridget must marry a Morgan wherever she could find one, or forfeit the property. Morgans of gentle blood there were none in Warwickshire, nor perhaps in Northamptonshire. But in Wales, then as now, any number of Morgans could be had for the asking. Anthony Morgan of Llantarnam Abbey, perhaps a cousin, avowed himself perfectly willing to take over the lands in Warwickshire and wed the niece of old Thomas Morgan, even though she was a popish recusant, and he, according to our Chronicle, was not at that time a Catholic. Their union was singularly blessed, but at this point we must follow Dame Bridget's example, and betake ourselves to Llantarnam.

Llantarnam Abbey, a small Cistercian house, built in a forest, about 2 miles from Caerleon in Monmouthshire, had been suppressed in 1538. Fifteen years later it was purchased by William Morgan, a cadet of the noble house of Tredegar and Pencoed. The Welshman seems to have prospered in this world, for when he died in 1582, the description of his estates filled eight pages of abbreviated Latin. He was succeeded by his son Edward, who certainly conformed under Elizabeth, and sat in Parliament in the reign of that queen, but atoned for the sin of

his apostacy by his devout loyalty to the Faith under her successor, till his death at the age of 89, in the year 1633. His daughter Sylvia became Dame Anastasia, O.S.B., at Brussels, where she professed in 1608 and died in 1646. For many a long year did Edward Morgan pay his fine of £20 a month for recusancy, but the oddest event in his career is that he coolly offered King James a present of a £1000 to purchase an exemption from taking the oath of allegiance, and that the offer was accepted and a royal order made out that it should never be tendered to him. All the papers relating to this unconstitutional transaction are in the British Museum. According to his own statement he was then (in 1612) aged about 63; had had by his first wife four sons, and had "six small children" by his second. The royal grant was made 6th July 1612, and though he speaks of his infirmities, whereby "I account myself half covered in my grave," he survived for twenty-five years. Anthony Morgan of Llantarnam, the husband of Bridget, was of course his near relative, but in what degree I cannot say. I find some discrepancies in the pedigree at this point which I do not venture to solve, my own sources of information being Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, and Camden's *Visitation of Warwickshire* in 1619. William Morgan, the son of Edward, died a few months before his father.

This William Morgan won the heart and hand of the Lady Frances Somerset, daughter to the Earl of Worcester. She was one of the fair "daughters of Raglan," so called from their father's residence. The whole family were converted to the Faith by the saintly Father Jones, S.J., and William and Lady Frances Morgan became the founders of the Jesuit mission in Wales. A report from the High Sheriff of Monmouthshire in 1607 concerns "Mr Morgan the younger, of Llantarnam, with whom the said Jones, the Jesuit, is very often, sometimes for a month together"; and our Louvain records have the following entry, "Anno Domini 1672, 21st January, departed this life in the Father's (chaplain's) house, the Lord John Somerset, son, brother, and uncle to three Marquisses of Worcester, respectively, having received Viaticum and Extreme Unction. He was buried in our church." Now we return to Bridget Morgan of Weston and her husband.

Anthony and Bridget had several children. The only son of whom I have found mention was the gallant Cavalier, recorded in Bishop Challoner's memoirs, Colonel Thomas Morgan of

Weston. At his own expense, he raised a troop of horse at the breaking out of the Civil War. But in the first battle of Newbury, where the Roundhead pikemen inflicted fearful slaughter on the royal horse, who had got entangled among the lanes and hedges, the brave colonel was among the slain. His wife's name was Jane Fermor; his daughter Mary became a nun at Antwerp in the glorious community of Carmelite nuns now at Lanherne, founded by the Venerable Anne of St Bartholomew. Mary is recorded among the benefactors of St Monica's, and in the Lanherne records is thus referred to: "Sister Mary of Jesus made her profession the 9th of October 1651, at the age of 20. She was native of Warwick in England (*i.e.*, born at Weston in Warwickshire), in the world called Mary Morgan, her father an Esquire."

By the kindness of the Rev. Mother Prioress of Lanherne I am permitted to insert here, a little abridged from the account in their archives, the notice of Sister Mary Morgan.

"In the year of our Lord, 1655, deceased our most dear Sister Mary of Jesus, in the world Morgan, of the most noble family of the Herberts. She was heiress to the large and ample possessions of her father, and as well for that as for the perfections and graces of her person, was asked in marriage by the greatest Earl of the kingdom, who proceeded so far as to interpose the mediation of the king and queen, and afterwards turning entreaties into violence, beset the house where she was, so that this noble young lady, whom our Lord had designed for Himself, found no other way to escape but by a disguise in which she quitted also the kingdom. Her vocation to our Order was very admirable. She knew that our observances must cut off and shorten her life, but that knowledge she kept to herself, and with an unvaried fervour, persevered in them till her last sickness, which was but three days before her happy death, so that she died without breaking the fast of the Order. Her obedience was most exemplary, joined with an incomparable sweetness. In her resolution to endow our community she had to overcome the solicitations of her mother in favour of the baronet her nephew. She lived in religion only five years, yet the examples of her virtue are never to be forgotten in this community."

Such was the daughter of the gallant Cavalier who fell at Newbury. His sister Elizabeth became Sister Lioba among our white-robed Canonesses; another sister, Mary, married Mr Richard Middlemore, and after her husband's death, became a

ANNE, LADY CLIFFORD,

Daughter of Sir Thomas Preston, Wife of Hugh, Second Baron Clifford of Chudleigh. Died, 1734.

From Portrait at Ugbrooke.

[*Face page* 5.

Benedictine nun at Ghent; Bridget, a third, married Mr Ralph Sheldon.

All the heroic family are still yearly commemorated and prayed for by the nuns at Newton Abbot. Another daughter of the colonel married Sir John Preston of Furness in Lancashire, to whom she brought the Warwickshire estates.

Now comes the end of this long story. Sir John and Lady Preston had no surviving children, and at the death of Sir John, his estates passed to his brother Sir Thomas Preston, Bart. Of Sir Thomas' two daughters, one married Lord Powis, the other, Ann, became the wife of Hugh, second Baron Clifford, of Ugbrooke, and the ancestress of the present Lord Clifford. The venerable baronet quitted the world for the lowliest station he could find among the servants of God in religion, and died a Jesuit lay brother at Watten. A beautiful portrait of Ann Preston, Lady Clifford, is preserved at Ugbrooke, and, by permission of Lord Clifford, has been reproduced for this volume. In the Fermor Chapel of Somerton church, Colonel Thomas Morgan, the brave and saintly Cavalier, lies buried.

Widely different were the influences that surrounded the childhood of Sister Clementia Skinner who, with her cousin, Sister Frances Smith, was professed at St Monica's only a fortnight after Sister Lioba Morgan. The mothers of Sisters Frances and Clementia were sisters of the unfortunate Sir Griffin Markham.

London, in the reign of James I., with its undisguised and shameless vice, its ordinaries, gambling-houses, Alsatian bullies, and its streets disgraced by hourly brawls and frequent murders, exhibited a disorganised state of society that has been truthfully depicted by Sir Walter Scott in the "Fortunes of Nigel." Above all, it was noted for the squandering to the last penny of many a goodly inheritance. Among these reckless spendthrifts was one, Sir John Skinner, whose father had been Lord Mayor of London, an Essex man, married to a sister of the hapless Sir Griffin Markham. Sir John seems to have tried to earn money by volunteering his services to the Privy Council as a government spy in the last year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and to have been distrusted by the Council. He was a Protestant, but intimate with an unhappy priest, named Barwis, who was in some favour with the Government, and employed by the Council in some doubtful negotiations.

Lady Skinner's life was a sorely tried one. She had been forced to marry an unprincipled rake, yet managed to be received

into the Catholic Church, and eventually to bring up her children Catholics. The story in the present instalment of our Chronicles, of her heroic patience and charity, of her visiting the sufferers in Bedlam disguised "in petticoat and waistcoat," and of her daughter's early career, till her profession as Sister Clementia at St Monica's, when taken with what we know of her London surroundings, forms one of the strange contrasts of those strange times. Further than this I have not been able to trace Lady Skinner's connections. Gee's *Foot out of the Snare* mentions a Jesuit and a Benedictine of that name as living in London about 1624. About 1580 the Rev. Mr Skinner, a priest, was cruelly racked in the Tower. Dom Basil and Dom Placid Skinner, O.S.B. of Douay, died towards the end of the seventeenth century; Dom Placid's sister, Dame Mary Anne, was a Benedictine nun at Dunkirk (now Teignmouth). Whether these were related to the saintly widow, I leave it to others to decide.

Memories of days long gone, of peaceful cloistered lives, deeds of heroism on the battlefield, and tragic suffering, are called up in crowds by a Latin inscription on a set of altar-candlesticks in the possession of our Canonesses at Newton Abbot. The inscription simply tells us that they are the gift of the noble Lady, Ann Markham, wife of Sir Francis Smith, knight and baronet, *equitis et baronetti*. A long line of holy daughters of the house of Markham, from Henry V. to George IV., adorns the annals of our English communities.

"Ollerton in Nottinghamshire, in the Forest of Sherwood," writes Abbess Neville of Pontoise, was their ancestral home; but at Cottam, Sedgebrooke, and elsewhere in that county, dwelt branches of the family, the cradle of the race being the village of Markham, between Ollerton and Cottam, whereof old Camden says that "it gave name to the Markhams, a family very famous both for antiquity and valour." Robin Hood and his outlaws roamed through the glades of merry Sherwood in days when Nottinghamshire was already ruled by Markhams, for in the reign of Henry III., Sir Alexander de Markham was Constable of Nottingham Castle. But as I find Sir Alexander's grandson, John de Markham, an eminent lawyer in the days of Henry III., and his descendant, Sir John Markham, a Justice of the Common Pleas under Richard II. and Henry IV., and again Edward the Fourth's Lord Chief Justice Markham in immediate succession to Sir John Fortescue—"The two Chief Justices of Chief Justices for their singular integrity," writes Fuller—it is clear that they were as

renowned for intellect as for valour. All I need add from pre-Reformation times is that among the nuns of Syon, under the rule of Abbess North, in 1428, I find Sister Margaret Markham, her place of profession being between Sisters Agnes Wirsall and Philippa Arundell. Only seven years before had the children of St Bridget been settled in their home on the banks of the Thames.

Sad it is to find, at the outbreak of the Protestant heresy, not a few of the family drifting with the tide, like that Sir John Markham employed by Cromwell to persuade the Carthusians of Beauvale to take the oath of supremacy. Thomas Markham of Ollerton, apparently his grandson, standard-bearer to Elizabeth's band of Pensioners, had by his wife, Mary Griffin, of the Griffins of Dingley, eleven children. The eldest was Sir Griffin Markham, of whom the iniquity of the times made a conspirator and exile. His career throws light on the Catholic history of those days, else I should not dwell on it.

In 1594, and the two following years, Griffin Markham, described at that time as "a very discreet and wise young gentleman," was in Italy, staying in turns at Rome, Perugia, and Venice, and closely watched by English spies. It was the unhappy time of the revolts at the English College in Rome against the Jesuit Superiors, and Sir Griffin's brother, a student of the College, was one of the more active among the mutineers, so that it is likely that at this date began that hostility to the Society, which, according to his own avowal, was the chief source of the disasters of his life. An odd story is told by Birch, of his falling ill in Perugia, refusing to see a priest, and being in consequence arrested on suspicion of heresy by the Inquisition. On his return from his Italian travels, he was at once arrested by the English Government, and for a time detained a prisoner in his own lodgings.

About the time of King James's accession we find him in close intimacy with our old friend Anthony Copley, and with the priest Watson. There is no need to dwell on the history of the conspiracy which Sir Griffin avowed he joined "out of spleen against the Jesuits." Copley at once accused his associate, who was soon arrested, and condemned to death. Then followed the grim scene of the respite on the scaffold at Winchester, confiscation, and exile till death. His banishment was embittered by the crimes of his wife Ann Roos. Lady Markham's correspondence with Cecil, wherein she offers to betray Father Gerard into his hands, has been published by Father Morris. She herself affirmed

that the Council had promised her husband's pardon if she could inveigle Gerard to her house. Warned by Rutland Molyneux, the noble confessor of the Faith escaped the snare, and the baffled woman sought to hunt Molyneux to death. Four years later, in 1609, we find her charging him with recusancy, on which occasion Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, in a letter to Cecil, calls her "the most pragmatical-headed lady in these parts of England." The climax came in 1618 when, as we read in a paper of Lord Carew's, Lady Markham, wife of Sir Griffin Markham, did penance in a white sheet at St Paul's Cross for marrying one of her servants, her husband being still alive, and was to repeat the penance elsewhere, besides being fined £1000.

Sir Griffin seems to have lain under suspicion with his fellow-exiles, of betraying their secrets to the English Government. During his stay in the Low Countries, he chanced to meet Sir Edmund Baynham, who had been in Father Garnet's confidence, and his messenger to the nuncio at Brussels, and had thence gone on to Rome. Fierce words ensued between them, their conversation naturally turning on the Powder Plot, and they fought a duel, in which Sir Griffin was at first reported to have been slain.

From this sad tale, only given as a vivid illustration of the times, we turn to the glorious records of this heroic family, and must say one word on the devout lady whose name is inscribed on her gift to our Canonesses, Ann Markham, Sir Griffin's sister, married to Sir Francis Smith of Wotton. Their daughter was professed at St Monica's in 1625, and seven of her descendants took the Canonesses' white robe, while others were religious of other orders. Of the noble house of Smith-Carrington, who resumed their ancient name of Carrington when Ann Markham's son was created Lord Carrington, I shall speak hereafter. I come now to a singular episode in the history of the Markhams of Cottam, descendants of Sir John Markham, Griffin Markham's grandfather.

In a letter of Mary, Queen of Scots, written at Fotheringay, occurs a remark concerning Sir Drew Drury, Paulet's assistant in the custody of the Scottish queen, whom she calls "far more modest and gracious" than his stern colleague. Sir Drew survived the tragedy of Fotheringay thirty-two years, and died in his 100th year, 1618. As he lay on his deathbed, Lady Winifred Markham, daughter to Robert Thorold, and wife of Sir Robert Markham of Cottam, "a fatal unthrift who dissipated the family estates," was in the house as the guest of Lady Drury. There was also present

one Captain le Gris, a bitter Protestant. Shortly after he brought a charge against Lady Drury and Lady Markham before the Council. According to this account, Lady Markham urged and obtained from Lady Drury that one Mr Jones, should be allowed to sit up with the dying man. Le Gris did his best, but in vain, to prevent it, as he knew Jones to be a busy Catholic, and that his object was to win over Sir Drury to that faith; and he added that in his anger at not succeeding, he reproached Lady Markham as a Catholic, with the Powder Plot, that she replied it was a pity it did not succeed. All the accused were examined; Lady Markham denied she had urged that Mr Jones should visit Sir Drew, and of course denied all about the Plot. Lady Drury said Mr Jones was a friend and really saw Sir Drew, but when he was past consciousness. She did not think he was a priest, and did not think Lady Markham was a recusant. William Jones, a Catholic, admitted going to Sir Drew Drury's a little before his death with Lady Markham, but said she never urged him to persuade him to change his religion, nor was there any talk of religion. He, as well as two other witnesses, John Chard and Edmund Jerningham, joined in exculpating Lady Markham.

Now it is impossible to attach any importance whatever to these denials. As Father Morris says in the Life of Father John Gerard, many Catholics in those days "considered themselves justified, when their own lives, or those of innocent persons, were at stake, in the use of assertions that were simple falsehoods in the ordinary sense of the words employed," and gives many examples. It was the usual practice before their tyrants, and they looked on it as we do on the plea of "Not Guilty." My own strong suspicion is that Lady Markham brought a priest with her to Sir Drew's bedside at his own desire, else Lady Drury would not have connived. For it was not denied that Mr Jones was really left alone with the dying man, despite the furious opposition of Captain le Gris. Was this a grace obtained for him by the intercession of the martyred queen, in requital for his kindness towards her?

Among the Catholics whose estates were registered in 1715, we find the Markhams of Ollerton, and for two centuries Lincolnshire Catholics heard Mass, and hunted priests were sheltered in Claxby manor-house, under the protection of the Markham family.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Markham, eldest son of Thomas and Judith Markham, was slain in the royal cause at Winceby,

near Gainsborough in Lincolnshire, on the 12th October 1643, leaving a young widow, Ursula Clopton, whose four sisters were professed together at St Monica's on the 29th of August 1622. Major Gilbert Markham, the colonel's brother, was made prisoner, already mortally wounded, in the disastrous rout of the Cavaliers who fought under Sir Marmaduke Langdale at Chester, and died in prison shortly after. Their brother, George, of Worksop Lodge in Nottinghamshire, who died in 1670, had married Elizabeth, daughter of Marmaduke Tunstall of Wycliffe in Yorkshire. The remaining children of George and Judith Markham were Dames Margaret and Elizabeth Markham, O.S.B., professed at Ghent. By the kindness of the Lady Abbess of Teignmouth, I am able to give from the records preserved in their community, some details of Dame Margaret's career. According to one account, she was aged 95 at her death in 1717, though another MS. makes her 100, and her own Abbess 105, in that year. I have, as usual, modernised the spelling. First comes Abbess Neville's MS. written thirty years before Dame Margaret's death.

"Dame Margaret Markham was daughter to George Markham, Esquire, of Ollerton in Nottinghamshire, in the Forest of Sherwood. There was another house called Querbre, belonging to their family, which was subtracted from (them) for being Roman Catholics, for which they underwent, upon false and unjust accusations, many heavy penalties and banishment. Her mother was Mrs Judith Witherwick Fitzwilliams, inheritrix of Claxby and Normanby, and many other fair tenements."

In 1687 James II. ordered the Earl of Tyrconnell to obtain from the Abbess of the Irish Benedictine nuns at Ypres, the transfer of her community to Dublin. Lady Abbess Butler, a near relative of the Duke of Ormond, left Ypres with some nuns, and in Dublin met Dame Margaret and others from Pontoise. At Whitehall, Abbess Butler and her nuns in their habits, visited the queen. On their arrival at Dublin, the nuns were lodged in Big Sleep Street. After the battle of the Boyne, their monastery was sacked by King William's soldiers. Fortunately the abbess and nuns had removed in time, and Dame Margaret returned to Pontoise. Pontoise is now represented by St Scholastica's Abbey, Teignmouth. We resume Abbess Neville's narrative.

"Dame Markham, in the year 1687, was one of those four that went for Ireland to meet my Lady Butler and Dame Philpot from Ypres there, some of ours from this community being desired by the Lord Tyrconnell's lady, the Viceroy of Ireland, and that in so

obliging a manner as could not be refused, the desire being so much for God's glory and good of religion as obliged us to send some that might be of advantage for such a work. . . . Dame Markham being our first ancient, and who had been several times chosen Prioress, and many other chief offices, and discharged them with zeal and satisfaction to all, was indeed more proper for an assistant in this great enterprise, and accordingly was dismissed with 3 more as Superior in their journey, and then to surrender herself and them as humble subjects at the feet of my Lady Butler, when she should meet them in Ireland; which obedience Dame Markham undertook with great humility and alacrity, and on the 29th of July 1687, with abundance of tears on both sides, took leave of the community, and began their journey in a disguise for Rouen, there to take ship for Ireland, and all things succeeding there prosperously, encourageth us to confide that Almighty God and our Blessed Lady, with the glorious St Patrick, and all the Holy Angels, will assist them happily, to complete the great undertaking for which we daily pray.

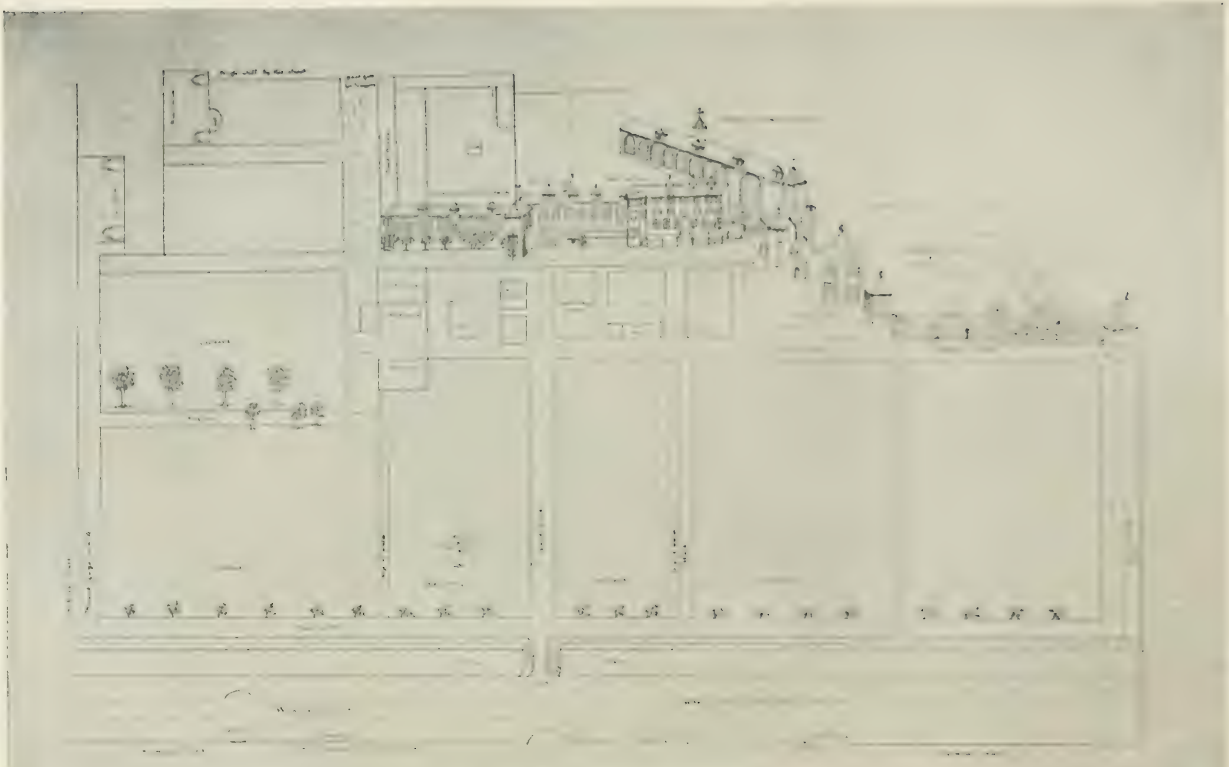
"Since, having had a letter from Dame Markham of their kind reception by both their Excellencies, and all the others, with very promising hopes of a most happy settlement; in the journey, which was a very hard one, and of two months' voyage, most of it by sea, in great danger and terrible storms, which cast them into several havens; and in that of Milford, poor Dame Anne Neville, by a fall, got her death, and was buried there, dying most happily."

Dame Margaret Markham went in 1700 for two years to Ypres. She outlived Abbess Neville and her two next successors, and died under Lady Abbess Widdrington who writes as follows in the Teignmouth MS.:—

"Anno Domini 1717, the 25th of July in this our Monastery of Grace, Dieu of Pontoise, of the holy Order of St Benedict, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God is happily deceased . . . our most dear and saintly mother, Rev. Dame Margaret Markham, in the 105th year of her age, of her religious profession 77. . . ."

My space forbids me to add more than a few lines on the remaining descendants of George and Judith Markham. Three of their grandchildren were Canonesses at Bruges; the Rev. Gregory Markham was Professor of Philosophy at Douay College in 1730; Robert Markham took the student's oath there in 1726, and Dame Mary Frances Markham, O.S.B., died at Hammersmith (now Teignmouth) in 1824. Her sister, Mary Markham of

Claxby, who married Marmaduke Tunstall of Wycliffe, and died in 1825, introduced into England the Visitation nuns, who afterwards settled at Westbury-on-Trym. Their parents were George Markham of Claxby, and Mary, daughter of Bryan Salvin of Croxdale, Durham. Mrs Tunstall had no children, and with these two holy ladies ends this noble Catholic line. In the Church of the English Benedictines at Ghent may be read the Latin epitaph of the last Markham of Claxby, placed there by his wife who calls herself "Mary of Croxdale."



St MONICA'S CONVENT LOUVAIN

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CHAPTER I

FROM THE DEATH OF SISTER MARY BEST TO THE PROFESSION OF SISTER FRANCES SMITH AND CLEMENTIA SKINNER, 1625.

IN the year 1625, the 1st day of March, died Sister Mary Best the elder, who came with Sister Margaret Offspring the year after our cloister was established and our Reverend Mother confirmed in her office and dignity of Prioress. She was a good and virtuous religious, very fervent in devotion even from her first conversion, and when she was a Protestant she was devout in that religion. Our Lord led her by the way of sweetness most part of her life, having the gift of tears and a great zeal in the Divine Office, insomuch that even in her later years she obtained leave never to sleep after Matins. She spent most part of the day in prayer, and had leave also to stay from recreation in her later years; which solitude it seems our Lord afforded her for a preparation to her happy death. He Himself also made her daily more fit for Him by reason that having so many years had comfort and consolation, now in these few later years she suffered oftentimes great dryness. But she remained constant to serve God so diligently, and gave herself as much to prayer as before, not doing like some who, when our Lord withdraweth sensible consolation, leave their former prayer. Yet sometimes she would complain, saying that she feared that our Lord withdrew His sensible grace for her misdeserts, and would be so glad when she saw or perceived others to have devotion, saying that she willingly afforded them that which she wanted herself. Besides this, Almighty God

sent her almost continually some corporal pain, being in a kind of consumption, which though it were not very great, yet served to make her exercise patience very frequently. She was very kind and loving to the younger; nevertheless would tell them of their faults, but after so good a manner that they could not but be edified to see her zeal in the holy Order, and take her reprehensions well. For she was very exact in religious observances, and would fain have others to be so too, exhorting them to go softly and carry themselves irreprehensible; saying that the exterior modesty and recollection did help much the interior. In the choir she was very vigilant that no neglect should be committed in the Divine service, and if anybody forgot her duty there, she was still ready to put them in mind of it. She had such a zeal to put out her voice and spend her strength in God's service that oftentimes we could have wished she would not have sung so loud, because she drowned our voices. Notwithstanding, if she chanced to be absent, we felt the want of her for the help of the choir. Finally, about a week before her death, our Lord it seems would give her some relish of her future approaching happiness; for one night the young sister that helped her in her cell expected her coming for to go to bed as she used to do, and seeing that she came not out of the choir a long time, went to her prayers wondering much why she stayed so long. At length in she comes, then kneeled down to ask her keeper pardon for having made her stay so long, and afterwards told her that she was in such inward prayer with God that she knew not what time it was, nor how it passed away.

After that she fell sick, so that one night at *Te Deum* being forced to go from Matins, within a week after she was dead, taken with so violent a sickness as no remedy availed to help her, but that she happily rendered her soul to God, whom she had so fervently served, having been professed almost thirty-two years, for she was the eldest nun in profession that came from St Ursula's.

Upon the 7th of March, six days after her, died Sister Mary Skidmore (Scudamore), a worthy religious of many virtues and good parts, who had performed divers offices very diligently and substantially, first being sick-mistress (infirmarian), and after that procuratrix. She was very strict and hard to herself, scarcely allowing anything that was good to her body. She had a most sweet and happy death, dying of a consumption which forced her to desire release of her office of procuratrix, and obtained it, because she was more fit for the sick-house than anything else. There she continued some months, until she made a most happy and blessed end. Her death was of great edification; lying long in her agony, she was noted to do nothing else but make aspirations unto God. Being not very old, she left the community with a great desire to have preserved her life if it pleased God, being so profitable a member, humble in conversation and charitable, unto all. We had no other organist but only she, till Mr Johnson came. She was twenty-nine years professed.

In the same year, the 1st day of April, were professed two nuns, Sister Mary Bendloes and Sister Margaret Ploydeu (Plowden). The first was daughter of Mr Andrew Bendloes of Burnthall (Brent Hall) in Essex, whose father and grandfather were both judges, but he was a good Catholic. Her mother was daughter to Mr Gage of Bentley, a famous Catholic, whose good works of charity and relieving of priests are so notorious as needs not further declaration here. This daughter of theirs having a mind to be a religious, she was sent over and directed to this house by one Mr Hains, who loved much our monastery, being one whom we had taken into our confraternity. But she chanced to be brought over with one who would fain have carried her to the Third Order of St Francis, if the Providence of God had not ordained that his desire was frustrated, and she received against his will, and finally now professed. The other was daughter to Francis Plowden of Plowden in Shropshire,

Esquire, whose father was the famous lawyer and a Catholic, as also his son followed the law. Her mother was sister to Sir Richard Farmer, and both of them good Catholics, and kept always priests. This daughter was her mother's darling, as being the youngest of her children. It happened upon some occasion that she made a promise unto God that if one of her daughters should be a religious, she would willingly give her to God, especially this daughter because she loved her best. Wherefore Almighty God calling the child unto His service, the good mother brought her over herself, being but 12 years of age, and presented her unto God in this cloister where she had some kindred, as the sub-prioress, and the procuratrix, Sister Mary Skidmore (Scudamore). Notwithstanding that this gift of hers was voluntary, yet nature played her part on both sides, with abundant weeping at the parting of mother and daughter, which moved much the standers by who saw it. And so leaving her in the cloister, she went back to England, having made this journey to visit our Lady of Sichem, and to offer to our Lord her dearest child, who continued a scholar about four years, and at the age of 17 made her profession with the other.

In August the same year, 1625, upon St Lawrence's day, were professed four nuns, Sister Grace Constable, Sister Mary Gifford, Sister Lioba Morgan, and Sister Ursula Gifford. The first was grandchild to the Lady Babthorpe, her daughter's daughter, and was received with her when she entered into the cloister, being then but a child, and so lived in the monastery a scholar until the time came that she was to be clothed and professed.

The second, Mary Gifford, was niece to the two forenamed Giffords, daughter of their brother, Peter Gifford of Chillington in Staffordshire, Esquire, and also had entered young into the cloister, and lived here till she was professed. But of the parents of these two we omit to speak farther, because they were of those that afterwards were

sent to begin the new monastery at Bruges, wherefore we refer the same to their own Chronicle.

The third, Sister Lioba Morgan, was daughter to Anthony Morgan of Lanterum (Llantarnam) in Wales, Esquire, who was no Catholic, nor is it known whether he died one or no, but her mother was one, being also a Morgan, in Hefford of Northamptonshire. These her parents died when she was very young, so that she was brought up by an aunt of hers, her father's sister, named Mrs Saunders, who was a Catholic, but living in London, brought up her niece according to the world, being very kind to her. Nevertheless, it seems Almighty God would needs have her for Himself, and therefore ordained such means that even in a manner against her own mind she should come to religion. For, being about 15 years of age, she had a great desire to come over seas to see an aunt of hers who lived among the English gentlewomen, which they then called Jesuitesses; and she had a mind to come to her only to learn qualities, but of religion she had no thought at all. So with much ado she obtained leave of her aunt Saunders to come over, and Mr Musket, a famous priest, prisoner in Newgate, assisted her to come over by one named Francis, a poor old man, in the company of other gentlewomen, among whom was Mrs Mary Gifford, of whom we have newly (a little while ago) spoken, and who was professed afterwards with her, as is said. In this voyage they were twice crossed, once by the ship's departure leaving them behind, and the second time by danger of being taken at Gravesend; but secretly advertised by the fellow himself that had discovered them to the searchers, he having a scruple of conscience, they came all back again to London, and so got over safely. This gentlewoman, named at that time Elizabeth Morgan, thinking to go directly where she intended to her aunt among the Jesuitesses, she was frustrated of her purpose through the Providence of God, by reason that the forenamed priest, her ghostly father, had secretly charged old

Francis to bring her directly to this monastery, being a great friend of our house; which doubtless he did through the instinct of God, who had chosen her for this place. So that when she least imagined she was brought unto our cloister, and finding here Sister Mary Skidmore, who was her cousin, and at the time procuratrix, she was content to come with Mrs Mary Gifford, only to learn, but not intending to be a religious. Nevertheless, Almighty God, who ever compelleth some to enter into His marriage (wedding-feast), gave her at times such fervour as made her desire to be a religious, but the difficulties which according to nature she felt in the monastery made her twice to fall off from her good purpose and say flatly she would go out; once when she was a scholar, and that temptation being overcome, in her novice year it took such hold again that she fully intended to go forth, but the Supreme Goodness, who would have her for His spouse, ordained such means that she wholly overcame the temptation and remained constant. So she was professed, changing her name from Elizabeth to Lioba, for the devotion which she had to that saint, who was of our English nation.

The fourth, Ursula Gifford, being before named Joyce, changed her name when she received the Sacrament of Confirmation. She was daughter to Richard Gifford of Costford in Staffordshire, Esquire; her father and mother were both Catholics, and suffered the ordinary persecution. Her mother, being married before to one husband who was not a Catholic, came afterwards into trouble by reason that her husband at his death left her with a child, and she was much molested about the christening of it, was put in prison, and lost the third part of her jointure. Wherefore, to be assisted in her troubles, she married Mr Gifford. And here we will not omit to declare further the virtue of this worthy woman; she used always to sit up till ten or eleven of the clock in the night at her prayers, and none of her husbands could break her of this custom; which one time was apparently manifested to be pleasing to God,

for thereby they escaped the danger of being all murdered. It happened that lying in a lodging or inn, one that was a thief had gotten into the chamber where they were to lie, and crept under the bed, expecting as it seems, when they were asleep, to come forth and rob or murder them. But she sitting so long up at her prayers, he was frustrated of his expectation, and made to do hard penance lying so long grovelling on the ground. By good fortune God would have it that she setting the candle on the ground, he thought she had espied him and came forth. She had before heard his companions in the night call or make a noise, perhaps for him to let them in, but he was fain to keep silence and lie still, for it was not time to answer them so long as she was up. Wherefore now seeing him come forth, she thought at first it was some of her men that being drunk had laid himself down there. He indeed, rubbing his eyes, said he was overtaken with drink and so had fallen asleep, but she saw it was not her own man, yet believed him, and he presently going forth, she lighted him down stairs, supposing he was some man of the house. But the best was, that the goodwife of the house chanced upon some occasion to be also up, and seeing him come down stairs, asked who he was. She thinking to take the candle and see, he soon got to the door, which he opened and speedily departed away, and she knew then it was none of the house. Another day she saw him in a place and knew him, whereupon inquiring, they found him to be an arrant thief. So did Almighty God then preserve this good gentlewoman from so great a danger, having respect to her prayers, which she so long and devoutly made to Him.

Besides this, she was exceeding charitable to the poor and all needy persons. She was never well but when relieving some poor body or other, or doing some good deed, so that she could never be at quiet longer than she was dealing forth either bread or meat unto the needy ; yea, she would not stay till they asked it of her, but when she met with a poor child would ask it : "Whose child art

thou?" and if she understood that it was some poor man's child, she would soon give it something or other. It was therefore impossible she should ever be very rich, for she could not hold her hand from still giving of alms and relieving others. Neither did she spare herself, oftentimes rising in the night when it was most bitter cold to go to some poor woman's labour. Though it were the poorest creature, she went willingly and without delay; and having some little skill in surgery, she refused not to dress most loathsome sores of the poorest beggarly persons which came unto her.

She had prayed unto Almighty God that she might have one daughter a religious and one son a priest, which petition was granted her, for this daughter of which we are now speaking (became a nun), and one son entered into the Society of Jesus and became a worthy man and good preacher among them. Another also of her sons being at Room (Rome) undertook a kind of religious course, for he was made Knight of Malta, which are tied to perpetual chastity and to defend the Church in the wars in their own persons whensoever the highest Bishop shall require. Of which honourable order was at present none of our nation but he, for both the Prior and other Knights of that order in England in former times were then dead, so that it seems our Lord would in him renew it again.

These were the fruits of that worthy matron's prayers besides her virtuous life. For so fervent was she in her devotions as to spend a good part of the day therein, besides, what is said of the night, and did so accustom herself to long kneeling that her clothes were still to be patched within at the knees for to make them last. Now then this daughter of theirs it pleased our Lord to call unto religion by giving her a wearisomeness of worldly pleasures, and by consideration what a fine thing it was to be a nun, whereof she had heard something, and being virtuous, she had the good luck to entice two or three persons to become Catholics. Being so well disposed and not so much plunged

MARGARET WAKE, AFTERWARDS MOTHER MARGARET OF THE ANGELS, Discalced Carmelite, Seventh Prioress of Antwerp. Died, 1678.

From Portrait at Lanherne.

[*Face page* 20.

in the world as others, nevertheless the small taste she had of it made her to loathe it, and to desire of her mother and friends they would help her to come over seas. Her mother being so virtuous was well content, but she had some difficulty about getting her portion with the executors of her father's will, by reason that he being dead, she was to have her portion out of their hands. Nevertheless, for all that she came away, and Mr Standford (Stanford), Sister Mary Standford's father, directed her, and writing for her obtained the place in this house which Almighty God also furthered by ordaining it should be so, for although she was extremely persuaded to another cloister, notwithstanding she remained firm in her resolution, and so was brought directly hither by the forenamed old Francis, who used to bring over gentlewomen for religious. She was then received here, and at the age of 20 years made her profession with the foresaid three nuns.

Upon St Bartholomew's day the same month and year (1625), were professed two nuns more, Sister Frances Smith and Sister Clementia Skinner, cousins-german.

The first was daughter to Sir Francis Smith of Ashby-follows (Ashby Folville) in Leicestershire, who was a worthy gentleman, very pious and charitable. In his house he ever kept a priest, as also entertained others when they came. Those of his household were kept in such good order that every one knew at all times of the day what they had to do, as it were by obedience.

Sir Francis Smith married Mr Markham's daughter of Sidebrook in Nottinghamshire. They brought up their children very orderly and religiously. This daughter of theirs had a long time a mind to be a religious, till one time that she was asked whether she would be a religious (when) she answered, "Very willingly." So she was sent over by her parents, who were very glad of her calling, with her cousin, Elizabeth Skinner, daughter to Sir John Skinner of Comcastle in Essex, whose father being an alderman of London, died while he was Lord Mayor.

Her mother was daughter to the forenamed Mr Markham and sister to the Lady Smith, and married against her will by her parents unto this Lord Mayor's son, by reason of his great wealth, having £3000 a year. This estate of his had been lost through a suit in law which the Earl of Westmoreland made against him, if the said Mr Markham had not saved it, and thereupon got this marriage concluded for his daughter. They both of them (Sir John and Lady Skinner), were no Catholics; but she having been always well inclined (through her mother's bringing up, who was a Catholic), endured such a corisine (corrosion?) of mind, that she could have no rest until she got means to be reconciled, which nevertheless happened not before she had three or four children. After that she was never free from great suffering, being, as it seems, a choice soul and most dear to God. For by reason that Sir John Skinner continued a rank heretic, he would not permit any of the children to be Catholics, and moreover was such a great spendthrift as, to say the plain truth, he spent all his estate and left both his wife and children not worth a penny, in great poverty.

All this was a great occasion to exercise the good lady's virtue; especially it grieved her that she could not make her children Catholics, and this daughter of hers, Elizabeth, being the youngest, she had especial desire should be good. Wherefore, when her father (Sir John) had made her eat flesh on fasting days or go to the church, which she then willingly followed, she would afterwards make her do penance for it when she had her alone out of his sight, giving her also Catholic books and beads, and making her say her prayers. At length it pleased God (as it seems for the good of the children) to let him die, and then three of them became Catholics, among whom was this daughter of hers, which Almighty God also called by His secret instinct. For one night she dreamed that she was brought to judgment, and that she should have been damned, which did very much affright her.

Nevertheless, she had a great aversion from being a religious, but lived with her aunt Smith, because her mother was in such extreme poverty that, joining devotion thereunto, she was content to live by the work of her hands, and after her husband's death led a most strict life, tying herself by obedience to her ghostly father, a Carmelite, who caused her to clothe herself from the neck to the feet in hair-cloth, as also exercised her in other mortifications. He hath made her to stand waiting with her hands together like a young girl, three hours, all which she did most gladly undergo, and had the said father in high esteem.

Together with her poverty, obedience, and continency, she practised the works of charity towards her neighbour in most base and humble offices, going about to the sick disguised, and serving them in a most humble manner for the love of God, and going also sometimes even to Bedlam among the mad folks in a petticoat and waistcoat for to see what good could be done there. It happened that a citizen's wife there being brought in time to her wits, was by her brought also to the Catholic religion, and so this worthy lady gained a soul there unto God. Besides these many sufferings and contempts, she never wanted them of her own friends and kindred, all which she bore with invincible patience. Although she was naturally choleric, yet scarce did she ever show herself to be moved, so great profit had she made in virtue. Finally, amidst these crosses, having had the joy to see her daughter come over to be a religious, which she had so much desired, some few years after in the time of a plague, going about in London to serve the sick according to her custom, she got the same disease, and after a life so rich of merits, she arrived unto a blessed and happy death. Her body lay three days unburied by reason that they durst not approach to her for the danger of the disease, until it chanced that a good man whom she had formerly assisted when he was in great misery, having a son with him who was a priest,

undertook this business of charity, and buried her between them, about which time it is reported that one whom she had desired to convert had a glorious vision of her and was thereupon converted to the Catholic religion, but in respect that we have not full authentical testimony of the said vision, we omit the declaration of it.

And now to return unto her daughter. She continued for some years with intention to marry, and hearing of one of her aunt Smith's daughters that she used daily to say a pair of beads unto our Blessed Lady to the end that she would choose a husband for her, she thought to imitate her therein, but thinking a pair of beads daily too long, she said the seven words of our Saviour hanging on the Cross that He would ordain for her one according to His will. Our Blessed Saviour vouchsafed Himself to choose her for His spouse, giving her a mind to religion, which happened after this manner.

There was offered her by her friends an old widower, but a mighty rich man, who desired to marry her, and she was also content, thinking surely that this was the will of God because her friends were so well content therewith. But she had a dream one night wherein it seemed to her that the said old widower took her with him in great kindness and led her forth into a green meadow, where there was a pit digged, and that he without any more ado put her therein. Whereupon awaking, she conjectured straight how that was a foretoken he should bury her as he had done three wives before, and therefore would by no means have him, and then settled her mind to religion.

When she was fully resolved, she desired a Jesuit, which lived at her aunt Smith's, to choose a cloister for her which he thought fittest, for she had no desire more to one place than to another, but was wholly indifferent. He thereupon told her that he thought this house the best for her, having known our monastery when he lived here at the College, that was then at St John. So her coming over was agreed upon, and my Lady Smith understanding

of her niece's determination was very desirous to send one of her daughters over with her, which was the forenamed Frances.

They came directly hither, but a little after they were entered, this Elizabeth Skinner had a sister married to one that was captain-major in the army, who being with child of her first, desired very earnestly her sister might come to Brussels to help her and for her comfort, which by means of Dr Clement she obtained. So she, being then a scholar, was fain to remain at Brussels a quarter of a year, in which time Dr Clement took a great affection unto her, and at her confirmation was her godfather, and caused her to change her name to Clementia which she did for his sake.

But here happened a thing which we will not omit, because it showed the great piety of the most noble Infanta of happy memory; it was ordained by Dr Clement that she should have the Sacrament of Confirmation in the bishop's chapel privately, and the Infanta also understanding how she was entered into the cloister at Louvain and came forth for the comfort of her sister, sent her word that she should make haste to return to her cloister. The archbishop likewise said the same, for knowing that at that time Brussels was full of gallants, they feared she might be enticed to marriage. But the truth was, she lived very privately with her sister, and kept herself out of company. So after the birth of her sister's son, she returned again to our monastery, and was professed with her cousin Frances Smith, then 26 years of age, and Dr Clement was here to their profession, as also he had come before to their clothing, and lived himself scarce a year after, as shall be further declared.

PREFACE TO CHAPTER THE SECOND

The Lords of Ashby Folville. The Powder Plot and Lord Monteagle. Draycote of Painsley. Cossey Hall. Jerninghams, Plowdens, and Staffords. Abbess Jerningham of the Franciscan Convent at Taunton. Laura Mary Stafford-Jerningham.

SIX miles south-west of Melton Mowbray, there is a small Leicestershire village, numbering scarce a hundred souls, called Ashby Folville. It is a place of interest to Catholics, for its manor-house was long a place of refuge for priests, under the protection of the lords of the manor, a family known at different periods of their career, now as Smith, now as Carrington. In the manor-house was born Sister Frances Smith, professed at St Monica's in 1625, and from Sir Francis Smith of Ashby Folville, her father, are descended the four Sisters Hungate, the two Sisters Anderton, the two Sisters Thwaites, among our canonesses, beside several Benedictine nuns of Pontoise and Ghent, and others of the Sepulchrine Order, while more than one of this devout family appear in the lists of priests in the persecuting times. The family vicissitudes deserve a passing notice.

In the formidable conspiracy of the "Lords appellants," shortly after the accession of Henry IV., besides the chief actors, well known to history, a great number of men of lesser rank were compromised. Among these was John Carrington, a Leicestershire gentleman, who, to escape the danger of losing his head, changed his name to Smyth, which name his descendants at Ashby Folville retained for the next two centuries and a half, of which line of Smiths of Ashby Folville Sir Francis above mentioned was the last. But in 1643, Charles the First created Charles Smith of Ashby Folville, Baron Carrington of Wotton. He was the eldest brother of our Sister Frances, and another of her gallant brothers, Sir John, was killed in the royal cause at the battle of Alresford in 1644. His death must have sent a thrill of loyal emotion through his sister's heart, but it was for her a terrible trial to receive in

ANNA MARIA BARBARA, LADY PETRE,
Daughter of the Martyred Earl of Derwentwater.

From a Portrait at Thorndon.

(Intro. page 26.

1665 the news of Lord Carrington's murder. He was living at Pontoise, his daughter, Dame Frances, O.S.B., being a nun in the Benedictine Convent of that town, and was stabbed to death as he lay in bed by his French *valet de chambre* for the sake of his money. The murderer was taken and executed. Lord Carrington was buried in the church of St Maclou, his monument being opposite the second pillar on the right-hand side, the inscription recording his firmness in the Catholic faith. His son John was a Jesuit; one of his daughters a Benedictine nun, another a Sepulchrine; a third died a convictrix at St Monica's, and the youngest was married to Sir Francis Hungate. The second and third Barons Carrington died at Ashby Folville, and with the death of the latter, the title became extinct in 1706.

We shall meet hereafter with other descendants of the family in the pages of our Chronicle. Here we need only mention our canoness's sister Lucy, married to John Thwaites, whose two daughters were professed at St Monica's, and whose son, the Reverend Francis Thwaites, was a secular priest.

A strange childhood in its surroundings must have been that of Sister Frances Parker, professed at St Monica's on the 14th of June 1626. Her father, the fourth Baron Monteagle and eleventh Baron Morley, is best known as the Lord Monteagle to whom the mysterious letter was delivered on the eve of the execution of the Gunpowder Plot, a letter which it is more than probable was no mystery to him, but a prearranged incident to give colour to the account of the affair already concocted by the Government. His title of Lord Monteagle was inherited from his mother, the only child of the third Baron Monteagle, a branch of the Stanleys, who were seated at Hornby Castle in Lancashire. By her marriage with Edward Parker, Lord Morley, the two titles were united. Where Sister Frances was born or spent her childhood, our chronicler does not say, but it was probably at the ancestral home of the Morleys, Hengham in Norfolk. Infirm in body as was Sister Frances, yet there was an inexpressible charm in her conversation and sweetness of disposition that endeared her to the community. For the last eighteen years of her life she was bedridden, and must have offered up many and fervent prayers for her father's soul. On his career we may add a few words, for if ever the intricacies of the Powder Plot are to be unravelled, the clue to them will be found in the part played by Lord Monteagle.

His parents had conformed to the Protestant establishment in Elizabeth's reign, but in his youth he seems to have been a

sincere Catholic. That he had joined the Powder Plot conspirators, scarcely admits of a doubt, though at an early period of their negotiations he had decided not to run himself into danger, and his only mode of escape was by betraying them to the Government. To make assurance doubly sure he renounced his faith, and wrote to King James his desire to be a Protestant, a design which he carried out in the year of the Plot. We find him on one occasion with Catesby and Francis Tresham, his brother-in-law. As Father Garnett was present, there could of course be no mention of Gunpowder Plots, which none would have dared to allude to in the Jesuit's presence, but there was talk about a rising of Catholics in defence of liberty of conscience, which Garnett strongly dissuaded. In course of conversation, as Catesby was vainly urging that the Pope should be asked to approve, Father Garnett questioned Monteagle, as if for the Pope's information, if he thought Catholics had any chance of making a stand against the king. Monteagle's reply: "If ever they were, they are able now, the king is so odious to all sorts. . . . What! will not Spain help us? It is a shame;" shows how he was then affected.

But one need only run through existing documents as they are catalogued in the Calendar of State Papers, to see his connexion with the conspirators. In February 1605, Thomas Winter writes to John Grant, both being of the number of the Plotters, that he has attached himself to Lord Monteagle, is going with him into Lancashire (perhaps to Hornby Castle), and that his lordship will receive Grant's brother; in Winter's confession he speaks of a message relative to the Plot, sent him by Catesby, Tresham, and Monteagle, Monteagle's name being half scratched out, half pasted over with paper; Tresham's confession mentions a former connexion between Monteagle and Catesby, in which document the name of the former is again pasted over; an overheard conversation in the Tower between Guy Faukes and Robert Winter is reported where they express their hopes that Lord Monteagle would beg for some of them. So likewise, Fr. Garnett in the Tower is overheard saying that he knows the Lords wish to save Monteagle, who had written letters by Sir Edward Baynham, the messenger sent to consult the nuncio in Flanders. Above all, Salisbury writes to Sir Edward Coke, directing him to exonerate and praise Monteagle at the trial, because he was suspected to have a hand in the plot, which he certainly had. Then we have the conduct of Francis Tresham, Monteagle's

brother-in-law, always more than suspected of having betrayed his fellow-conspirators.

I have no doubt that Lord Monteagle, by his apostacy and his giving up his fellow-conspirators, earned the rich rewards granted him by King James, and that he worked upon Tresham to the same end. Tresham's sister was the mother of our Sister Frances; she was a firm and devoted Catholic, like the rest of her family, to whom our chronicler awards in this respect a just meed of praise. Sister Frances was born the year after the Powder Plot and her father's apostacy. Her mother's influence saved her from the corruption of her unhappy surroundings, and her father, whose defection had been induced by the desire to save his life, does not seem to have interfered with the Catholic education of his children. The name and title became extinct two generations later, in 1696. The Earls of Morley, since the creation of that title in 1815, are a Devonshire family, the Parkers of Whiteway near Chudleigh. Henry, Lord Morley, Sister Frances's brother, figures among the Catholic peers in the reign of Charles I. The widely-differing connexions of those who found their vocation in St Monica's, is one of the most striking features in its history.

The profession of Sister Helen Draycote, or Draycott, recorded in this same chapter, serves to recall the memory of a devout and long-suffering race, the name of which has passed away, though its descendants are to be found in the Catholic houses of Stourton and Mostyn.

Of Sister Helen, our chronicler writes that, "being a gentlewoman by birth, yet having but small means and a strong body, she was well content to be a work-sister. She was the daughter of Alban Draycote, of Pensley in Staffordshire," not far from Cheadle. Draycott-in-the-moors, now a village of no less than 400 inhabitants, is worthy of pilgrimage, by reasons of the long line of heroic confessors that have dwelt there. In its venerable parish church is the mortuary chapel of the Draycote family with altar-tombs, a figure of a knight in chain-armour, an alabaster tomb with recumbent effigies on the top and twelve children sculptured in front, besides a monumental brass of William Draycote, priest, who was rector of the parish in 1500. Camden gives a sombre description of this "rugged, foul, and cold" moorland; and in a note I read that the Blythe, on which river the village is situated, "has Draycote, which gives a surname to a family of great antiquity."

Like the Thimelbys of whom we have spoken elsewhere, the Draycotes seem to have lived a quiet and secluded life in those stormy times, to which the situation of their home may have contributed. At the accession of Elizabeth, Dr Anthony Draycote, chancellor of the diocese of Coventry and Lichfield, was imprisoned in the fleet, "and suffered much on account of religion," says Wood. Bridgwater says that he died in prison, but it seems that a little before his death he was allowed to return to Draycott where he ended his days, 20th January 1570. He was brother to Sir Philip Draycote, who married Elizabeth Fitzherbert. The hand of the persecutor weighed heavily on this devoted house. Richard, Sir Philip's eldest son, was driven into exile, and his son John is said by our chronicler to have passed twenty years in various prisons. This John, by his wife, Elizabeth Hosyer, had several children, one of whom, Alban, underwent a long and harassing persecution. He was the father of our holy lay sister, Helen Draycote. Her two nieces, Bridget and Elizabeth, were Benedictine nuns at Brussels (now East Bergholt).

The name of this heroic family has long been extinct. The heiress to the name and estates, Frances, daughter of Richard Draycote, Lord of the manors of Draycott, Painsley, and Consall, gave her hand to Marmaduke, Lord Langdale. Her grand-daughter Apollonia married Hugh, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh who died in 1795, but as they had no children, Lord Stourton now represents the ancient house of Draycote.

Brother Foley gives the name of Peter and Thomas Draycote, temporal coadjutors, S.J., born respectively in 1620 and 1621. How they were related to our Sister Helen, I do not know.

But there were at least two other descendants of the heroic Alban Draycote among our Louvain nuns. Philip Draycote, Sister Helen's brother, had two daughters, Anne and Ellen. The latter married for her second husband Sir Edward Mostyn of Talacre. Anne married Sampson Coyney of Weston Coyney, and their daughter Mary was professed at St Monica's in 1667. There was also a sister of our Sister Helen who married, according to our Louvain MS., one Mr Curtis, of whom the Chronicle says: "Being a constant Catholic, for more safety he became the Queen's pewterer, being before of that trade, which in these disastrous times (of the Civil War) became his greater trouble, for he was soon plundered by the Parliament, and was fain to buy his goods again." A graphic account of his children's sufferings, one of the most striking episodes in the Chronicle, will be given

in its proper place. He lived in Tower Street. His daughter Catharine was professed as a lay sister in 1653. The Curtis family deserve notice. Thomas Curtis of Enborne, near Newberry in Berkshire, had four sons in the Society of Jesus, namely, Fathers Thomas and John, and Brothers Edmund and Henry Curtis, laybrothers. A fifth brother was the Reverend Peter Curtis, President of Lisbon College, who died in 1673. A sixth was the father of our Sister Catharine. A sister of the four Jesuits was a nun among the Poor Clares at Rouen. The trade of pewterer seems to have been hereditary in the Curtis family. Sir Thomas Curtis, pewterer, living in Broad Street, was, in 1557, Lord Mayor of London.

Cossey Hall in Norfolk, the seat of Lord Stafford, and since Queen Mary's reign the principal residence of the Jerninghams, is associated with a crowd of memories dear to Catholics. Sister Christina Jerningham of St Monica's is but one of a great number of children of that ancient family, who during the last three centuries have sought the peace of the cloister. Six of these were canonesses in the Bruges Convent, the eldest daughter of St Monica's, so that a few notes on the family history of the Jerninghams must find a place in these records.

Their earlier history need not detain us. Suffice it to say that Jernegan was the name of a certain Danish chief among the invaders of East Anglia, and that we meet his descendants among the Suffolk families of note in the twelfth century. On Corpus Christi day in 1458, we find * John Jernegan, who was serving on the Earl of Warwick's fleet, writing from Calais to his cousin, Margaret Paston, praying her to send him word "how the matter doth between Mrs Blanche Wychynham and me, and if ye suppose it (the wedding) shall be brought about or no;" then, as a matter of minor consequence, he gives his cousin, "if it please you for to hear such tidings as we have here," an account of the battle fought on the previous Sunday with a fleet of twenty-eight Spanish vessels, when he was made prisoner, "and forsooth," he concludes, "we were well and truly beat."

A descendant of this gallant warrior was Sir Henry, the first Jerningham of Cossey Hall (otherwise Costessy), and the loyal supporter of Queen Mary. At the death of Edward VI., Mary started from Hunsdon to London, but on reaching Hoddesden (where the latest offshoot from St Augustine's Priory of Newton Abbot forms the Community of St Monica's), she turned aside,

* Paston Letters.

and rode for Kenninghall in Norfolk, where she was joined by Sir William Drury, Sir Henry Bedingfeld, Sir Henry Jerningham, and other loyal Norfolk gentlemen, and two days later was at the head of 30,000 armed men. Jerningham boarded the ships of the rebel fleet off Yarmouth, and won them all to their allegiance. "The mariners asked Mr Jerningham what he would have, and whether he would have their captains, or no, and he said: 'Yea, marry?' Said they: 'Ye shall have them, or else we shall throw them to the bottom of the sea.'" Mary made Sir Henry a member of her Privy Council, Vice-Chancellor and Captain of the Guard, and gave him the manor of Costessy with several others.

Under Elizabeth he was less fortunate. The family remained loyal to the Catholic religion despite some occasional lapses. In 1577 Bishop Freke writes to the Council, sending list of Norfolk recusants, with a statement that Lady Jerningham, "being often troubled with certain melancholy passions," has service in English in her own house. She was probably Sir Henry's widow, Frances Baynham. So likewise about 1645, according to Father F. Sankey, S.J., a father of the Society was sent for to Mr Jerningham of Norfolk (whom he presently describes as a knight) lying in danger of death, and "reconciled that knight unto the Catholic faith, who formerly for many years had lain in schism, and frequented Protestant churches." He may have been Sir Thomas, knighted in 1627, great-grandson of Sir Henry of Queen Mary's reign, to whom we must now return.

His son Henry, by his wife Eleanor, daughter of William, Lord Dacre of Gillesland, became the father of the two saintly youths, whose cruel sufferings for the faith are so graphically told by our chronicler. They were amply rewarded in their posterity. George, the younger, himself a glorious confessor of Christ, took to wife Helen Philpott, who rivalled him in the heroism of sanctity. One of their children was our Sister Christina, three others were Franciscan nuns at the Brussels Convent, now continued at Taunton. His elder brother, Henry, the first Baronet of Cossey Hall, was the father of Abbess Jerningham of the Franciscan "Blue Nuns" of Paris, in which community one of her sisters was likewise professed.

Our latest chapter in the Jerningham family history begins with Sir George, whose wife Mary Plowden, was a grand-daughter of the venerable martyr William Howard, Viscount Stafford. From the date of this auspicious union the family has been singularly blessed. One of Sir William's brothers was professed in the

EDMUND PLOWDEN,
Barrister of the Middle Temple. Died, 1585.

From Portrait at Plowden Hall.

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Society of Jesus, two of his sisters were Augustinian canonesses at Bruges, and his niece, Mary Henrietta, was a Benedictine nun at Pontoise. Three other of his nieces were among the Bruges canonesses, and a nephew was a Franciscan at Douay.

From the time of Sir George's marriage with Mary Plowden the family seem to have looked forward to succeeding to the title of her martyred grandfather, and the happy accomplishment of this desire has given us at the ancient Hall of Cossy a Catholic Baron Stafford, descended from the Venerable William Howard. Sir George William Jerningham was grandson to the above-mentioned baronet. His claim to the title was recognised by the House of Lords in 1825. Among his near relatives was the late venerable Abbess of the Franciscan Convent at Taunton. Of his living relatives it would be too long to speak; both in the world and the cloister they worthily uphold the ancestral tradition of Catholic piety. But in Mr Gillow's *St Thomas's Priory* may be read an account of Lord Stafford's attempt to build the ancient Castle of Stafford, where the foundations had been unearthed by his father. What was built is a conspicuous feature in the landscape; but the enormous cost of reconstructing a huge baronial fortress of the days of the conqueror caused the work to be abandoned in 1815. The work was done, Mr Gillow informs us, in exact conformity with the original design, "with a total disregard of domestic comfort and modern requirements." It should be my task to defend an antiquarian's enthusiasm, but like other good things, it may sometimes go too far.

From the Pontoise MSS. the following note has been sent me from Teignmouth; Dame Mary Henrietta Jerningham, a daughter of the third baronet, was born in London, 23rd November 1736, and professed 29th May 1759. "On the 12th of June 1786, at 8 o'clock A.M., the King's notaries at Pontoise found Dame M. Henrietta Jerningham depositary at the Convent, who declared to them that all the Dames and Converse sisters had just departed to join the Communities to which their obedience from the Archbishop of Rouen directed them, and that she herself by virtue of the same obedience, was preparing to join the royal priory and hospital of St Nicholas in the town of Pontoise."

With Laura Mary Stafford-Jerningham, afterwards the Hon. Mrs Edward Petre, and in religion, Sister Mary of St Francis, whose life, by A. M. Clarke, was published in 1899, I must close my notes on the family. Concerning this holy religious, I may here quote a passage from Lord Clifford's Preface, which faithfully expresses

what was a leading feature in her spiritual life. "The lives of men and women with a kind of double vocation for the world and the cloister, have always a peculiar charm. It is not always easy to determine from whence it comes. But there is one gift which such characters nearly always possess. It is the power of taking up and doing the work that lies at their feet." Laura Mary Stafford-Jerningham was born at Cossey Hall, 15th January 1811, and baptised in the domestic chapel, her god-parents being Lord Clifford and Lady Knatchbull.

ELEANOR, LADY CLIFFORD,
Daughter of Henry, Eighth Lord Arundell of Wardour, and Wife of Charles,
Sixth Baron Clifford of Chudleigh.
Died at the Convent of the Canonesses at Spetisbury, November 24, 1835.

From Portrait at Ugbrooke.

[*Face page* 35.

CHAPTER II

FROM SISTER HELEN DRAYCOTT'S PROFESSION TO THAT OF SISTER PAULA HUBERT. THE DAUGHTER OF A POWDER PLOT CONSPIRATOR. A NOCTURNAL SEARCH FOR A MARTYR'S BODY AT TYBURN. A WEDDED MAID AMONG OUR CANONESSES. 1625-1627.

UPON the 11th day of October in the same year 1625 was professed Sister Helen Draycott, lay sister, who being a gentlewoman by birth, yet having but small means and a strong body, was well content to be a work-sister. She was daughter of Alban Draycott of Pensley (Painsley) in Staffordshire, but a younger brother, whose father had suffered much for his conscience, and was about twenty years continually prisoner in divers prisons of England, and at such time as this son was born he was prisoner at St Alban's, and therefore had that saint's name given him. Yet the imprisonment of that worthy man was not always so strict, but he had leave by whiles to go home if he would, so long as he returned again; but finding such molestations at home he was as well content to stay away.

His son Alban married a Catholic gentlewoman, and suffered also very much for his religion, so that he was fain to fly from his house and keep himself away for three years, till the fury of that exaction ceased, in which time his wife died and he but half a year after, when this their daughter was but 3 years old, so that she was left to be brought up by a cousin-german of hers (Mr Paston), who was also a Catholic, and so she had good education; which gentleman at length sent her with one of his daughters to St Benedict's at Brussels for to be a religious. Upon which occasion this cousin of hers, being in the house,

would often talk of a religious life; from the which notwithstanding she had a very great aversion by reason they reported to her such strange things of religious life as were nothing true, making it seem such a miserable state as though they had no good day in it, but passed continual hardness and austerities. Wherefore, she began to pray to God that she might never be a religious, for she feared still to have a calling thereunto. At length another of her cousins was to come over, also to St Benedict's, who nevertheless showed wavering. About which time one day as she was thinking with herself of religion with as great aversion as she used to have, suddenly there came a thought into her mind that although religious life were never so hard, and that she were to suffer misery all her life, yet what matter was it, so long as after that she should go to heaven; and thereupon proposed resolutely to become a religious whatsoever she suffered, for she supposed that religious persons were sure to go to heaven.

Thus doth Almighty God, when He pleaseth to call a soul to His service by His holy inspiration, sweetly allure a mind though never so repugnant, and change it in an instant if she will but consent to His divine call. After this she was somewhat ashamed to discover her intention unto her friends, because she had always showed such aversion for a religious life. Nevertheless, she made her mind known to that cousin of hers who was to come over; who thereupon was much confirmed in her own vocation, and so it was agreed with their friends that they should both come over together. Arriving at Brussels, the other entered in at St Benedict's, but this one, by reason that she had too small a portion to be a nun, they would not admit; (nor) as a lay sister, in respect that being akin to the Lady Abbess, they thought it unfit to give her no better place, and so refused her. Whereupon she thought to have entered into the Third Order of St Francis, where she hoped to be received for a nun, but the Lady Abbess of St Benedict's, her kinswoman, was very much against

her going into that cloister. So she stayed in suspense what course to take about some two months at Brussels, till at length the Lady Abbess would needs have her to come and see this monastery, and wrote for her to our Reverend Mother for her admittance to be a lay sister; thus she came hither against her own mind, for she fully purposed to return again and enter into the Third Order of St Francis. But that sovereign providence, which ordaineth all things as is best and most profitable unto each one, had, as it seems, kept her for this place, and so coming hither she was admitted upon the Lady Abbess's request, having also good portion for a lay sister, being £100, and she herself showing a desire of entering here; for she was by the grace of God moved contrary to her former determination and otherwise had good contentment, and made her profession at the age of two or three-and-twenty years.

In the year 1626, upon St Basil, the 14th of June, was professed a nun, Sister Frances Parker, daughter to William Lord Morley and Baron of Monteagle. Her mother was daughter of Sir Thomas Tresham, a good Catholic, and one who was charitable and entertained priests, so that she brought up her children in the Catholic religion, although my lord their father was none; who, notwithstanding, at length after much ado gave his consent that this his daughter Frances should come to religion, in respect that she was crooked, and therefore not so fit for the world. Which the Divine Goodness ordained as a means to make her His spouse most happily for her greater good and more honourable fortune than the noblest and richest marriage could have afforded her. She had some desire to be a religious from the age of 12 years, as also an especial devotion to St Augustine, having most mind to be of his Order; but her mother and friends would needs have her go to St Benedict's at Brussels out of kind affection, because she being weak of body, they judged according to human reason that she should have better cherishment

there. The said cloister was in greatest esteem for fare and honour. So when her father had consented to give her portion—£1000—she was sent over to St Benedict's.

But it happened through God's ordinance that there came over in her company two gentlewomen for this place, to wit Sister Clare Copley and Sister Elizabeth Godwin; which did anew whet her former desire to St Augustine's Order, yet notwithstanding for to content her friends, she entered into St Benedict's cloister. But to show that where God calleth souls they should be permitted to go, and that He will not prosper any work that is not according to His will, it happened that she never had health in that monastery, nor was able to undertake the Order or perform the duties there, for all that could be done, and although she forced herself to try. Insomuch as after having lived there two years and a half, she was constrained to come forth again. And yet she would not go into England, but lived in these countries a twelvemonth, deliberating with herself what course of life to undertake. And it pleased God that although she might well be daunted and fearful to undertake religious life, having so feelingly experienced her weakness of body in a place where most corporal cherishment could be given her, yet notwithstanding by the help of divine grace she again resolved courageously to try in this place, and so desired to be received here, which was soon granted by reason of her good portion, of which only £100 was spent and all the rest remained.

Now it happened at the time she was to come hither, there lived with her a young maid, whom we had before refused as she seemed unfit, who now it pleased God should enter here upon this occasion. For when she was presented again to be received with this lord's daughter, we did not refuse her, so they entered in both together. But they were not professed together, for the other was to be but a converse or white sister, of whom we shall speak more in her due place. Now, therefore, Sister Frances

Parker at the age of 20 years made her holy profession upon St Basil's day, and Dr Clement came here to her profession with other English, her relations, and this was the last time that we saw our good friend the vicar-general, for he died soon after, leaving to our church plate and various things.

Upon the 4th of October in the same year 1626 were professed three nuns more, Sister Margaret Lutnar (Lewkenor), Sister Elizabeth Brereton, and Sister Christina Jerningham. The first was daughter unto George Lutnar [*sic*] of an ancient noble house, but a younger brother. He undertook the course of law and was Doctor of the Civil Law, but finding in time that he could not well live thereby in England, being a Catholic, he was content to become a doctor of physic, and so lived virtuously, and brought up his children in the fear of God, suffering the ordinary molestations of the Catholic religion, and entertained priests with great charity. This daughter of his, when she was a child began to have some desires to religion, by this means. There lived in the house with her a youth, heir to a great estate, and she loved him very well after the manner of children, and would always say that if she had not him for her husband she would have none, but be a religious. When therefore they came to be of more age, seeing plainly the impossibility to have him, by reason that although she were of as good a house yet her small means were not comparable to his estate, she fully resolved to be a religious ; want of riches being oftentimes the means for to make souls attain the greater happiness both in this life and the next by undertaking a religious course. But to make it more plainly apparent that this was a soul chosen by God, it happened that having one sister of hers that waited upon the Countess of Rutland, which lady was a Catholic, as also the earl, she therefore seeing it to be a good place, procured such means as brought her sister also into that lady's service. So that she lived there eight years in all, during which time neither

the haunting of the court nor the frequent sight of all worldly vanities, could remove her desire to religion insomuch that there was a gentleman who, when he understood her mind to religion, being a worthy man and good Catholic, became as it were a father unto her, and her own father dying about that time, he of his free will gave her a portion for religion, she having nothing of her own. At length she came over and made her holy profession with two companions at the age of 28 years.

The second was Sister Elizabeth Brereton, but of her parents we omit to speak here, because afterwards she was sent with the others to Bruges for to begin the new monastery there. So we remit the same unto their own Chronicle.

The third was Sister Christina Jerningham, daughter unto George Jerningham in Norfolk, of a good house, but a younger brother. He suffered much for Catholic religion, being very zealous, and even in his childhood gave a manifest proof thereof, when being sent to Oxford to school with a brother of his, older than himself, they had the occasion in that place to suffer a kind of martyrdom for Catholic religion, through the hard and cruel usage which they there endured. For the masters and scholars of that university are commonly most hot heretics. They, then, perceived them not to be of their religion because they refused to go unto their church and to eat flesh upon Fridays and fasting days. Although they must not starve them on those days for fear of their friends, nevertheless they would before their faces put the ladle of their flesh-pots into their porridge, and for other hard dealing, they were three times a week sorely whipped for to make them forsake their religion. They had such blows given them on the head that his brother became deaf thereby, and himself doth even to this day bear in his head the scars of the wounds and dashes made therein for their constancy in religion. All this they suffered willingly for Christ's sake; having read what the martyrs had suffered, they would not complain to their father of this entertainment, but bore it out with

patience, until the bunches and gashes on their heads discovered the same, whereupon their father took them away from thence, and he suffered this, being but about 10 years old. Afterwards coming to the age, he married Sir George Philpott's daughter, a worthy gentlewoman, no less zealous and fervent in religion than himself, insomuch that she once ventured in person with some other companions to go to Tyborne in the night and dig up a martyr's body that had been newly executed, and being come into the city again they were taken by the watch; but she made an excuse that she had been at a woman's labour. They would not believe her unless she showed them the house where she had been, whereupon she said it was sufficient if they sent one of their men with her. So they were content, and when she had the man she gave him a piece of gold to go and say all was well; so by this she escaped that danger.

This worthy woman did other memorable deeds in the conversion of souls. One was a very rich gentlewoman, a friend of hers and a great Puritan, with whom she conferred so effectually of Catholic religion, that in the end she was wholly converted, having been before so repugnant that she said plainly to her: "Mrs Jerningham, I know not what the reason is; I had rather see the devil than see you, and yet I cannot forbear still to confer with you, although methinks I would myself make a better religion than either you or I have."

But so did Almighty God concur in this business, to make her, for all that aversion, at length to embrace the truth, and afterwards she became a very good and devout Catholic; for, being exceeding wealthy, and having but one child, she did great almsdeeds and works of charity, sending good relief to the prisoners in Newgate, and to priests. Her own father also she brought to resolve upon his reconciliation to the Church, having before lived a schismatic, which happened thus:

When this worthy woman had passed her days in pious

works and borne ten children, it pleased our Lord by one week's sickness to call her unto Himself, and at that time her father coming in to see her, she, omitting all other worldly matters whereof she might well have spoken, said thus unto him: "O father, remember your soul"; which words did so strike him to the heart, that after that he could not be at quiet until he got a priest and was reconciled, it being then high time, for he lived only half a year after. She lying then on her deathbed, desired her husband for her last petition, that although divers offered to take his children in England, yet after her death he would come over seas and carry with him all his children, leaving only a little one in England, who was too young to go. For she doubted not, God would provide for them all, although they had small means, as indeed He did; and so foretelling she should die such an hour, made a blessed end.

But to return again to her husband: he being a zealous Catholic did oftentimes send over gentlewomen to be religious, and other good deeds, whereby he came to be so watched of the persecutors and pursuivants, that they sought for him as they did for priests, and when they came to search his house he was fain to hide himself or else fly from home aforehand. But one time upon a Sunday morning, he got the pursuivants before anybody was aware, and as their manner is, first went up to the higher rooms where they suppose the priest or Mass commonly to be; by the way locking up the rooms which stood aside. It chanced that the priest was at his meditation, and Mr Jerningham then also at home in a room at his prayers, where he heard the pursuivants go up by him. Being much afeared and thinking surely to be taken, he commendeth himself to God, and there came a thought into his mind, that he should unlock the door while they were gone up and get away. He did so, it being a spring lock which might be opened on the inside, which the pursuivants thought not of, and so he went directly out of the house and escaped their hands. The priest also was saved, for

while the pursuivants were busy to look and search for the master of the house, he made shift to go into his secret place; and so they lost their labour and found nothing.

At another time also it chanced that the pursuivants came, and found the altar ready dressed, and the priest had put off his band for to vest himself to say Mass. Whereupon they took him away and brought him before the Bishop of Canterbury, where evidence was given by the pursuivants that they found all things ready, and the priest wanted nothing but his band to say Mass, which they would have him swear was true. Whereupon he swore it was false, as he might well do. For indeed he was not further ready to say Mass but that his band was off, being quite contrary to that which they said; and so behaved himself with such wisdom and dexterity that he was dismissed, and the household escaped that danger. Thus did Almighty God preserve and keep His servants from the snares of their enemies, through His careful providence and goodness.

Now his wife being dead, this good gentleman was desirous to perform her will, and therefore came over seas, and brought with him four daughters and two sons, and so well did our Lord provide, that they were almost all placed in religion or in colleges. One of his daughters was admitted here, where she lived a year a scholar, and after had a mind to the Third Order of St Francis, where two of her sisters were placed, and so went thither to them. In the meantime, this Mr Jerningham taking upon himself to be our agent for England, and to labour in our affairs there, our Reverend Mother was desirous to please him, and to take another of his daughters in place of her that was gone forth, wherefore she sent for this one who then lived at Brussels, who, having more mind to the Third Order of St Francis, where her sisters were, was at first unwilling to come. But afterwards she had a great scruple of conscience, because it seemed unto her that she resisted God, Who of Himself without any desire of hers

called her unto this Order. Herein she was also furthered by going to the church at Brussels of our Order, named Jericho, where Almighty God had given her many good inspirations. Wherefore she fully resolved to come hither if she might be admitted, and so wrote very earnest letters to our Mother and obtained her request by showing how sorry she was that she had not taken her first offer. So about the age of 17 years she made her holy profession upon St Francis's day, changing her name against her own mind, to conform herself to the will of others, who were loth to have so many of the same name in the house, so she took Christina.

The same year 1626 died most happily Sister Bridget Gifford, who was one singularly chosen by Almighty God, as we may truly say, in a little time to run a great course of fervent acts, and consequently to gain an inestimable heap of merits in endless glory; for, as we have before touched, being in the world she was given sometimes to vanity, but our Lord had such a care of her as to assist her still with His holy inspirations. Having been so far overseen as to marry a fine gentleman, though a younger son that had nothing, without the knowledge of her friends, Almighty God ordained such occasions that, for fear of her father, they durst not without his consent consummate the marriage, and our Lord sent her also a great sickness which brought her unto death's door, whereby she fully resolved to become a religious; and she lived after this marriage two years before she came over seas with purpose to be a religious, so that he could never prevail to make her change her mind, nor durst he openly claim her. She got a desire to our house upon this motive, because she heard that it began only with five shillings. She thought that because Almighty God had erected so great a work with so small human means, it must needs prosper well.

After her entry into this monastery, having, as it is said, refused the monastery of Brussels, although she was

MOTHER MARGARET CLEMENT'S MUG AND DUTCH BEER JUG,
Preserved at St Augustine's Priory.

("Their beer exceeding small."—*Chronicle*, Vol. I., p. 35.)

[*Face page* 45.

sent thither by some that favoured most that place, she settled herself here presently unto an extraordinary course of mortification. For in everything she sought to do what went against her, insomuch, that if obedience had not restrained her, she would have passed the bounds of discretion. She was one of those novices of whom St Bernard speaketh. This course she continued, still doing all that might make her to be contemned and despised, so that when anybody chid her or gave her a chapter, that was it which she would have. Wherefore, oftentimes the sisters would forbear to chide, because they knew that she loved it so well; although we must not think but that according to nature she truly felt it, as the colour rising in her face manifested well when she did such mortifications to be evil thought of. In her diet there was no limit to her mortifications but only obedience.

Nevertheless, she had so many inventions to mortify herself, that it was impossible her superiors could restrain her sufficiently for her health. Yea, God Almighty ordained that she was permitted some things which were apparently hard enough to nature. She got a little pot to drink in, which was so small as it scarcely held one good draught, and would not take more at a meal than that, though she were never so dry. In the winter-time she never came near the fire if that obedience had not forced her, and although she warmed herself awhile sometimes, yet she found means enough to suffer cold besides. In the night, when it was bitter frost, the sister that came to wake (to) Matins, found her presently rising so soon as she heard her coming in, and without any more ado, out of her bed upon the ground. Having once heard that one at the grate had said something in her commendation, she devised with herself a means how she might seem contemptible enough. Presently to her mistress she goes, and would needs have leave to go to the grate so earnestly, that her mistress, knowing she was never willing to go there, wondered. Whereupon she began to mistrust some

mortification was in the wind, and finding out what it was, she would not let her go by any means.

It were impossible to declare all the inventions she had to mortify herself; but we must be content to say briefly once for all, that there are few to be found like her in this. Although some condemned her for it, yet they may well confess their own frailty, being unable to imitate her. Wherefore, to come to some conclusion where I scarce find any: at length, having borne out a lingering sickness a long time with secresy, for fear of having relaxation in anything else, although by whiles it was noted she was not well, yet she bore it out again with a courage, until at last, upon the eve of our Lady's presentation, she could no more, but went in great haste out (of choir) as one ready to give up the ghost. And it seems herself thought she was come to the last, for she cried aloud being out of the choir, *In manus tuas, Domine;* and thus she was led presently into the infirmary, and the advice of a doctor besides our own was had about her, who said that her vital spirits were spent and that she would die, as indeed it proved true. Neither in the time of her last sickness did she omit to mortify herself, for she was so accustomed thereto that she could not be brought from it. It seems that was the way she was to run for to gain in a short time great glory. Oftentimes being through the vehemency of her pains, very thirsty, she would not ask for drink until she could not possibly suffer more, and we marked that as soon as she had taken drink she was better. Besides this and suchlike mortifications and suffering which she made to herself, Almighty God did also concur of His part to give her suffering, permitting her to be tempted and tried with inward temptations and afflictions but assisted her through all, so that after about three weeks of this her lying sick to bed, she made a happy and blessed end, and said a little before her end that the devil threatened her she should be damned, but our Blessed Lady said she should go to heaven without

purgatory, and so died happily, when she had been only five years professed, in the 29th year of her age.

In the year of our Lord, 1627, was professed a white sister or converse named Paula Hubert, daughter unto James Hubert in Norfolk, who was his father's second son, so had no inheritance but what an uncle of his left him. This gentleman was no Catholic, his grandfather, Sir James Hubert, was a Catholic, and left behind him the fame to have built churches. But to return to this forenamed grandchild of his (he suffered much for his conscience, being many years kept in hold, and finally died in prison). This his daughter came over and was received here, but finding herself very weak, and not apt to learn Latin, she would not undertake any more than to be a white sister, and after two years' probation she made her profession upon St Romuald's day, changing her name from Elizabeth to Paula (for the devotion she had to St Paul the Apostle) at 27 years of age.

PREFACE TO CHAPTER THE THIRD

The Anglican Bishop of Bath and Wells relates some strange occurrences in Wells Cathedral. The Worthingtons of Blainscoe. Glorious confession of Faith by four boys of the Worthington family. A pursuivant hoaxed. The Worthington letters. Dr Francis Worthington and Thomas Tildesley, the Cavalier. Catholic home life at the opening of the eighteenth century. Extract from the Dominican archives.

THE ensuing chapter of our Chronicle contains the narrative by a Catholic eye-witness of a very singular occurrence in Wells Cathedral, which occasioned the conversion of Mrs More our Sister Anne More's mother. Sister More was professed in 1628. The strange circumstance was that while a preacher was declaiming against the Blessed Virgin in such a way as to call forth a rebuke from a Protestant bishop then present, the church was struck by lightning, and all those present found themselves with singular marks on their bodies. The chronicler had the story from Mrs More's daughter.

Now the same event is described by a Protestant contemporary, though he naturally says nothing about the blasphemous sermon, and we subjoin his account. Isaac Casaubon came to England in 1610 and was made prebendary of Canterbury in 1611. About this date he wrote his *Adversaria*, from which Bishop Warburton in his *Julian* gives the following extract:—

"This day the Lord Bishop of Ely (Andrewes) a prelate of great piety and holiness, related to me a wonderful thing. He said he had received the account from many hands, but chiefly from the Lord Bishop of Wells (Still) lately dead, who was succeeded by the Lord Montacute, that in the city of Wells about fifteen years ago, one summer's day, while the people were at divine service in the Cathedral church, they heard as it thundered two or three claps above measure dreadful, so that the whole congregation affected alike, threw themselves on their knees at this terrifying sound. It appeared the lightning fell at the same time, but without harm to anyone. So far, then, there was

MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND,
Daughter of Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, and Wife of George Clifford,
Third Earl of Cumberland.

From a Portrait at Appleby Castle.

[*Face page* 48.

nothing but what is common in the like cases. The wonderful part was this, which afterwards was taken notice of by many, that the marks of a cross were found to have been imprinted on the bodies of those who were then present at divine service in the Cathedral. The Bishop of Wells told my Lord of Ely that his wife, a woman of uncommon probity, came to him and informed him, as of a great miracle, that she had then the mark of a cross impressed upon her body. Which tale, when the Bishop treated as absurd, she exposed the part and gave him ocular proof. He afterwards observed that he had himself, on his arm as I take it, the plainest mark of a ✠. Others had it on the shoulder, the breast, the back, or other parts. This account that great man my Lord of Ely gave me in such a manner as forbade me even to doubt of its truth." (See *Notes and Queries*, 21st September 1867, over the signature of E.H.A.) Dr John Still, who became Protestant Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1593 and died in 1608, was probably the bishop who checked the fanatical minister. He was M.A. of Christ's College, and Master of St John's College, Cambridge, and by the above account, the occurrence was probably in the summer of 1606.

It is interesting to compare the above version of the story with that contained in the Chronicle.

The ancient Lancashire family of Worthington, from among whose daughters no less than seven took the veil at St Monica's, was originally seated at Worthington in the parish of Standish, some 3 miles north of Wigan. At some date in the fifteenth century, one Adam Blainscoe of Blainscoe (or Blainscough) the last male descendant of his race and name, left Blainscoe Hall and estates to his only daughter, the wife of Henry Worthington, a younger son, and with Henry the line of Worthingtons of Blainscoe begins, whose sufferings for the Faith are among the glories of Catholic Lancashire, till in 1732 their ancestral hall was sold. Thenceforward they became Worthingtons of Wigan, and seem for several generations to have exercised in that town the medical profession. The first of the family to profess among our canonesses was Sister Anne Worthington, on the Feast of St Matthew, 1615; the latest was Sister Jane Worthington who took her vows on the eve of St Luke, 1717.

Our interest in the family begins with Dr Thomas Worthington, President of Douay, in the seventh generation from that Henry who married the Blainscoe heiress. His youngest brother was also a priest, and another, Richard, ended his days in prison, a

confessor of the Faith, 25th September 1590. Their unhappy father apostatised, and was a noted persecutor of Catholics. Dr Thomas Worthington, arrested in 1584, was for six months imprisoned in the Tower, and treated with unusual cruelty, and then banished. From 1599 to 1613 he was President of Douay. In 1626 he died at Biddulph Hall in Staffordshire, in the sixth month of his noviceship in the Society of Jesus. Before his imprisonment he was concerned in the events of the glorious confession of Faith by the four Worthington boys, his nephews.

The four boys were the children of his brother Richard. Their names were, Thomas, Robert, Richard, and John. They were staying with their uncle, Dr Thomas Worthington, at the house of Mr Sankey, of Great Sankey (Yepez amusingly gives this gentleman's name as Sancho Sanchez) near Warrington, when information was furnished of the priest's whereabouts to Sir Edmund Trafford, Sheriff of Lancashire. At three in the morning, 12th February 1584, the house was surrounded by twenty men, at whose head was the under-sheriff. Dr Worthington escaped for the time, but the four boys, of whom the eldest was not over 16 years of age and the youngest under 12, were made prisoners. The story of their splendid confession of the Faith has been given from Bridgwater's *Concertatio* by Yepez and Foley; we are reluctantly compelled to abridge it.

After vainly searching the town for the priest, the captors took the two elder Worthingtons before the Earl of Derby and the Protestant Bishop Chaderton of Chester, who were holding a meeting at Warrington with their fellow-commissioners for the coercion of Catholic recusants. On the 14th of the month, all the four boys were taken to Preston where they had to appear again before the commissioners. The examination began with the youngest, a child of only 11 years of age. After keeping him a whole day without food, they gave him wine before bringing him into court: "They had willed to deprive me of my reason by drunkenness," pleaded the child, "which by the goodness of God I still retain, although from pain of body I am not in a fit state to appear before your honours as I should do." Heeding not his excuse, they began to question him about his father and uncle, but were forced by his sickness to desist, to their own great shame. The Earl of Derby next with many promises strove to prevail on the eldest of the brothers to attend a Protestant sermon. Modestly but firmly the boy refused, nor could Chaderton's threats make him swerve from his holy purpose.

The remaining two boys showed equal firmness, protesting that they would rather beg their bread as Catholics, than be defiled with the guilt of schism. As the Catholics gained heart from their example, and the Protestants complained of the effect of their constancy, all the four were sent to Manchester.

At Manchester the same threats and cajolery, especially by Protestant ministers, were again fruitlessly employed to shake the heroism of our youthful confessors. The Protestant bishop, in whom hatred of Catholics was more conspicuous than in his lay fellow-commissioners, now employed the services of one Bull, a brutal fellow, to bend them to his evil will by torture. Entering their sleeping-room in the morning with four or five long and thin rods, he savagely dragged the eldest from his bed, and gave him upwards of twenty cruel strokes on his back. Finding his constancy immovable, he inflicted the same torture on the second. Unable to intimidate the two youngest, he had to report his failure to Chaderton, who had savagely urged him to show no mercy. Next day they were taken to a Protestant school, that their firmness might be overcome by the jeers and ill-treatment of the boys and their master. Their gentle and noble demeanour ere long won a number of the scholars to their side. Their keepers were changed, and John, the youngest, was taken to the Episcopal palace, and for a while treated leniently.

By this time the Protestant bishop began to weary of his task. Nothing could induce John to eat flesh meat in Lent. More than this, he frankly treated the bishop to his mind, and when Chaderton was ill, told him of his danger of going to hell, at which his lordship took fright so that he even came to be in danger of his life, and promptly sent the boy out of his house. Unfortunately two of the brothers, being told they were to be dragged to church, thought it right to walk thither. This was construed as an act of yielding, which they soon found means to contradict in writing, and resolved never to go again unless dragged by force and violence.

Soon after this, Thomas and John escaped. Their keeper, a Dutch Calvinist, seems to have disliked the work of the commissioners, and took little or no care for their safe-keeping, letting them go freely about the town, where they soon met some Catholic friends. To free themselves from their cruelly unjust and dangerous detention, it was settled that their friends should lie in waiting for them in a wood a mile and a half out of the town; and that when all was ready, a Catholic, disguised as a beggar, should knock, as

if for alms, at the doors of the houses where the brothers were severally confined. To the dismay of Thomas and John, on arriving at the assigned place, they saw no sign of the other two. Delay would have availed nothing, and was full of risk. By secret paths, the two boys were led to the house of a Catholic friend, who gave them food and money and sent them forward to the house where their mother was in hiding. With transports of joy, she embraced her children, and a consultation was held for sending them secretly beyond seas. Their joy was damped by a hurried messenger with news that their flight was discovered and a third brother, Robert, was to be sent for greater security to Chester Castle.

Most imprudently, the commissioners let him start off accompanied only by one constable, both being on foot. They had not gone far, when they were overtaken by a single horseman, who slackened his pace, and entered into conversation with the pursuivant and asked the boy's name. After beguiling the way with pleasant chat, he begged the man to let Robert ride for a short space behind him, to which the pursuivant made no objection, being pleased to oblige the courteous gentleman. No sooner was Robert on horseback than the stranger began to quicken his pace, and suddenly turning round called out to the constable: "Good-bye, good sir; I will ease you of your charge; tell your master I am going straight to London;" then clapping spurs to his horse he galloped off as hard as he could.

The luckless pursuivant raced after him, shouting, "Stop Papist!" and calling on the labourers he met in the fields to assist him. The Lancashire peasants grinned, but would not stir, while another horseman coming up with six companions, inquired what was wrong, and undertook to give chase to the fugitives with every appearance of eagerness. When they saw that Robert and his deliverer were out of danger, one of the seven advised the constable not to kill himself with running, and taking leave of him, hastened to rejoin his Catholic friends and fellow-conspirators who were enjoying the success of their enterprise. All Lancashire enjoyed the joke, and rejoiced at the outwitting of the pursuivant.

We next find our fugitives in the house of a Staffordshire gentleman, whose name is not given. A spy betrayed them, and the house was beset by pursuivants. They were in search of Thomas Worthington, the priest, who really was in the house at the time of their arrival. Not being able to find him, they were

prevailed upon by the lady of the house to let the others go free. But as Dr Thomas Worthington was journeying with three of his nephews to London, he chanced to meet a spy, whom he only knew as a Catholic, and who told him he was seeking to go to Douay College. The spy sacrilegiously went to confession and received Holy Communion from Dr Worthington, robbed him of his money, and betrayed him. The priest and his nephew Thomas were seized before daylight at an inn in Islington with two others, Thomas Brown, a priest, and Humphrey Maxfield, a student. Dr Worthington was sent to the Tower, and thrown into a subterranean dungeon, while his nephew Thomas was confined in the Gatehouse prison. The two younger boys escaped. As Yepez adds some particulars not known to Bridgwater, I insert here a passage translated from his Spanish narrative, which begins a little further back. Dr Thomas Worthington, after a cruel imprisonment, was sent into exile. Concerning his nephew, Thomas, Yepez writes :—

"The fourth (Thomas, the eldest of the brothers), regained his liberty a little later, letting himself down from a window, while a horse to carry him was kept in readiness near the house, and so he escaped. Being taken by his guide to where his three brothers were waiting for him, order was taken for the instant departure of all four from England for the seminary at Rheims; the three younger brothers succeeded, though with many sufferings and dangers in their journey, which for brevity I omit. Three times were they captured and released, not without God's special providence, Who was pleased that the eldest should be made prisoner again in London. Five years he lay in prison ever unshaken in the Catholic faith, and is now in Flanders, in the service of our Lord the King (of Spain). The second and third died while students at Rheims College. The youngest came afterwards to Spain, and studied in the seminaries of Valladolid and Seville, whence with eight others he was sent to Rome in the year 1596, where he has since been ordained priest, and he is now preparing to return to his own country and labour there." He entered the Society as we have said, and in the benefactor's book of St Monica's we read this undated entry: "Father Worthington, at his entrance into the Society of Jesus, left our monastery his mother's jewels, which she had bequeathed to him at her death." This "sister" may have been his sister-in-law, Mrs Worthington *née* Allen, who died in the sixth year of her widowhood, and was buried at St Monica's. In 1635 he gave the nuns another alms.

Before Thomas Worthington was released from prison, Robert and Richard, the boy confessors, aged respectively 17 and 16, had gone to receive the eternal recompense of their loyalty to Christ. The eldest brother was of the number of those faithful English gentlemen who went in exile to Flanders, esteeming their faith above their native land. Like many others, he took service in the Spanish army. At Louvain, he made his home till his death; there his children were born, and were educated in the company of other noble English ladies, exiled for their religion, and Richard Worthington, his son, became the confessor of our community where his sisters, Anne and Mary, were professed. The valiant soldier of Christ was buried in the cloister of St Monica's with his wife, Mary Allen. To be laid to rest among these, the best and noblest of England's daughters, in whose prayers they would be daily remembered, was for them as if they slept in their native land. The old manor-house in Lancashire was still their own, but they would not dwell where they might not live according to their conscience. Their eldest son, William, lived at Louvain, and was buried in the quiet Flemish cloister. He had married Anne Biddulph, at whose ancestral home in Staffordshire, his great-uncle, Dr Thomas Worthington, had found a peaceful end to his career, dying a Jesuit novice.

But it is with William's grand-children that our Chronicle is more especially concerned. Their parents were Thomas Worthington and Jane Plumpton, both still living in 1698. Four of their children, Sisters Mary, Dorothy, Anne Perpetua, and Agnes, were professed at St Monica's. By this time the fury of persecution had relaxed in England; hopes, long to be deferred in their fulfilment, had begun to revive; and the batch of letters, yellow with age, still preserved by the nuns at Newton Abbot, are dated from the dear old home at Blainscoe. Here I can only transcribe some passages. The reticence concerning religious difficulties is characteristic of Catholic correspondence in those days.

The first letter is undated, but seems to have been written about 1690, at the beginning of the reign of William III. It is written in the names of Thomas and Jane Worthington, by the latter to their daughter, Sister Mary of St Monica's. They write from Blainscoe, and address the letter to "Mrs Marie Worthington chez les Dames Anglaises, á Louvain. Recommended to Mr Thomas Brockholds [*sic*] and to be left with Mrs Bannaste, at Mrs Wirth's over against ye Cock in Brownlow Street in Drury Lane,

Principal Entrance to Worthington Hall, Lancashire.

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London." It gives as date 24th September, but not the year. After referring to a letter enclosed from a widow lady, Mrs Lucy Janion, who wishes to send her daughter to be educated in St Monica's, but is unable to pay more than £15 a year, Mrs Worthington says that the good widow's mother was a Thorold of Lincolnshire, and that her maternal aunt married Mr Thimbleby of Snydal, and so forth. Then she continues (spelling modernised): "The six little ones are very hearty and healthful. You know your dear father and I cannot say so much in that kind altogether as you and your dear sisters so much desire we could. But Almighty God His holy Will be done, for that all's welcome, and we daily rejoice in all your health and happiness; your dear brother Thomas joined (in religious vocation) with four nuns; we hope all daily remember us, who though our lameness is [*sic*] expected to increase with ill sight, etc. Yet (we) can love you all as affectionately as ever, and think and speak as others do. How good God has been to us in you all. Your father, brother, and sister intend, and I intend, when dear son Thomas is with you, to make amends for our long silence. Sweet Jesu be thanked, he escaped this last danger you speak of, and send him well with you."

The Dominican archives have supplied us with details of the career of this "dear son Thomas." We transcribe their brief summary. "Born March 23, 1671; professed December 2, 1692 at Bornhem. Studied at Rome, ordained 1695. Sent from SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Rome, into Belgium, November 16, 1697, making with Dryden the surrender of that Convent. Professor of Theology, Philosophy, and Scripture at Louvain. Installed Prior of Bornhem, March 10, 1705, re-elected March 12, 1708; instituted Provincial, April 1709. Left Bornhem August 26, 1709. Went to Blainscoe, made a Pilgrimage to St Winefride's Well, and visited the Stations of his Province; settled in London 1709, for nine years." Then he returned to Bornhem, was twice elected Prior, and made Vicar Provincial for Belgium. In company with Bishop Dominic Williams, O.P., he went to England in March 1727. Times were hard for Catholics; Bishop Williams had to hide himself for a long time to escape the fury of the Protestant Archbishop of York, on account of the conversion of an Anglican clergyman. Father Worthington usually lived in London, regularly visiting the missions served by his Order, and in 1730, revived the English Provincial Chapters, "with the election of Provincials, instead of institution by the Master-General." In the

same year he began to reside, about Easter, as permanent chaplain at Middleton Hall, near Leeds, the seat of Ralph Brandlin, Esq. There he died, 25th February 1754, at the age of 85, in the 62nd year of his religious profession and the 59th of his priesthood. He published "An Introduction to the Catholic Faith, by an English Dominican, L . . . 1709." Truly a worthy son of St Dominic.

Very cautiously worded, so as to be utterly unintelligible to the uninitiated, is Mrs Worthington's next letter, giving his parents' consent to Thomas's entering the Dominican Order. The names of Lancashire Catholics, Aylmer, Price, Banister, etc., give a clue to a number of family histories, and it is full of little domestic details, though I confess myself to be a little mystified by "the six cannel salts in a small box." It is characteristic of the times to read that "our nearest neighbour's chapel is to be con: on 8th September," and that she has just been called thither to pray (*i.e.*, to hear Mass). More than once she records the names of those who are going to St Winifred's Well or have just come back from their pilgrimage.

There is a circumlocution in these letters, when dealing with Catholic matters, for the long ostracism of Catholics, "fairly hunted into holes and corners," and anxious for concealment, had begun. We cannot now print more at length from these letters. It is delightful to read Richard Worthington, writing to his cloistered sisters how his son, "little Willy, can ride on his little galloway 24 miles on a day, and is now *in the great Lives of the Saints*, and can read pretty well; he is not eight years old yet, but looks as grave as a judge; he'll not give an answer till he hath considered what to say:" and then says he resolves "to make a step to Rome on foot and be there at the opening of the grand Jubilee upon Christmas, 1699; (he writes in 1698) . . . . After several years spent not as I ought to have done, I hope it not unreasonable . . . to allow myself half a year in which I may wholly apply myself to that only necessary business, and thereby make in some sort satisfaction for my former mistakes, and that I may commit no more." Catholic families lived in very intimate intercourse with each other; at Blainscoe we find on constant visits, Sir Rowland Stanley, the Townleys, Tempests, Houghtons, etc.

In a very few words we must close our notes on the Worthington family. Ruinous fines for their religion, combined with social ostracism, brought down many an ancient Catholic race from its high estate in the evil days that followed the downfall

of the Stuart dynasty, and the house of Worthington was one of these. The dear old home at Blainscoe was sold by Thomas, the son of Richard Worthington and Margaret Alcock, 19th June 1732, to Robert Holt, Esq., of Wigan. Three years before, 14th August 1729, he had been compelled to sell the Thornton estates, inherited from the family of Cardinal Allen. It is a mournful, but oft repeated story in our Catholic annals. This Thomas Worthington, born in 1694, survived the loss of his ancestral estate ten years, and died at Hooton in Cheshire, 3rd October 1742. The Worthingtons of Lancashire are now extinct in the male line.

But there was an offshoot of the family living at Wigan, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we find for four generations at least one member engaged in the profession of medicine. Dr Thomas Worthington of Wigan, in 1679, when the excitement of Oates's plot was at its height, had to fly to the Continent to escape an indictment. His son, Thomas Worthington, M.D., brought his daughter to St Monica's in 1700; she pronounced her vows on the 1st of January 1702, and died in 1749. Her three brothers, Francis, John, and Gerard, all followed the medical profession. Francis was the favourite medical adviser of that roystering cavalier and famous physic taker, Thomas Tildesley the Diarist. One extract from his Diary I may here insert. "1714, Febr. 10. Dr Francis Worthington left us. Gave him 20s. which he, as always, took very thankful, though too little per half, but a right worthy and griping-free man." Tildesley had physicked himself to death before the year was out, in time to escape a more violent ending, for at this time he was furbishing up his arms to be in readiness for the Jacobite rising. John Worthington, by his marriage with Catharine Ford of Wigan, had two sons; John, whom in 1745 I find at "Sherfield co. Southampton," and Thomas, a surgeon, of Standish Gate, Wigan. Thenceforward the ancient line disappears.

CHAPTER III

From the death of Sister Bridget Wiseman to the foundation at Bruges. A Protestant converted by the strange occurrences in Wells Cathedral. Sir Thomas Leeds at Louvain. Death of Lady Lovel. 1627-1629.

The same year 1627 on the 24th of July was professed on her deathbed Sister Margaret Robison, of whom we have made mention before, relating how she entered in here with the Lord Morley's daughter, Sister Frances Parker. She was a very good soul, tractable and humble, and suffered much in her short time of life by difficulties in getting into religion by reason of her infirmity of body and unableness to do any great service to the Order. This made her pass much contradiction and delay in her going forward, obtaining only admittance to be a white sister, although she desired much to be a nun.

At length it pleased God to call her unto His heavenly marriage and make His spouse, sending her such a sickness as brought her to an end; so upon her desire we admitted her to holy profession, the convent going all into the infirmary, as the manner is in such cases; where in the presence of our Reverend Father and our Reverend Mother and all the rest, she made her vows for a converse if she had lived, and gave to our house £340. This her profession she made at the age of 20 years, and after that prepared herself for a blessed death, suffering with great patience her sickness, which was very violent, until the 1st of August, on St Peter of Vincula's day, she was happily delivered from the bond of mortality to go unto the joyful celebration of her eternal espousals in heaven, to laud and

ANNA MARIA, COUNTESS OF DERWENTWATER,
Daughter of Sir John Webb, Bart. Died August 30, 1723;
Buried in the Church of St Monica's, Louvain.

From an old Print, which is now in the possession of Mr R. D. RADCLIFFE

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bless Him for ever who had so loving and favourably taken her to Himself, ordaining that even by a short life she should gain a great everlasting glory.

The same year 1627 died Sister Bridget Wiseman, our Reverend Mother's sister. She was a substantial religious, and had the charge of the youngers, being mistress both of the scholars and novices as long as her health lasted, instructing them in true religious observance with all care and diligence, according as their nature and disposition required, being mild and compassionate towards them, and those that she saw fervent she furthered in spirit with all discretion. Concerning herself, she had passed many difficulties at St Ursula's, and was led most by the way of desolation, therefore had good experience to help others. It pleased God at length to exercise her patience by a long sickness of many years, lying for the most part in bed, by reason that her head was so ill she could not rise till afternoon, and then was fain to sit in the dark. The pains of her head made the light molestious to her. There she sat daily in her corner saying her beads, for she was very devout to our Blessed Lady, and after supper she recreated, and could speak with those that came to her, having kept silence all the day before.

She led this life for ten years' space with great resignation and contentment of mind, as she affirmed oftentimes that she never had such comfort before, being troubled with desolation when she was in health. At length upon the Eve of our Blessed Lady's Conception, she made a blessed end. She made a very sweet and quiet death, having received all the rites of holy church; being a profitable member in the community, of an affable and peaceful disposition, and careful in the offices imposed to her charge, as also very charitable, and strict in the observances of the holy Order, much given to watching and penance so far as her health would permit her, but she was often infirm, both at St Ursula's and here, before her last great sickness.

In the year of her Lord, 1628, upon the last day of February, were professed three sisters—Sister Anne More, Sister Ann Handford, and Sister Mary Leeds. The first was daughter of Mr William More, who lived in the city of Wells in Somersetshire. Her mother lived a good Catholic for many years, for even in her childhood by reading in books found out the true religion, but was hindered from embracing it by her friends, who, being themselves heretics, married her to such. This husband was not Mr More, but one she had before him, which hindered her from being a Catholic, until that a strange accident happened in the great church at Wells. It was this :—

A wicked minister, being a preaching there, railed out of measure against our Blessed Lady, and called her a saffron bag—the Blessed Mother of God, whom he was not worthy to name with his blasphemous mouth—whereupon there was raised on a sudden such a terrible tempest as frightened them all, and three persons in the church were cast down to the ground, and all of them marked in their bodies, some with half moons and some with stars. The vile minister, notwithstanding, ceased not to rail, until at such time as even an heretical bishop that was there present, bade him come down from the pulpit or he would make him. There being also present two usurers, they alone and no other saw the devil visibly stand by the pulpit in most ugly form, who made mouths at the preacher as applauding his sermon, and afterwards went out on the top of the church and broke down a pinnacle thereof, as also at that time the leads of the clock were all melted with the heat of the tempest and lightning. The minister went out of the town with shame, and, as they say, came to great misery, as also his children prospered not.

Hereupon this said gentlewoman would stay no longer out of the church, but was reconciled, and suffered very much for her religion, both of her husband and by the persecution of the realm, insomuch that she lived long in prison at the king's Bench in Southwark. But when that

husband of hers was dead, this Mr More took great affection unto her, and promised if she would have him he would become a Catholic; whereupon she married him, and had only this daughter, and a son that died young. This her second husband was reconciled on his deathbed and made a very happy end, which showed the mercy of God towards him. He offered up this his little daughter to be a religious, if God should give her a mind to it. After his death, this worthy woman came over seas and brought with her this daughter, who lived at St Omer's a year, and then she, remembering her husband's will, procured that her daughter might come to be brought up in our monastery, hoping that thereby she would in time get a mind to religion; and so having obtained our Reverend Mother's consent for her admittance, she sent her hither, being then only between 7 and 8 years of age. So she was brought up here until she was of years to undertake the state of religion. About which time the devil was busy to hinder her from it, and what by means of temptations and dislike of some here towards her, the matter came so far that we wrote to her mother, who was then in England, that her daughter had no mind to religion, therefore desired (her) to send for her home.

Whereupon, the good mother said that though she should be glad if her daughter had a mind to be a religious, yet if God did not call her thereunto she would by no means force her, but let her have her freedom wholly; therefore desired us to send her into England with a lady who was returning from hence. Upon this answer we did so, and she went out with that lady. No sooner was she gone from the house but such an extreme sadness took her for having left the cloister that she could not eat anything, and was in such a plight as made those amazed that saw her. They offered at the Third Order (Franciscan) to take her if she would come to them, but the motion of her mind enticed her hither again, in such wise as it seemed to her she should never be saved if she returned not again to

this place. Whereupon, she resolved to come back, though it were all alone in the waggon, and to beg most earnestly for to be admitted again. So she got of the lady so much money as would pay for her journey hither, and gave the waggonman, and came all alone among a company of strangers, though she had no language but English. For her inward trouble of mind was so great that she feared no exterior accident that might befall her, and being arrived hither, we were astonished at her return. Seeing how much she was troubled, and how earnestly she desired to be admitted, we had compassion of her in respect that she affirmed it was most strangely intimated unto her mind that here was her salvation to be and nowhere else. And so we received her again to her great joy and contentment, having no quiet before, and at convenient age made her profession upon the Translation of our holy Father, St Augustine, in February, being 17 years old. It seems plainly to be the will of God she should be St Augustine's child, for her first entering into the monastery at 7 years of age happened upon St Monica's Eve, and her second admittance, when she came from Brussels, was on his feast day, and now her profession upon the day of his Translation.

The second, Sister Ann Handford, was daughter to John Handford, Esquire, of Woolshall in Worcestershire; her mother also a good Catholic, and excessively beloved for her good housekeeping and charitable assistance to the poor neighbours either in sickness or in any other necessity. After the death of her husband, this good woman was very desirous that some of her daughters should be religious, and to see if God would give them a calling she sent them over, leaving them, notwithstanding, free to their own liking, whether they would enter presently into some monastery, or else board in the town until they got a mind to be religious; and this house was particularly commended to them by some friends of ours, who also writ for them to us to obtain the place. So that, three of them coming hither,

they were admitted, being willing to enter in presently; but the elder went forth again after some small time, and the younger about a year after, and this who was the middlemost, remained constant. For she it was whom our Lord had chosen to be the honour of her kindred and joy of her mother; who made her profession on the day aforesaid with the others, being 17 years of age.

The third, Sister Mary Leeds, was the daughter of Sir Thomas Leeds of Wappingthorn in the county of Sussex, whose father, Sir John Leeds, came over to this side of the seas in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and lost his estate for his conscience upon the statute of fugacy. His son, Sir Thomas, was for some years no Catholic, but a great courtier, and followed the world, haunting the company of noblemen; but he married a good Catholic gentlewoman, and in track of time, they both agreed to come over into these parts. For Almighty God sending him crosses in the world, his heart was touched to remember the good of his soul, having lived a schismatic as has been said. Therefore leaving his estate unto his son, he passed over to come to dwell here in Louvain, bringing over this his daughter and another, who were both children. But she on seeing our monastery begged the place, even when she was a child taking a liking to our cloister, and desired to be a religious, which desire was accomplished when she came to fit years; for then we received her, and after the time of probation, she made her holy profession on the Feast of our holy Father, St Augustine's, Translation. Sir Thomas Leeds continued still to live in this town, making a worthy change of life, for after his former pomp and bravery he lived a virtuous private life, and suffered misery and discommodities with great patience and resignation to the will of God.

Upon the 7th of May in this same year was professed a lay sister of the Dutch nation, named Jane Steenberck, living a league and a half out of the town of Brussels, in a village called Ruisbroock. She had a desire to be a

religious, and endeavoured by friends to get into a monastery, but failed of her purpose, for the Poor Clares could not take her because their number was up. So she came to live at Brussels, and, as occasion happened, to solicit the matter herself. For if she might enter a monastery, she cared nor had respect to nothing but to serve God; and it happened that she lighted into an Englishman's service, one Mr Kinsman. When he broke up house he preferred her to Dr Clement, so she lived in his service four years, and when he came to know her mind to religion, he spoke to have her received in our monastery, to the which we were not willing because she was a stranger and might go to her own nation. But he said she was a good servant and a virtuous soul, wherefore he being so great a friend we could not refuse to take her for his sake. And it happened, just whilst Dr Clement was here procuring of her place, that an aunt of hers coming unto her said she would help her to a Dutch monastery where the Lady Abbess would take her for nothing to serve her. But it was God's will she should be here, and that enticement did nothing move her, for she answered she would be here, although we were of a strange nation; it was all one to her; so she might serve God among us, she cared for no more.

So it was agreed she should come here, which apparently was her calling from God, for here she found so great contentment that it seemed all were of her acquaintance, becoming presently free among the lay sisters. The English language she had learned before in her two services in English houses; we also liking her well, after a good time of probation, she made her profession at the age of 27 years.

The same year upon the 4th of December was professed Sister Cornelia Farmer (Fermor), daughter to Sir Richard Farmer of Somerton in Oxfordshire, a Catholic, who, having bestowed one daughter well in the world, desired to have this be a religious, although she was always

a very weak child, and had had many crosses from her very infancy.

Upon the day of our Blessed Lady's Conception in the same year, died in the night Sister Dorothy Lawson, having had a consumption of the lungs with a cough ever since her coming to the cloister, although it was not much perceived till more lately; and yet we always marked a cough in her and shortness of breath, so that she ever had a very poor voice in the choir; but she was a good soul, obedient and tractable, as also a strict observer of the Order, and of a kind nature. Wherefore, the youngers were some of them very fond of her, because she was affable, and a good fellow among them. Our Lord took her away from them to accompany her with heavenly citizens, as we may piously hope, and in the time of her being confined to bed, which was a good while, she showed great patience and conformity with God's blessed will, and gave good edification and made a blessed end. After her death, our superiors being desirous to know the cause of her so untimely decease in the flower of her age, seeming to have a healthy body, they caused her to be opened, and it was found that her lungs were grown fast to her sides so that there was no opening for her vital spirits, which occasioned her death, she being otherwise very well, strong of body, and healthful.

In the same year (1628) upon the 21st of November was professed Sister Mary Worthington, sister of Anne Worthington, of whose parents we have spoken sufficiently before, Mr Thomas Worthington, our good friend, and her mother, Mrs Allen's daughter.

This child of theirs was born after this cloister had been begun some two or three years, and having no more daughters with them, yet the mother, who remained a widow as we have said since the year 1616, was content to give her unto the service of God, as well as her other daughters, long before. The child being born in this town, she carried her with her into England, having

occasion to go thither, when she was but 2 years old; and she came over again about 7 years of age, and lived in this town with her mother. It pleased God to call her unto religion, being about 10 years old, by seeing a gentlewoman, who had a very untoward husband. Whereupon, although she was a friend of theirs then so young, yet marking what misery her friend and neighbour, whom she loved, had to suffer with that man, she purposed with herself never to marry, but become a religious with her sister here. This purpose continued, until at length she told her mother thereof, who was content, seeing that our Lord called both her daughters, to give them unto Him. Wherefore, when the child was almost 14 years old, having occasion to go again into England, she placed this her daughter here to be a scholar for religion, and we received her willingly as being of good disposition, and her parents so dear friends to us, who also gave well with their child to the house. She continued scholar and novice, so as she made her profession at the age of 17 years, upon the day of our Blessed Lady's Presentation.

In the year 1629, upon the 7th of January, was professed a lay sister, Sister Mary Reding. Her father, David Reding, was a good, virtuous, honest man. He came over the sea with one Mr Clark, who came to live at St Omer's, where he served him until such time his master found a good marriage for him of a young and rich widow, also very virtuous. So this couple lived at St Omer's and set up house for to board the English who came to that town, who were very well entertained there; and he had this good custom, daily to hear Mass before he did go about anything. His wife was very charitable to help poor folks that were sick, and having some skill in surgery, she did much good, as also would for charity upon holy-days take some religious men with her home to dinner; and she was so reasonable to her boarders, that sometimes they would wonder how she could treat them so well for so little.

Thus they lived for some years, having three daughters and one son, and whilst she lay in of that son, the husband died of an ague, and the wife within a month after died too. It was said by some that the man died through the great joy that he took to have a son, having so long desired it, and the woman, through the grief of her husband's death. But whether this were so or no, it was certain they died after each other as it (has been) said, leaving their children well provided for, and good friends took care of them, so as the boy dying young, the three sisters became in time all three lay sisters of our Order, two here, and one at Bruges, as shall be declared in due time. But now to speak of the eldest daughter Mary: they placed her in a French house of devotes which the bishop had erected at St Omer's for bringing up of children, where she remained two years, then my Lady Lovel, having a mind to her for the cloister of Bernardines which she was about to set up, got her from thence, but she liked not to dwell with her. Nevertheless in that time she served her, and the lady, coming to visit our Blessed Lady of Sichem, lay by the way here at our monastery. There she, finding here Sister Elizabeth Lumberd, who was of old acquaintance at St Omer's, was very glad, and found then a calling to be a religious here, insomuch as whatever her nature contradicted or apprehended, yet it seemed to her that this was the place where she must be. Therefore she made such good means that she obtained our Reverend Mother's goodwill to receive her for a lay sister, and after that went back to St Omer's and discharged herself out of the lady's service, and took order to get what was left her by her parents, and then returned hither, where she was admitted, and after her time of probation, made her profession.

It happened that the foresaid Lady Lovel departed out of this life without accomplishing the erection of the monastery, which she had so long laboured to set up. Having erected the cloister of English Teresians at

Antwerp, she was very desirous to set up also a monastery of St Bernard's Order, and for that purpose, had bought a house in the town of Bruges in Flanders, and for superior or abbess had procured an ancient English nun, named Margaret Lin, of St Bernard's Order, that lived in a monastery of Walloons. But it seems that Almighty God would not have this work go forward, for He took away the said Lady Lovel just at the upshot of the business, whereby all was dashed, and she left by her will the house of Bruges to the English Fathers of the Society of Jesus, as also the English Bernardine nun died soon after. About which time, we here finding our monastery so burthened with persons that we had not convenient room to receive many more, agreed in our Counsel and yearly consultation to seek for to amplify our Order by setting up of another monastery, whereby sending there ten nuns we should make room here to receive more persons. And hearing that the English Jesuits were willing to sell the house at Bruges, which my Lady Lovel had left them, we agreed to buy the same for to make our cloister there, with the money of some rents of ours that were then laid up at Gaunt (Ghent) at the Mount of Piety, if the house were fit for our purpose. Whereupon, our Reverend Father Barnes, who was very desirous to have us increase to more convents, went thither to see it and liked it well, by reason that though it were but little, yet it was commodious to make a cloister. So then he spoke with the English Jesuits, who were desirous to sell the house because it was not fit for them; and one of them, Father Edward Silisdon, being then Rector of the College in Gaunt, came here and spoke with our Reverend Mother about the matter, so that we concluded, and bought it, giving the same price which my Lady Lovel had given when she bought it. After that, we consulted here to send ten nuns, giving them £10 a head every year, which amounted to £100 yearly. But when we came to get the town's good-will of Bruges, and licence of the bishop there, it was

thought too little in respect of the dear time, so that the town would not consent (to receive them) unless we allowed every one £15 apiece yearly, fearing lest otherwise they might become burthensome unto their town, which we were forced to yield unto or else they could not be admitted, although we had procured the Infanta's licence (of happy memory), who then lived. With this all was concluded, and our Reverend Father went divers times to accommodate the house, being put in possession by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

PREFACE TO CHAPTER THE FOURTH

Story of the Giffords. The tomb of Sir Alexander Gifford, the Crusader. The Devonshire Giffords. Abbot Gifford of Buckfast. The Staffordshire Giffords. William Gifford, O.S.B., Archbishop of Rheims. Gilbert Gifford, the traitor. Bishop Bonaventure Gifford. Giffords among the nuns of the Louvain, Antwerp, and Pontoise communities.

ONE of the first sisters at Bruges was Sister Mary Gifford. Giffords have so often figured in the pages of our Chronicle, and will so frequently appear again, that I may as well give their story here as elsewhere.

On the banks of the Wylie, which gives name to Wilton and Wiltshire, some 7 miles from Warminster, a little off the Salisbury Road, is the village of Boyton, with its beautiful church of St Mary. On its south side is the mortuary chapel of the Giffard or Gifford family, and upon an altar-tomb in this chapel the effigy of a knight, recumbent in chain armour, cross-legged, the feet resting on a lion, his right hand on the hilt of his sword, and the point of the scabbard in the lion's mouth. The figure represents a man in the flower of his age, and on his sharp-pointed thirteenth-century shield are the three lions passant and two fleurs-de-lis, the armorial bearings of the noble knight who lies buried beneath, Sir Alexander Giffard, the Crusader.

His noble ancestor, Elias Giffard,* often called the Boy Giffard, to distinguish him from Elias Giffard his father, had founded the church of Boyton, and given it to the monks of Gloucester in the time of Abbot Hamelin (1148-1179) "for the good of his soul and for the soul of his wife Bertha." This most pious knight renounced the world in his old age, and made his profession as a monk of St Benedict in the Abbey of Gloucester, where he died in 1159. His descendant, Hugh Giffard of Boyton,

* In earlier records the name is more frequently spelt Giffard.

LANHERNE, THE SEAT OF THE ARUNDELL FAMILY, NOW A CARMELITE CONVENT.

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had several children, of whom Walter was Archbishop of York (1266-1279), Godfrey, Bishop of Worcester (1268-1301), and Alexander, the youngest, was our Crusader.

He followed William Longsword, second Earl of Salisbury, to the sixth crusade under St Louis of France. The rashness of the Count of Artois led to the fatal attack on Mansoura, and in an old contemporary poem, preserved in the Cottonian Collection of MSS., we read how the earl, with Sir Alexander and four other knights, fought against the infidel host. Then said Sir Alexander Giffard to his lord, "Sir, for the love of God, what is your counsel regarding this host of Saracens, which now come against us, shall we remain here, or fly?" And the earl answered, with steadfast voice: "Here each of us must show his prowess, but you, Sir Alexander Giffard, who are my knight, if you escape, distribute my treasure among my people. . . . Sir Alexander Giffard has well escaped with the gold and silver which was entrusted to him; he got the horses together and took the road to Damietta, and leaped into the deep and wide river. The heathens cast Greek fire upon them."

Now I cannot enter into the genealogy of the Giffards from the days of the Conquest, which General Wrottesley has ably worked out through all its branches in "The Giffards"; to whose learned work I owe much of the present article. But from the valiant lords of Brimsfield, according to some, or at least from their common ancestor, Walter Giffard, Earl of Buckingham, are descended the Giffards of Chillington in Staffordshire, whose story is so interwoven with that of St Monica's and with our Chronicle. Seven at least of the Louvain canonesses were descendants of that noble confessor of Christ, John Giffard of Chillington. From the accession of Elizabeth to the eighteenth century, their sufferings for the Catholic Faith were incredible.

With the many Devonshire branches of the Giffards, of whom General Wrottesley gives a detailed account, I am not immediately concerned. William Giffard of Buckfast, in 1333, was perhaps the son of William Giffard of Awliscombe, and a younger brother of that Matthew Giffard with whom the Awliscombe Giffards, who held land at Totnes and Berry Pomeroy, within a few miles of the abbey, came to an end. There is a sad story connected with the Giffards of Landcross in Devon, lords of the manor. The last of the family, Honora Giffard, is said in a local history "to have been a Catholic lady, who, having

ruined herself by supporting a failing religion, at last received parochial relief." She was buried 15th September 1729. But we must return to the story of the Giffards of Chillington.

With Peter Giffard, who received a grant of Chillington about 1178 from his aunt's husband Peter Corbuson, the race of the Giffards or Giffords of Chillington begins. Passing over many generations, we come to Sir Thomas Giffard, son and heir of Sir John, to whom he succeeded in 1556, and died in 1560. He was M.P. for Lichfield in Queen Mary's reign. He married Ursula, daughter of Sir Robert Throckmorton of Coughton, a circumstance that explains the relationship between his unhappy grandson, Gilbert Gifford, and Dr William Gifford, Archbishop of Rheims. The archbishop was the son of John Gifford of Weston-under-Edge in Gloucestershire and of Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Throckmorton of Coughton. Under Sir Thomas, a devout Catholic, the family reached the height of its prosperity, and he completed the splendid mansion, of which Sir Amias Paulet wrote to Walsingham that it could well accommodate the retinue of forty-eight persons belonging to the captive Queen Mary, as well as his own. From the time of Sir Thomas's death, as the temporal prosperity of the family declines, so "the elements of romance, loyalty and devotion, throw a bright radiance on the story of the Giffords."

John Gifford, who succeeded his father in 1560, was the grandfather of three of our Louvain sisters. Until 1575 he seems to have been left in comparative tranquillity. But in that year Queen Elizabeth made her celebrated progress through the Midlands. From the 12th to the 28th of July, she was splendidly entertained by the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth. From Kenilworth she journeyed to Lichfield, and thence to Stafford Castle. On her way from Stafford to Sudeley Castle, between the 8th and the 12th of August, she halted for a night at Chillington.

How much her visits were dreaded even by those who had no reason to apprehend her displeasure, is well known, and may be seen, for example, in the Loseley papers. For a Catholic recusant such an occasion could only inspire terror, which in this instance as in others was but too well justified. The queen showed herself gracious, thanked Gifford for his noble hospitality, and called him her "Gentle Gifford." She had not gone 4 miles from his house when he was brutally arrested and hurried away to prison, at the same time as several other Catholic gentlemen,

among them Brian Fowler, John Draycote, Erasmus Wolseley, Thomas Peshall, and William Maxfield. Arraigned at Worcester on the 17th of August before the Lord Chamberlain, the Earls of Warwick and Leicester, and others of the Council, "being charged that they went not to church, and confessing the same, and alledging their consciences and the examples of their forefathers who taught them so;" they were told they would not be allowed to return home unless they would obey the law. John Gifford, Erasmus Wolseley, and John Draycote were committed to the custody of the Bishop of Rochester for a short time "to answer and remove their scruples." All stood firm, though Gifford at first showed some vacillation, but recovered himself. In 1580, we find him a prisoner in the Marshalsea for his conscience, and he was still a prisoner in 1586, though at intervals he was allowed to dwell outside the prison. To Mary, Queen of Scots, her agent, Thomas Morgan, writes in October 1585, recommending to her Majesty his son Gilbert: "His father is for the present a prisoner for our religion in London, and hath been a long time." John Gifford was buried at Brewood, 24th August 1613, and his monument, an altar-tomb, with his effigy in armour, and that of his wife, may be seen in Brewood church.

A deeper cause for sorrow than his long imprisonment embittered the life of John Gifford, in the fearful depravity of his son Gilbert, which was such as to fill with loathing even Elizabeth's unprincipled agents who employed him.

This unhappy youth entered the English College at Rheims in January 1577, was sent to the English College in Rome in 1579, whence he was expelled, but remained in Rome, and was persuaded by one Solomon Aldred, a spy of Walsingham's, to join in the same career of infamy and crime. Disguising his evil intent, he returned to Rheims in 1582 to teach logic in the College. In 1585 he was ordained subdeacon and deacon at Rheims. In October of that year he left the College. He had not resided there continuously, and during the two years before his departure, had been a spy of Walsingham, and had become the secretary's chief agent in the plot that was framed for the judicial murder of Mary, Queen of Scots, and which brought her to the scaffold. To effect this, Gilbert Gifford, feigning himself one of those misguided Catholics who could see no hope for their co-religionists save in compassing Elizabeth's death, won the confidence of Mary's agents in France, Thomas Morgan and Charles Paget; prevailed on some desperate characters to undertake Elizabeth's assassination;

obtained a recommendation from Morgan to Mary, whose letters, passing through his hands, were placed in those of Walsingham, with a view to implicating the captive queen in the killing of Elizabeth. Father Morris's work, *The Letters of Sir Amias Poulet*, a true masterpiece of historical research, has brought into the light of noonday the mysteries of these transactions. When this work of blood was done, Gifford returned to France and got himself ordained priest. Arrested for scandalous conduct by the Bishop of Paris, he remained in prison till his death in 1590. Well might his father write, "I have written to my unfortunate son. I would to God he had never been born. I may well say: Happy is the barren that hath no child."

The career of Gilbert Gifford was a tissue of sacrilege, treachery, and crime of the darkest dye.

In other members of his family, John Gifford had motive for abundant consolation. His sister Cassandra, wife of Erasmus Wolseley, died a prisoner for her religion in Stafford jail, as did also her husband who had been seized while hearing Mass, celebrated by the venerable martyr, Robert Sutton, on which occasion William Maxfield and his wife were condemned to death, but died in prison. Their son Thomas, born in prison, was afterwards a glorious martyr.

On 27th July 1587, Venerable Robert Sutton was, for his faith and priesthood, drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution outside the town, and there butchered in the usual way. When brought a few days previously before Sir Walter Aston, that inhuman magistrate had felled the priest to the ground with his staff. The night before his martyrdom, his prison cell was seen shining with a brilliant light, and the martyr heard in converse with celestial visitors. "He was put off the ladder and cut down very lively," writes a contemporary, "for he stood upon his feet, was taken by great violence and dismembered, as he spoke these words: 'O thou bloody butcher! God forgive thee!' So calling upon Jesus and Mary, he gave up his spirit."

John Gifford had eight sons and six daughters by his wife, Joyce Levison. Walter, the eldest, who conformed for a time, succeeded him, and died in 1632. Richard was the second son.

A wedded wife, but so secretly, that her husband's name has never been divulged, Sister Bridget, daughter of Walter Gifford, passed, as it were, from the altar to the cloister, and was the first of at least seven descendants of the noble confessor of Christ, John

RIGHT REVEREND BONAVENTURE GIFFORD,
Bishop of Madaura, Vicar-Apostolic in England. Died, March 12, 1794.

From an Old Print, Engraved from Portrait at Douay College.

[*Face page* 75.

Gifford of Chillington, who professed and died among our canonesses. Her husband never claimed his virgin bride, and of course such a marriage was dissolved by her solemn vows of religion. After five years of a religious life that astonished by its fervour even such a fervent community as St Monica's, she gave up her soul to God, comforted in her last moments by an assurance from our Blessed Lady that she should not pass through purgatory. Sister Anne Gifford, her sister, was professed with her; a third sister was Abbess of the Poor Clares at Rouen. Of the other six descendants among our nuns, space does not allow me to write in detail here. One of them was Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Vavasour of Hazlewood.

Fighting in the royal cause, Andrew Gifford, brother to our Sister Bridget and Anne, was slain near Wolverhampton at the outbreak of the Civil War. His three sons, Andrew, Augustine, and Bonaventure, were sent as boys to Douay; Augustine was the priest at Chillington in 1717; Andrew was appointed Vicar-Apostolic and Bishop of Centuriae *in partibus* in 1705, but refused the dignity; Bonaventure was consecrated Bishop in 1688, being one of the four vicars-apostolic appointed for England in the reign of James II., by whom he was made President of Magdalen College, Oxford. Dispossessed and imprisoned at the Revolution, his long episcopate of forty-six years was spent in constant flying from place to place to escape the priest-catchers, especially the two miserable apostates, Mottram and Barker. "I have had no quiet," writes the bishop, "have had to change my lodgings fourteen times (in five months), and but once have lain in my own lodging. I have endeavoured to procure a little lodging in the house of some public minister, where I could be secure from the attempts of these wretches, but could not effect it. My poor brother (Andrew Gifford) though much indisposed was forced to retire into the country, which so increased his fever, that in seven days he died. . . . In one prison I lay on the floor a considerable time; in Newgate almost two years; afterwards in Hertford jail; and now daily expect a fourth prison to end my days in. I have always envied the glory of martyrs." The venerable bishop was then 72, but had yet many years of toil and suffering before the prayer was heard, with which he closes his letter: "God grant me eternal rest." In 1716, he tried to be allowed to attend the good Earl of Derwentwater to execution (or martyrdom), but could only write to him. At the age of 92, he died at Hammersmith on the 12th of March, Feast of St Gregory the Great, 1734, and was

buried by the side of his brother Andrew, in the old churchyard of St Pancras.

This holy bishop's uncle, Peter Gifford of Chillington, had a daughter, Mary, professed at St Monica's in 1625. Her father, the eldest brother of our two Sisters Gifford mentioned above, "in his extended and chequered life, saw the entire downfall and perfect restoration of his family." His estates were confiscated, and himself imprisoned for his loyalty. Giffords fought for Charles II. at the battle of Worcester, and Charles Gifford, the son (Burke says nephew) of Peter of Chillington, with the help of the Pendrells, family retainers of the house of Gifford, saved the king's life after his defeat. The estates were recovered at the Restoration.

Richard, Walter's brother, is identified by General Wrottesley with a well-known buccaneer of those days, who was captured by the Spaniards. This seems uncertain, though the profession was held an honourable one in Elizabeth's reign. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Levison, and was the father of our Sister Ursula.

Passing to members of the family outside the descendants of John Gifford of Chillington, his cousin William first claims our notice. William Gabriel Gifford, O.S.B., studied at Lincoln College, Oxford, under the care of Dr Bridgwater, took his M.A. at Louvain, studied divinity at the English College of Rheims, and then in Rome, where he was ordained priest in March 1582, and in the same year began to teach theology at Rheims. Gifted with a mild and amiable disposition, dear to St Charles Borromeo, whose chaplain he was for a time, to St Francis of Sales, and to Clement VIII., he was, on the Pope's recommendation, made Dean of Lille. He leaned more to France than to Spain in the political agitation among Catholics in those days, and his gentleness of nature was such that we find his unprincipled nephew, Gilbert Gifford, writing to Walsingham: "Dr Gifford coming over would colour me much, as also I can know his whole thoughts." But his loyalty was unshaken. He had always loved Benedictines, and had much to do with the foundation of Dieulouard (now Ampleforth) where he made his profession in 1608. After being prior of that monastery and of another at St Malo, he was in 1617 elected first President of the English Benedictine Congregation, and subsequently coadjutor and finally Archbishop of Rheims. As archbishop, Bennet Weldon writes that "he held to his monastical condition, wearing constantly his religious habit,

keeping the regular fasts of his congregation, rising in the night to pray, and using such severe disciplines that those around him thought it piety to hide those instruments of penance from him." A little before he died, he uttered in Latin these words to our Blessed Lady, whom he had always tenderly loved: "Help me as thou hast promised me." It was his wont to preach or catechise, often seven or eight times a day, in the villages of his diocese. This great and holy prelate died 10th April 1629. In a letter written to the Provost of Lille he says: "In England they have sentenced me to the gallows; kinsmen of mine have been cruelly executed and their heads set on London Bridge, and my family has undergone ruin and wrongs innumerable."

Edward, son of Humphrey Gifford, and nephew of John Gifford of Chillington, entered the Benedictine Order in 1603. The Chronicles of Pontoise (Teignmouth) contain the names of Dames Maura and Xaveria Gifford, O.S.B. They were the daughters of Sir Henry Gifford, Bart., of Burstall in Leicestershire, whose younger brother, Father Maurice Gifford, O.P., was professed a Dominican at Antwerp, was sent on the English mission, narrowly escaped arrest at the time of Oates's plot, and died in London in 1699. Sir Henry's parents were Thomas Gifford, Esq., of London, and Anne Brookesby. He married Mary Vaughan of Ruarden of Gloucestershire, the mother of the two Pontoise nuns. She died before her husband, and Sir Henry himself only lived to his thirty-first year, dying at Paris in 1664, and was buried at St Edmunds. "He expired amidst the prayers of Benedictines, whom he always loved," says his epitaph. His two daughters were professed together at Pontoise, 13th September 1676.

Dame Anne Xaveria, who possessed "in a little body an active spirit," received her solemn blessing as Abbess of Pontoise from the Bishop of Waterford at the Abbey of Maubuisson, 7th March 1710, and the deed of attestation is signed by Thomas Eyre, Francis Plowden, and E. Tennel. Her sister, Dame Maura, died in 1691, "a mirror of patient suffering and cheerfulness." (Teignmouth MSS.)

Sister Mary of the martyrs (Mary Gifford), Discalced Carmelite, professed 8th April 1681, at the age of 42, in the community of the English Teresians at Antwerp (now at Lanherne), brought with her the beautiful miniature portraits of Fathers Morse, Corby, Holland, S.J., and others, now preserved at Lanherne. They were painted by Mr Gifford, her father, whom we have not yet been able to identify, but who was a Staffordshire Gifford, while he was

a fellow-prisoner with the martyrs aforesaid. The Lanherne account adds that Mr Gifford had previously no knowledge of painting, but executed his work under the impulse of veneration for the martyrs. Brother Foley gives the names of the Giffords who entered the Society of Jesus.

THE CRUCIFIXION AND THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM,

Represented on a Silver Altar-Bread Box presented by Prioress Throckmorton to St Monica's, now at St Augustine's Priory. Date, 1537.

{Face } age 79.

CHAPTER IV

From the departure of the Sisters to form the Bruges Community to the profession of Sister Dorothy Musgrave. The first Prioress of Bruges. Death of the sister of Father Henry Garnet, martyr, S.J. John Musgrave's fight with pursuivants. 1629-1632.

Now it remained to be determined which of our sisters should be sent thither (to Bruges) to begin the new monastery, whereupon our Reverend Mother sent, for Superior and Prioress, Sister Frances Standford, judging her to be a fit woman, because she was wise and discreet, a peaceful person, and well-beloved. For Superioress she appointed Sister Ann Tremain, one of our old sisters that came from St Ursula's in the later company, and for Procuratrix, Sister Mary Best, the younger, who had well the Dutch language, and was handsome in exterior things, and charitable, being here a long time our Refectrice, and served the sisters with great care and kindness. Next was chosen Sister Mary Altham, a good devout sister and very strict in regular observance, who was at that time Mistress of the scholars here, and going with them was there Mistress of the novices also. Another appointed to go was Sister Elizabeth Lovel, who had the Dutch language, and having a good voice, she was made their chantress. These five were sent away upon the 11th of September, within the Octave of our Blessed Lady's Nativity. We had, the night before, recreation in the Refectory, and the next day in the morning after the first Mass a coach came to fetch them away. At their parting, was weeping on both sides, as necessarily it must be at

the parting of sisters. They were all provided of clothes and such household stuff as was profitable, which filled up a waggon. With them also went one scholar from hence, named Ursula Palmes, grandchild to the Lady Babthorpe by one of her daughters that married Sir George Palmes, a good Catholic; and one of our lay sisters, whom they desired, Sister Alexia Hobdy. But she returned home again when they had taken their lay sisters to do their work.

They had with them a Dutch Canon Regular, named Father Peter, who daily used to say Mass in our church, and a worldly (secular) English gentleman, Mr Ferfex (Fairfax) who studied in this town. Our Reverend Father Barnes was at Bruges, expecting them, having gone thither before with two of our lay sisters, to accommodate the house, visiting by the way the English nuns at Gaunt (Ghent). When they arrived at Bruges they surrendered themselves under the obedience of the bishop, and that see being at the time vacant, unto the Archdeacon of the Bishopric who supplied his place, as the manner is. Presently thereupon, they made their election of a prioress, and choose Sister Frances Standford, as had been appointed here, Sister Ann Tremain, sub-prioress, and the rest as hath been before declared. Some time after, our Reverend Father Barnes returned home again with the two lay sisters that went to dress up the house as is (has been) said. But he returned again to Bruges with the next company of five nuns that went thither, which were appointed by our Reverend Mother out of the younger sort, parting them. Of the four sisters Clapton, which were professed here together, the two middlemost were sent away, Sister Barbara and Sister Lidwin Clapton, the eldest and youngest, remaining here. Then also was sent Sister Grace Constable, grand-daughter to the Lady Babthorpe, whom she brought into the cloister with her. Next to her was Sister Mary Gifford, niece unto Sister Anne Gifford, being her eldest brother's daughter. The

fifth was Sister Elizabeth Brereton, who being a good housewifely woman and of great experience in the world, was judged fit to do them good service. These five were sent away in such wise as the others before, upon the 11th of October, our holy Father St Augustine's Translation; and coming to their monastery, they made their obedience to the Mother at Bruges as the manner is, and then were placed in divers offices.

So was their cloister begun and furnished with persons dedicated in the honour of our Blessed Lady's Nativity, because it first began within her Octave. It hath since, God be thanked, increased with the receipt (reception) of many gentlewomen that came out of England unto them. But Sister Mary Best being, before she went hence, entered into a consumption, after one year that she had been procuratrix there, fell deep into her infirmity, and dying, made a happy end.

Our Reverend Father Barnes was forced still by whiles to go thither, and in his absence, they went to confession to one Dr Weston, an English priest that lived at Bruges, until such time as they procured a ghostly father out of the College at Douay, a priest named Mr Bourd, a good scholar and devout man, who serveth them still when this was written.

In the same year died an old lay sister, Margaret Offspring, who came from St Ursula's an Englishwoman. She tended old Father Fenn in his decrepit age, being then the sister in the Father's house. After his death, she grew herself lame, so as she could do nothing but pray and spin, going some years with crutches, which lameness is thought proceeded from the great labour she did at St Ursula's, being well in years when she came to religion. She was a devout, simple sister, of a good nature, obedient and laborious, and now died of old age, making a happy end.

Upon the 3rd of the same month and year, two days after her, died Sister Mary Bendlos, who was professed in

the year 1625. Having a defect of stammering, she could only read and sing in common in the choir but not alone, but what she could not do in the choir she fulfilled in other things, being exceedingly charitable, and never well but when she was doing some good turn or service unto others. Wherefore, seeing her fervour herein, she was always taken to help where need was, either in tending the weak or sick or such like thing, and scarce one week before she died she was most busily serving the sub-prioress who was then taking physic, little thinking that (she) herself was so near her end, for at this time the measles were gotten into the house and she happened to take it, and with a burning fever it brought her to a happy end.

In the year of our Lord 1630, upon the 3rd of January, died in this town the Lady Leedes, Sister Mary Leedes' mother, and was buried in our church as Sir Thomas Leedes desired, where never any had been buried before, nor since as yet.

Upon the 22nd of February in the same year (1630) died Sister Margaret Garnet, one of the first that came from St Ursula's, sister to Father Henry Garnet, the martyr, and Superior of the Jesuits in England. It was through his means that she came to be a Catholic, as also to be sent over to be a religious, for both which good turns she was to him obliged, being of herself a simple moral woman, and living in the world.

Almighty God ordained her eternal good and high calling to religion through the wise industry of her good brother, without herself scarce thinking thereon, but only conforming herself to his mind; and (she) found that true contentment in religion, which she could not have imagined, being a good sister, strict in the Order, and laborious in outward works. She was a long while the Refectrice at St Ursula's, and served the religious with great charity, taking much pains. Afterwards coming hither, she was made upper chantress, having a very

good voice. It pleased God after some four years of her coming hither to send her the falling sickness, which was a great cross to her nature, being desirous to live in the company of others, and this disease making her to be excluded out of the community and to live in her cell, or to walk in the garden with one or two that used to assist her; by reason that her fits were very fearful when they happened in public, as they did sometimes in the choir and refectory. Our Reverend Mother was forced to make her keep away, because the sisters could not bear it; especially the youngers got such apprehensions as might hurt them much. Therefore, whether she would or no, she was forced to make a virtue of necessity, and to resign herself unto the will of God for the space of many years, till at length upon the Feast of St Peter's Chairing [*sic*] at Antioch, about Prime, she was heard by her neighbours to fall into a fit in her cell. Whereupon, they calling help to her, because she made her accustomed cry, which was a kind of roaring, when they came to help her as they used, that she might lie so as not to have hurt when she returned to herself again, they found her stark dead. It seems this was her last hour ordained by God who disposeth all for the best unto His elect in such wise, that although their death be sometimes sudden, yet not unprovided; because living always well, when death comes though never so unawares, they are found in good case, as we may and ought to hope that this good sister was, who frequented so often the holy Sacraments, and lived a religious life in holy obedience; observing her duties in what she was able, and bearing her cross inflicted by God, though nature was mortified.

(This year we obtained leave to keep the Feast of our Lady's Conception first class with an Octave; it fell this year on the second Sunday in Advent, and took place of the Sunday, but the next Sunday took place of the Octave-day, and the Octave had only a commemoration at Evensong and Lauds.)

In the same year about the 21st of April died Sister Perpetua Best, of whom much mention is made before. Being a good innocent religious, she gave good example of patience, lying very quietly and still amidst her pains, as having been well used to suffering.

In the year of our Lord 1630, upon the 29th of May, came hither a reverend priest from the College of Douay (whom) we had long desired to be our confessor when our Reverend Father Barnes should come to decease, and in the meantime to be his help in hearing confessions; who also desired him, by reason that our community being so great, we had need of more help than one priest. Having before till that time been assisted by the Fathers of the Society (of the English College), when they in the year 1624 broke up house in this town and went to live at Liège in a fair college which they had builded there, we had a good and worthy Irish Father to assist us in their place sometimes, named Father Peter Wadding, the which now also we were deprived of by reason that he was sent into Germany by his superiors. Wherefore, this confessor came now in good time. His name was Father Richard Johnson, *alias* White, who was by the President, Dr Kellison, judged fit for this place, as indeed he proved, and gave great contentment unto all, living also in great peace and straight friendship with our Reverend Father Barnes, so as with his consent and liking many of the nuns depended wholly on him and found as full contentment and satisfaction of him, as they did before of any Father of the Society; as also he assisted us much in our temporal affairs, and in our troublesome suit with the Abbot, as shall be declared hereafter.

Upon the 21st of July in the same year died Sister Mary Magdalene Foscue (Fortescue), a white sister, of a consumption. She was a very devout and good soul, much given to mortification and penance; wise and modest, and wholly addicted to prayer; for by reason that her sight became so bad as to make her almost blind, she could not

well see to work, therefore with leave spent most of the day in prayer.

In the same year upon the 2nd day of December were professed two lay sisters, taking the white rochet in the church; which the lay sisters before used not to do, but were professed in a black coat like our scholars' coat. They wore this habit upon Sundays and the white rochet only upon working days. But now it was agreed upon by consultation and ordained, that from thenceforward our lay sisters always should wear the white rochet upon their black, which they also had much desired, to be the more like unto the nuns, as well in habit as they lived in order and community; which we also judged more convenient, although we had hitherto followed the custom of St Ursula's cloister concerning the lay sisters. These were the first professed according to the new ordination. One was Sister Elizabeth Miller and the other Sister Agnes Watson.

Of the year 1632 (? 1631) we have little to write, by reason that through the wars and losing the town of Bolduck (Bois-le-duc) we being in danger of the enemies, who hunted still about Brabant, we were not willing to increase our house with more than those we had received. Only this year in the month of August our Reverend Father hallowed us a new bell: the old one was broken with being ill placed in our new church.

The same year (1632) upon the 26th of January were professed three nuns; Sister Anne Evans, Sister Dorothy Musgrave, and Sister Mary Barney. The first was daughter to Mr Matthias Evans, brother to him that put into our monastery Sister Susan Brook. These two brothers, when their father died, with the means that was left them employed it according to their best liking. The elder Mr Evans employed his money so in merchandise that he became very rich. This younger brother was more given to study, as also practised physic sometimes to help his friends, but he was no Catholic, nor his wife. But it pleased God that in his last sickness he was

reconciled. So he died in a good state, through the great mercy of God. His wife then being in London, busy about the fulfilling of his will and settling of matters, the Plague at that time beginning extremely to rage, she took the disease and died thereof, as also her children, all except this, who though she was infected likewise with the plague, yet through the goodness of Almighty God who had chosen her for Himself, she alone with a maid-servant were left alive. About which time this maid had a dream that she saw a vine which became wholly withered and dead except only one little branch, which remained living and flourished most fair and green ; which she told to this her mistress's daughter, who then lay sick of the infection. It gave her great comfort, hoping she should not die (as indeed she did not), but our Lord would have her to flourish green not only in the Catholic truth, but also in holy religion.

Upon this accident her aunt, Mrs Harris, who had brought her up, sent for her again into Shropshire, where she lived with her some time, until her uncle Mr Evans took care of her soul, as also looked to the goods which her father had left, and agreed with his nephew, Mrs Harris's son, who was a Catholic, that she should be gotten away from her aunt to come and live with him. Although she was unwilling to let her go, yet they wrought so with her that she was content, and then her said uncle placed her with Catholics, being himself a widower, and keeping no house ; and she was so well instructed as to be reconciled, as also some time after was moved to become a religious, by conferring often with one Agnes Watson, who, as we have said at her profession, came to live in the same house, serving a gentlewoman that lodged there. Their chamber being right over against hers, often they met together, and she got her to read good books.

So that at length she (Anne Evans) fully resolved to come over with her, knowing that she was then expecting means to go ; wherefore, speaking to her uncle who indeed

was very desirous she should be a religious, he wrote for them both, and obtained the place here. So (he) sent them over, and they were received, and after a good time of probation she made her profession at the age of about 18 years, and four of having been a Catholic. Some time after this she sent a letter to her aunt Harris who brought her up, and was well minded but exceeding fearful, and therefore lived long out of the Church ; but now at length Almighty God drew her to Him with His forcible grace, so as she was reconciled and became a Catholic, which was a great comfort unto this her niece.

The second professed, Sister Dorothy Musgrave, was daughter to Mr John Musgrave, a younger brother of a very ancient house. For it was about eight hundred years past that his ancestors the Musgraves conquered to the King of England a part of Ireland, and gained for themselves an earldom therein, which they yet retain, and a castle is there named Musgrave Castle, which by the abruption of Irish language is not rightly pronounced. The Musgraves also in the last rebellion of the northern parts were the chiefest that defended the Queen Elizabeth's right, wherefore they obtained the government of the country some time, until that a certain nobleman opposed against them.

This gentleman, being, as it has been said, a younger brother, had nothing to live upon, wherefore he went over seas in his youth and served for a soldier in Italy under the King of Spain. Afterwards coming back into England, he chanced to serve the Lady Copley, wife of the forementioned Lord Thomas Copley, for her chief gentleman, and, living there, her youngest daughter named Mary fell in love with him and married him secretly without the knowledge of her friends.

After some time was passed, that her friends were pacified, seeing no remedy of what she had done, they delivered unto him the portion which her father had left her, and he then took her away with him into the North

Countrie, where his elder brother also gave him a house and some little land belonging thereunto. So he made a shift to live and was a very constant Catholic, insomuch as one Justice, a friend of his, called him once, saying that he would tender him the oath, but that he knew it was to no purpose, for he was sure he would not take it.

He answered that it was true indeed; he would not take it. "Why," replied the other, "you shall see others not refuse to take it"; and thereupon called for a poor man, who, seeing that the oath was to be offered him, stood quaking for fear, and durst not refuse it, for fear of losing his goods. This gentleman then heartened him not to take it, but all that he could say sufficed not; he was so fearful that he took it, whereas the other for his courage and constancy escaped to have it once tendered him.

Also, upon a time, the searchers, one Tarbox and the other mates, came and searched his house, but finding nothing, by reason that having noticed they had hidden the things of danger, they, for not to go away empty, were not ashamed to steal openly, and took away with them a basin and ewer of silver which was there standing. But at his return home, finding what they had done, he resolved to go and make them restore it, either by fair or foul means; so he went to the place where he understood they resided, for they were not yet departed out of the town, named Exam (Hexham) in Northumberland, and claimed his goods. But they withstanding him with words, and fearing he would come to blows, one of them, before he was aware, tripped his feet and laid him along, whereupon he presently drew out his dagger. Then they all fell upon him and sought by main violence to wring the dagger out of his hand, but whatever they could do he held it so fast that they could not at all prevail; and yet the villains took their knives and between the hilt cut and lashed (slashed) his fingers to make him leave his hold, but he cared not for that.

In the meantime this his daughter, being then a little

child, passed by that way as she was going to school, and, hearing a noise, knowing her father was there with the pursuivants, went in to see what the matter was. Seeing her father lie along and they upon him, she went forth instantly and called for help. Whereupon a man that loved him and others came in speedily and rescued him out of their hands ; but so soon as he was gotten on his feet none could resist him, but he made them perforce deliver the silver which they had stolen, and moreover to pay for the surgery of his fingers which they had so slashed as he ever afterwards remained lame and benumbed of them.

Thus he lived many years in the North Countrie, and then, what for the troubles sustained about religion, and other losses, he could not well maintain his family there longer, having had many children (but only three living). He came back with them and his wife unto her brother, Mr William Copley, and leaving her and two of them there, himself with his eldest son went over seas to be again a soldier, and served in the Low Countries at the siege of Groll (?) after that he went again into England, and fetched his wife away to come over seas with him. Her brother allowed her yearly maintenance. So then leaving her at Brussels he went into the siege of Breda, where being in the camp he took a great sickness and therein his son showed his dutiful service, which is worth the writing down. For when the camp was to remove from one place to another, and his father, through the weakness of his disease, could not well go he would carry him upon his shoulders, until he died very happily, with the rites of the Church. Then his son, coming back to Brussels where his mother was, chanced to meet there with a good fortune of a rich widow whom he married, and so went to Namur where her inheritance lay. His mother boarded there with them until after some time she died very happily.

Now this her daughter lived all this time with her uncle Copley, and was brought up in his house by her aunt, being but 8 years when she came thither with her mother out of

the North Countrie, and being now of fit years, her uncle was willing to bestow her in some religious cloister, and therefore sent her over at 18 years of age. It happened that by the way and in these countries she had great enticements to marriage, but our Lord, who had chosen her for Himself, made that either she liked them not or else the design was crossed by accidents that happened. Coming here she was delayed of entering in, by reason that her uncle did not offer a sufficient portion for our house, until at length such means and endeavour was made to him by some here that he was content to give her as much as she might be admitted for, and so we received her and defrauded all her wooers of their expectation. For she was a woman of good parts, and handsome, and therefore so much sought after. But it was more fit that all that should be employed in God's service than in the world; and having a very great and good voice, she was a fit person to honour God in our choir. Wherefore, after a long time of probation she made her holy profession at the age of 21 years.

PREFACE TO CHAPTER THE FIFTH

A romance of the "North Countree." The warlike Musgraves of Edenhall. The Catholic manor-houses of Norfolk. Pastons, Tyrwhitts, and Berneys. Our Lady of Walsingham. The lament of Walsingham. Hazlewood and the Vavasours. The chapel where Mass has never ceased to be said. Sufferings for their Faith and their king. "The good Lady Stourton" and Sir Edward Vavasour.

SISTERS Musgrave and Berney were professed together, 29th January 1632, so that in this preface some notes on these two families will find their appropriate place.

A delightful tale is told by our good chronicler in the account given above of the parents of Sister Dorothy Musgrave, professed on St Polycarp's day, 26th January 1632. It wants none of the elements of romance. The knightly youth is beloved in his lowly fortune by the lady in whose family he was but a retainer; then follows the secret wedding, and at last he takes her to his home in the "North Countree." Only, he was one of the chivalrous adherents of the ancient Faith, and as in youth, like the Monk of St Mary's aisle,

> "He had been a warrior bold
> And had fought in Spain and Italy,"

so in his old age, to win his bread he had to gird on his sword again and serve as a soldier in a foreign land.

The chronicler would have done us a favour if she had given the Christian name of John Musgrave's elder brother, Sister Dorothy's uncle. She contents herself with saying that those of his ancient family defended Queen Elizabeth's rights in the northern rebellion, for which absolutely correct information she was no doubt indebted to Mr John Musgrave himself. Simon Musgrave served in the army of the Earl of Sussex by whom he was knighted with Robert Stapleton and others, 28th August 1569, Sussex, being the queen's lieutenant-general in the North. That

Musgrave and Stapleton should have cast in their lot together was but natural, for the families were closely allied, and Edenhall, then as now the principal seat of the Musgraves, came to them through the marriage of Sir Thomas Musgrave with Mary, daughter of Sir William de Stapleton of Edenhall.

The account given in the Chronicle of John Musgrave's dauntless courage shows him a worthy descendant of "the warlike race of the Musgraves," as Camden styles them. Many Catholic gentlemen of the North, out of loyalty to the queen, followed the banner of Sussex against the insurgents, though they still adhered to the Faith, and afterwards suffered grievously for it. From Father Green's MSS. (Foley's *Records*) we learn that (with others) "Mr Robert Musgrave, gentleman, born in the North," took ship near Newcastle to escape to the Continent from persecution, was driven back by contrary winds to Shields, apprehended on landing, and committed close prisoner to Newcastle jail. He was examined before the Council of the North at York, 24th May 1591, and removed to York Castle. He remained in prison till the last day of the year, when he was released on bond for his appearance. Other members of the family seem to have conformed about this time, and we read of a Catholic prisoner that "he was removed from Hull to be prisoner in Mr Thomas Musgrave's house, and there fell." Six years before Sister Dorothy's profession, Dom Placid Musgrave (or Hilton), born at Carlisle, who had been ordained a secular priest at Rheims in 1609, but entered the Benedictine Order at Dieulouard very soon after, died in Middlesex, 20th February 1626, after labouring for seven years on the English mission. The actual representative of the family is Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., of Edenhall.

The old manor-houses of Norfolk were the early homes of a considerable number of our canonesses. Mother Margaret Clement herself, the very foundation-stone of the illustrious community, was the daughter of that noble heroine, Margaret Giggs of Burnham in Norfolk, no doubt a descendant of that John Gygges of Burnham to whose widow William Paston commits his plate in safe keeping in a Bill dated 7th July 1479. The Norfolk houses of Rookwood, Felton, Paston, Berney, Bedingfeld, and others, appear over and over again in the names of our canonesses or of their relations. With the families of Berney (which our chronicler spells Barney, according to the pronunciation of the time) and of Paston, the present chapter is chiefly concerned. The subjoined portion of the Chronicle

(enlivened by the story of the battle between the Orthodox cat and the Protestant bloodhound), requires some few words of comment for its elucidation.

Sister Mary Berney, one of those professed on the 26th of January 1632, was, the chronicler tells us, daughter to Mr Henry Berney of Haddockston, not far from Ripon in Yorkshire. Of her mother she only adds that she was a good Catholic. This lady we know to have been a daughter of the house of Tyrwhitt of Kettleby, a relative, and probably a very near one, of that noble youth, who died of ill-usage in prison for the Faith, "bringing," as Bridgwater writes, "undying honour to the family of Tyrwhitt." He was imprisoned for having heard Mass at his sister's wedding, and about the same time (1580) William Tyrwhitt, Elizabeth his wife, Robert, John, Marmaduke, and Nicholas Tyrwhitt were indicted for hearing Mass.

Henry Berney, Sister Mary's father, was a younger brother of Sir Thomas Berney of Reedham, in Norfolk, whose descendant, Sir Henry Berney of Reedham, Bart., is the actual representative of the family. It was Sister Mary's grandfather, Henry Berney, who built the splendid seat of Park Hall, Reedham, to which he removed from the old house near Reedham church. Sir Thomas's sister, Margaret, married Edmund Paston of Appleton in Norfolk. She is the aunt of whom our chronicler speaks, to whose care Mary Berney, at the age of 11 years, was entrusted by her father. As for Sir Thomas himself, as he was Sheriff of Norfolk, in 7th James I. it is to be feared he had already conformed, and it was once more the oft-repeated story of the younger brother who braved persecution for the Faith of his fathers. But finding his estate ruined by fines, he had sought to bring up his daughter under the care of a more powerful and wealthier Catholic relative, where she could have the consolations of daily Mass and spiritual guidance.

Sister Mary was the fourth of the nine children of Henry Berney and his wife, *née* Tyrwhitt. Whether their descendants adhered to the Faith, I cannot say; the Protestant branches flourished in worldly matters exceedingly, but with them we are not concerned. The Berneys had been settled in Norfolk from the days of the Northmen, and during their long career we find them forming alliances with the families of Southwell, Bedingfield, and Paston. Berney, the earliest seat of the Berneys, was near Walsingham. Very often, in those days of sadness and oppression, must the oppressed Catholics of Norfolk have visited by stealth

the ruins of our Lady's glorious sanctuary, with thoughts like those of a poet whose name is unknown to us, but was perhaps known to them, in the touching lines:

"Weep, weep, O Walsingham
Whose days are nights;
Blessings turned to blasphemies
Holy deeds to despites;
Sin is where our Lady sate:
Heaven turned into hell;
Satan sits where our Lord did sway
Walsingham, oh farewell."

Doubtless, in her quiet Flemish cloister Mary Berney would sometimes speak of Walsingham, the greatest of our English sanctuaries of Mary, and wish that her sisters in some future generation might be the means of restoring its ancient splendour.

We now come to a name that in our Catholic annals shines with a lustre all its own, that of the Vavasours of Hazlewood.

On a commanding eminence to the south-west of Tadcaster stands the noble castle of Hazlewood. From its roof may be seen, as Camden did not forget to note, the towers of the two cathedrals of Lincoln and York, though 60 miles apart. On the memorable Palm Sunday of 1461, when the hopes of the house of Lancaster were for ever laid low by the slaughter of their followers at the battle of Towton, the course of the fight was witnessed from the battlements of Hazlewood Castle by the ladies of the house of Vavasour. Its earthly renown is as nothing to the glory of being one of the few houses in England where the light of the sanctuary has never been quenched, for even in the fiercest times of Elizabethan persecution and through the long night that followed them, the undying Sacrifice of the Mass has never ceased to be offered in the chapel at Hazlewood.

Hazlewood was in all probability the birthplace of Sister Anne Vavasour, professed at St Monica's on the 6th of November 1638, for she was one of the nine children of Sir Thomas Vavasour of Hazlewood, by his wife Ursula Gifford, whose two sisters, Sister Anne's aunts, were canonesses at Louvain. With the period of the secular greatness of this family I must deal briefly.

Mauger the Norman, who received from William de Percy, whose mesne-tenant he was, the bosky manor of Hazlewood, was called *Le Vavasor*. There is an ugly association connected

with the name of Mauger in the family. The list of Yorkshire recusants in 1604 contains several names of the heroic Catholic Vavasours; but one of the two justices who certify the list of recusants for "Pattebrigges cum Bushopside" is Sir Mauger Vavasour of Weston, an apostate branch of this loyal house.

The Vavasours of pre-Reformation times were munificent benefactors to the Church. Of York Cathedral, Camden writes: "It was brought to that stately pitch we now see it, by the archbishops with the contributions, especially of the Percies and Vavasours, as the arms of their families in the church, and their portraitures in the gate, do shew. The Percies are cut out with a piece of timber, and the Vavasours with a stone in their hands, in memory of the one having contributed stone, and the other timber, to this new fabric." This refers to the grant of a quarry made by the pious Robert le Vavasor and Juliana his wife for the building of the Minster. He was Sheriff of York in 1217. His example was followed by his descendant, Sir William Vavasour, called to Parliament as a baron in 1299. He seems to have been the most powerful of his race, and by obtaining a licence to embattle Hazlewood altered it from a thane's hall to a baron's castle. Cadet branches of the family about this time began to establish themselves, but without attaining great influence, and the power of the Vavasours never again reached the height in which it stood in Sir William's days.

Towards 1300 their chapel of St Leonard was restored, and the devout Vavasours obtained indulgences from the Holy See for the faithful who should visit it, and the lords of Hazlewood were laid to rest within its walls. Sir Henry, who died towards the end of the fifteenth century, directs in his will "in every Easter week my chamber priests and other priests and clerks that happen to be there in the said Easter Week to come unto my grave, standing about my said grave, singing the Psalm called *In exitu Israel de Aegypto*." It reminds one that this was the psalm put by Dante in the mouths of the faithful departed when they reach the mount of Purgatory. On 9th December 1526, a commission was issued to Matthew, Bishop of Chalcedon, to veil Anne, widow of John Vavasour of Hazlewood. William Vavasour was guardian of the Franciscan house of studies at Oxford in the reign of Henry VII.

Their sufferings for the Faith began in the reign of Edward VI., when Thomas Vavasour, M.D., son of Sir Peter Vavasour of

Spaldington, was driven into exile through the agency of Cheke, the king's schoolmaster, well-known for his bitter invectives against Catholics. Dr Vavasour returned in Mary's reign. He and his wife Dorothy Kent underwent a long and cruel imprisonment in Elizabeth's reign, both dying in prison, Mrs Vavasour in the Kidcote of York, 26th October 1587, her husband in Hull Castle, 12th May 1585. Dr Vavasour's house at the time of his first arrest, was so unmercifully plundered by Asquith, the Sheriff of York, that his wife could not even find a pillow or cushion on which to lay her infant child. On another occasion, the house being beset by the Lord President's men, who were in search of her husband, she went out of her mind from terror and exhaustion. But as she was saying the office of our Blessed Lady on a feast of the Blessed Virgin with her husband, she was suddenly restored to her senses, after which "she being the chief matron and mother of all the good wives in York," harbouring priests and relieving the poor, she herself was arrested on Assumption Day, 1578.

Both husband and wife perished from the pestilential air and close confinement of their prisons, and may justly be counted as martyrs.

Concerning the glorious confessor of the Faith, William Vavasour, Lord of Hazlewood, our chronicler gives some touching details, hitherto unknown, of his life after he had made over Hazlewood to his son Sir Thomas, and to his holy life we may well attribute the piety of his children and his grand-daughter's vocation to St Monica's. He is referred to in two letters of Sir Julius Cæsar, Chancellor of the Exchequer, addressed to James I., and dated respectively 14th August and 15th August 1612. In the former, Vavasour is named among those "whom the law hath taken hold of by a legal conviction." In the latter, he writes, "The process gone out against the lands and goods of the Lord Vaux and his mother, Sir Henry James, and William Vavasour, will not be returnable till Michaelmas term next: but the Lord Vaux and his mother by their tenants offer £2000 in money and William Vavasour £700 if it may be accepted for their pardons in lieu of all forfeitures and imprisonment Others not yet convented have been sent for but cannot yet be found; only two of them, William Middleton, Esq., of Yorkshire, and Richard Towneley, Esq., of Lancashire, offer £500 apiece not to be put to their oaths." Br. Foley, S.J., gives from the Landsdowne MSS. in the British Museum a letter written by the same holy confessor, then a

prisoner in Newgate, 19th June 1612, containing the offer to which Sir Julius refers. In the subjoined extract from the same I have modernised the spelling. "Being convicted in the Premunire and committed to Newgate where I have continued long in great misery and with no small peril of my health; and being sincerely desirous to give his most excellent Majesty all humble satisfaction of obedience to his highness's laws, yet enforced by the eminent danger of sickness if I should continue much longer in so pestilent a place. . . . I do most humbly entreat you to present unto his most royal Majesty my voluntary offer of £700 to be disposed at his pleasure out of my poor estate. The which sum of money as it is the utmost I can possibly pay or perform in regard of the small portion of lands left me for my life by my lately deceased ancestor, who was not my father but my uncle; also in respect of my great debts and extraordinary charge of children, etc."

In one of the letters of Sir Julius Cæsar to James I., he gives the king a list of names of Catholic recusant families, most of whom belonged to the county of Lancashire. We may as well here transcribe this roll of honour: Middleton, Gascoigne, Cholmeley, Dolman, Preston, Towneley, Wiseman, Tregian, Plowden, Gifford, Biddulph, Gage, Digby, Arundel, Throckmorton, Tichbourne, Carew, Meynell, Catterick, Ingleby, and Witham, in addition to Vaux and Vavasour whom he had already mentioned. This was in 1612. The royal plunderer must have gloated over the harvest of money to be squeezed from these noble families to enrich his unclean swarm of favourites.

From their connection with the Vavasours, we may here add a word on the Dolmans of Pocklington, the two families having been more than once allied by marriage. Philip Dolman of Pocklington married Frances Vavasour, our Sister Anne's aunt, and their daughter Helen, under the name of Mother Marina, was for many years the Reverend Mother of the Sepulchrines of Liège (New Hall). Thomas Dolman, Justice of Peace in 1584, who had probably conformed, married Elizabeth Vavasour of Spaldington who appears among the recusants of 1604.

Their grandson Marmaduke in 1648 headed a desperate band of royalists determined to rescue the king, forcibly released the felons confined in Lincoln Castle to augment his forces, and reached Gainsborough on 31st July. At Bingham, seven miles from Nottingham, the cavaliers were overtaken by some of the

troops of the Parliament and routed after a stubborn fight, in which many Catholics were made prisoners.

A few years after Sister Anne Vavasour's profession, began a period of intensely painful anxiety for our Louvain canonesses. Every post and messenger from England was eagerly looked for, since there were few in the community who had not a father or a brother fighting for King Charles I., and among the families of our nuns the list of the slain was a long one. Sir Thomas Vavasour met the king at York, with a gift of £300 towards the expenses of the war. Sister Anne's three gallant brothers, Walter, William, and Thomas, were among the first of the Yorkshire gentlemen to draw the sword for the king, generously unmindful of what they had suffered for the Faith. Walter, the eldest, raised a troop of horse at his own charges; Thomas fell fighting under the Earl of Newcastle at Marston Moor. It is not clear if William is to be identified with the Colonel Vavasour slain at Tewkesbury after having distinguished himself at the siege of Gloucester. Sister Anne lived to hear news of the Restoration.

We have before noted that it has always been the glory of our old English Catholic families to give their sons and daughters to the Church. Among the descendants of Sir Thomas Vavasour the number of these chosen souls has been very great. I find here some slight discrepancies in the pedigrees: Fr. Morris says that of Sir Thomas Vavasour's thirteen children Henry became a priest, John a Jesuit lay brother, Francis a Franciscan, Mary a nun at Brussels, Margaret and Catherine Benedictine nuns at Cambray. James Vavasour died a priest at Rheims in 1591. Abbess Mary Vavasour of the Benedictine Convent at Brussels, died in 1676. Father William Vavasour, S.J., died at Nieuport in 1683, and Father Walter Vavasour, S.J., at Preston in 1746.

Among the Poor Clares were five Vavasours whose place in the family line has not been identified. To the world all this means little; but it indicates a copious blessing from above granted to the posterity of a holy confessor of the Faith, as a reward for his fidelity to his Master.

When in 1826 Sir Thomas, the seventh baronet, died unmarried, the Hazlewood estates passed by his will to his cousin and godson Edward, the second son of Charles Lord Stourton, who placed his mansion of Holme Hall at the disposal of the Sepulchrine nuns when expelled from France by the Revolution, and whose

wife, "the good Lady Stourton," was a daughter of the last Catholic Lord Langdale, and the type of a noble and devout Catholic lady, whose presence created around her an atmosphere of happiness and goodness. She was above all an ardent lover of the poor of Christ. Her son Edward assumed the name of Vavasour and was created a baronet in 1828, the two hundredth year from that in which the title had been created in the person of his ancestor Sir Thomas.

Thenceforward, Hazlewood was to revive even the memories of its holiest days under the elder line. Sir Edward was one of those who live in the world but are not of it. Every Sunday he would teach the children of the poor schools their Catechism. He joyed in the thought that the chapel at Hazlewood had been a home of the Blessed Sacrament in the dark days of persecution. Every day the family were gathered together at Mass, every day they visited the Blessed Sacrament and assembled for the evening Rosary; to which in Lent were added the Seven Penitential Psalms and the Litany of the Saints. His wife Marcia, daughter of James Lane-Fox of Bramham Park, was won over to the Faith by his example and that of his mother, the good Lady Stourton. His almsgiving was incessant, till at times his servant had to tell him he had no more clothes left to give away. His son Philip became a priest, and Canon of Beverley; one of his daughters became a nun at Nottingham and another at Loughborough. His son William, who died in 1860, married a daughter of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. Sir Edward's daughter Marcia became the wife of Lord Herries, and we have seen elsewhere how many of their children consecrated themselves to God in religion, two of them among our canonesses of Newton Abbot.

As Sir Edward Vavasour felt the approach of old age, he felt himself weary of the world he had never loved, and his one longing desire was to end his days in the cell of a religious. But he would first visit Rome, and throw himself at the feet of the Vicar of Christ to ask his blessing.

As he was journeying through France, the diligence halted at the foot of a hill not far from Lyons, and the passengers dismounted. Sir Edward, who suffered much from climbing hills, reached the top with difficulty, begged pardon of his companions for the delay he had caused them, and fell back dead. Similar deaths will occur to our mind in the case of other great servants of God. They buried him in the neighbouring parish church of

Chanceau. Twenty-nine years later the body was brought back to England and laid in the family vault at Hazlewood.

NOTE.—To what has been said above of the Musgraves, I may add from the "Martyrdom of the Ven. John Boste," in Vol. I., published by the Catholic Record Association: "A minister standing by accused him [the martyr] of ill-behaviour, which a gentleman, whom I take to be Edward Musgrave of Allstone Moor, having said to the minister, 'My friend, say not so, for Mr Boste has behaved himself marvelous well.' . . . Edward Musgrave, hearing the minister revile the blessed martyr, took him a sound knock upon the breast, saying: 'Is it not sufficient to condemn him, but thus to revile him also?'"

As late as 1868 the connection of our community with the Musgraves was revived by the profession at Newton Abbot of Sister Aloysia Augustine (Augusta Petre), whose mother was a Musgrave of Edenhall. She died 29th December 1870, on the anniversary of the martyrdom of her ancestor, Ven. William Howard.

CHAPTER V

FROM THE PROFESSION OF SISTER MARY BERNEY TO THE DEATH OF SISTER GRACE BABTHORPE (LADY BABTHORPE). THE PURSUIVANTS AT MR PASTON'S HOUSE. DEATH OF PRIORESS WISEMAN. ELECTION OF PRIORESS THROCKMORTON. SISTER ANN VAVASOUR. DEATH OF THE FIRST PRIORESS OF BRUGES. 1632-1635.

THE third, Sister Mary Barney (Berney), was daughter to Mr Henry Barney of Haddockston, near to Ripon in Yorkshire, a good Catholic, as also her mother. They suffered the ordinary persecution of the realm against Catholics, and this their daughter, when she was at the age of 11 years, was sent to dwell with her father's sister, Mrs Paston, of whom we have made mention before, speaking of Sister Helen Draycote, lay sister. With this aunt of hers she lived till she came over and got a desire to be a religious by hearing how her cousins were going over to St Benedict's. But the chief cause that moved her was God's calling, who gave her a dislike and wearisomeness of the world, wherefore she made her desire known to the priest of the house.

But here it shall not be amiss to relate two things which happened while she lived with her aunt. The said Mr Paston had a house about half a mile of that she lived in, which stood alone in a wood, and being moated about, this house was ordained to entertain priests, and one was kept there to receive them.

First, a Catholic gentleman lived there; afterwards, one of Mr Paston's own servants, who was married in his house. The foresaid gentleman living there, it happened that once the pursuivants came on a sudden. The

portress, seeing them at the door, went up to call her master down to them, who, coming, bade them show their commission, and kept them in talk some time, whilst that the priest and church stuff were put up safe into the secret place, so that coming in they found nothing. But they brought with them a dog, which, as it seems, was a blood-hound. He stood snuffing about the secret place where the priest was; but before the searchers espied him, comes a great cat and fell a fighting with the dog, never leaving him until he departed from thence; which seemed an admirable thing that the poor cat was not afeard to set upon the dog. So would our Lord deliver them by this means.

The other thing which happened was this. There came a woman a-begging to the door when Mr Paston's servant lived there, and told the man's daughter that if she would give her something, she would teach her strange tricks. But the wench going in told what the woman had said to her; whereupon they, doubting that she was a witch, bade her put holy water into the meat which she gave her, and doing so, when she came to the door the woman was gone, and searching after her by all the ways and paths, as also inquiring of others if they had not seen such a woman, no news was ever heard of her, which made them think that she came not in God's name.

This house, as is (has been) said, was a receptacle for all priests that came and served the Catholics of the country there, for their souls' good. But to return to our young gentlewoman: her mother, understanding of her mind to religion, was very glad that any of her children would take so blessed a course, especially this daughter, who was her parent's darling, and soon after the good mother died happily. Her daughter came to this place, by reason that being acquainted with Mr Dennis Brittan, Sister Helen Brittan's brother, he writ hither for her, and obtained her place to be granted. So coming she was received, and after the time of probation made her holy

profession with the former two, at the age of 20 years, upon St Polycarp's day.

The same year (1632) upon the 1st day of February were professed two lay sisters, Ann Reding and Mary Stonehouse. The first was sister to Mary Reding, of whom and of their parents we have lately made mention. It remains now only to say that after the death of the foresaid good man, David Reding, and his wife, this their daughter and another sister named Francis (Frances) were taken care of by their father's executors, which were one Mr Heigham living then at St Omer's and another man; so they let out the house which was now the children's, and these two sisters were placed in the house of Devotes which brought up young maidens, called our Lady's Vine. She came from thence hither, having a mind to be a religious, and desired Mr Heigham to get her into some monastery; who writ for her hither where her sister was, and our Reverend Mother granted her the place. So she was sent by the said executors, and after her time of probation made her profession at the age of 26 years.

The other was sister to Anne Stonehouse, of whose parents we have made large mention before, so remains now only to show that Almighty God of His goodness drew her to religion without herself scarce knowing what she did. For, living with her parents after that her father died, her brother, who was then a priest, took care of her and asked her if she would be a religious, that then he would seek to get her a place. She answered, Yes, although she knew not what religion was. He then writ to our Reverend Mother, and by the mediation of friends, obtained her place here. Thereupon he sent her over, but when she came to Bruges she understood that she could not be received because we had enough. She thereupon, without any great trouble, resolved to go into Antwerp to serve Mr Clifford, who, it seems, wanted a servant; whereby appears plainly the Providence of God that He would have her in this place, for she being at Antwerp it

chanced that two of our lay sisters were sent thither to Mr Clifford, he being very ill of the stone, and meeting with her there, liked her so well, knowing also whose sister she was, and had sought for the place here, that they brought her home with them. So she was admitted, and after a good time of trial made her holy profession with the other at the age of 25 years.

In this year (1633) upon the 8th day of July died most blessedly our worthy Mother Prioress (Wiseman) after many years of continual weakness, and sometimes great pains and torments of the stone or such like, especially the last year of her life. Being scarce able to go out of her chamber, she obtained leave of the Landeacon that Mass might be said in our little chapel above, which in the beginning of the cloister was our church, and there she made shift to hear Mass upon Sundays and holy-days almost one year. She was a woman of great spirit and great courage, resembling well her mother, Mrs Wiseman, of whom we have made large mention. She had her Latin tongue perfect, and hath left us many homilies and sermons of the holy fathers translated into English, which she did with great facility, whilst some small respite of health permitted her. For she was sickly almost all the time of her government, which was a great cross to us all. Nevertheless such was her wisdom and prudence, that she guided us with great peace and tranquillity, which peace she left established in the cloister after her death, having brought up all the persons before rehearsed. She passed in her beginnings at St Ursula's many temptations and inward troubles, until that Almighty God through her great devotion to St Augustine wholly settled her. She was exceedingly addicted to mortification and corporal penance, especially in the time of her temptation, using much fasting and extraordinary watching, in such wise that afterwards our Lord poured His Spirit abundantly into her, both for herself and others.

Sometimes she (Prioress Wiseman) spent most part of

the night in prayer, until that her many infirmities daily waxing more upon her, hindered her former corporal penances with exchange of greater pains. Being nevertheless still hard and austere to herself, but mild and favourable to others, those whom she saw to be favoured by God she would with discretion permit to do more than others, as also mortify them well when occasion was, with great love and tender care over them in their infirmities. The frail and imperfect she sustained and bore withal, but to the proud and rebellious she was at times severe. Finally, she governed our convent with great wisdom and mildness, and in her last sickness left us a worthy example of her solid virtue, enduring extreme torments and sharp pains, with such a courage and admirable patience, as showed well the fervour of her heart and great love to God, continually making aspirations to Him amid the grievous gripes of her pains; and between whiles, when she had any small respite, giving herself to mental prayer and inward recollection of mind, wherein it seems she earnestly recommended to God the state of this convent.

At length she said that now she died with comfort because God would provide a fit superior. It was also noted that she then made great esteem of Sister Magdalen Throckmorton, for she desired still to have her come by her, and would be very glad of her company. She also gave unto those that were about her many good documents, and exhorted them to virtue. The nearer she drew toward her end the more did she bestow her holy admonitions, even to the lay sisters, showing her great humility in esteeming every one better than herself, and showing the same in words.

She had ever been very devout to our Blessed Lady and to our holy Father, St Augustine, as appeared by her exhortations in the chapter, wherein she had such a singular grace in speaking of God and good things, that the religious said they had rather hear one of her chapters than any sermon, and some almost never heard her without

tears. So now in her last sickness she did frequently exhort those about her to virtue, and would tell them heartily of their imperfections, but notwithstanding would say that we ought not to love another the worse for the imperfections we see in them, for, she said, if a venial sin can be dashed out with one act of contrition or the taking of holy water, how much more are imperfections dashed and purified with sorrow for them? Her desire of suffering was ever very great, wherefore in her vehement pains, when others should have comforted her, she would rather comfort them who grieved to see her suffer so much, and would say commonly : *Regnum cælorum vim patitur.* (The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence), and what should we expect other than suffering in this life?

She would not have any to desire of God to take away her pains, but that He would give her patience to bear them, and made a full resolution to be content to suffer those pains even to the day of judgment, if it were the will of God. She received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction in the morning, the same day that she died, with great devotion, and acknowledged her fault with hearty humility, and also said that she hoped to meet us all in heaven. After she had been annoiled, she lay still in recollection even to her end, for the rattling of her throat stopped her speech, but before it failed she said that the vehemency of her pains was ceased, so that she felt them gone, but lay drawing towards her end with thick and short fetching of her breath.

Finally, while the choir was singing *Salve Regina* after Compline, she sweetly yielded her soul to God, with great tranquillity and stillness, upon a Friday, which happened then to be the month-day of our holy Father, St Augustine; so as it seems our Lord with a loving providence ordained she should make a blessed end upon the day of her Father and great Patron, as also on a Friday, for having been very devout to our Lord's Passion and likewise upon the evening (eve) of Saturday for her

dear and tender love unto our Blessed Lady, whose name she took at her profession, being before named Jane.

After her death we solemnised her funeral with all solemnity beseeming so worthy a superior, and then we sent word to the bishop desiring that he would send his vicarious (vicar) hither for our election of a new prioress; which he delayed awhile, as it seems through the Providence of God, to the end that she whom He had chosen to succeed her, might be installed upon the day of her dear Patroness, St Mary Magdalen. So we then remained without a superior almost a fortnight, for it chanced to fall out that our three days' fast was ended before St Mary Magdalen's Eve; and then on her Eve we made our election, and the next day, on her feast, the visitor came into the Chapter-house accompanied with the Landeacon, and our Reverend Father Barnes then declared that Sister Magdalen Throckmorton was chosen prioress, and demanded, as the occasion is, if any had anything to say against it. But there was very little contradiction; only some two or three spoke a little in secret to him, which he answered, and then announced openly that her election was to be ratified for good, in respect that she had not only the most voices, but had alone more voices than all that were chosen besides her if they were put together. And so the most part giving willingly their consent to have her for superior, she was called in again, and then installed only for three years at first till the bishop could see how she proceeded in government. She thereupon made her vow of obedience unto the vicar in the archbishop's place.

After that he made her sit down in a chair by him, and we came all one by one and made our vow of obedience unto her, as the manner is. After that we went all to the choir, and she was installed in her place there, and we did the Office and sung *Te Deum Laudamus;* then our new Mother went about the house with the visitor and the others till supper-time, wherein we had but some short

recreation, because it was Friday, just the day fortnight that our old Mother died. The Sunday after, we had the solemn feast and recreation for our Reverend Mother's installing. She gave the most part contentment, being a wise, discreet woman, and one who, having her health, was still about the house, looking into all things with great care and diligence, which was no small comfort unto us, having long had the cross of a sickly superior, who was not able to go about the house, so that if her great virtue and prudence had not supplied, it had been impossible to have kept the house in such good order, and persons to show so quiet a disposition in this change of superior as they did; all things going on with great peace and tranquillity and without any discord or dissension, which showed that the Spirit of God was among us.

Our new Mother kept her first chapter upon the Eve of our Lady's Assumption; although at first she found great difficulty in speaking, yet after that first time she did very well, not only in her admonitions to virtue but also in rebuking of faults and reprehending what was amiss, with great courage and prudence. She gained the love of our convent by her affability, wisdom, and other virtues.

This year it chanced that our second Father, Mr Richard White, was called into England by his friends. Nevertheless, he promised us faithfully to come again as soon as he could, which indeed he performed, and in the meantime our Reverend Mother sent to Douay for a priest to supply his place. They sent us one Mr George Poolewiel (Polwhele), a good sincere man, but we needed him not long, for in November the same year our foresaid Father returned out of England, having gone away about the Feast of our Lady's Assumption. His affection was such unto us as made him to make haste, and so returned home to our great joy and comfort. In the time of his absence our bell broke, by reason that it had not been well placed, so we exchanged it for another new bought, and hallowed it, placing it better in the steeple.

Upon the 6th day of November this same year, was professed Sister Ann Vavissor (Vavasour), for a converse or white Sister. She was niece to Sister Ann Gifford, being her sister's daughter, and her father was Sir Thomas Vavasour, a good Catholic, son to Mr William Vavasour, a most zealous and constant Catholic, who suffered very much for his conscience, being kept in prison for refusing the oath, as also had a priest taken in his house, being absent from home. But for money and the help of good friends he got himself released, and was nevertheless confined to live in a paltry house in Yorkshire, having made over his estate unto his son, the foresaid Sir Thomas Vavasour of Hazlewood in Yorkshire, and lived according to his old manner very devoutly, keeping a priest in his house, and entertaining those that came, as also his son did. This daughter got a desire to become a religious, but her mother feared she would not be able to go through with a religious life; nevertheless, seeing that she persevered three years in her desire, it was concluded that she should come over with an aunt of hers, her father's sister, who went to the Third Order of St Francis at Brussels, because the old man, Mr William Vavasour, was much devoted to St Francis, and the Provincial of the Franciscan Friars brought them both over. He had such a strict care they should not be taken anywhere else, that he would not permit her to come here to Louvain to see her aunt.

But what God hath determined shall be, whatever men intend. She was then clothed in the Third Order of St Francis, but became so sickly she could not go through with that Order, so that before the year was out her uncle, Mr Henry Vavasour, a priest, came hither and obtained her place and took her out of that Order; they also being willing to part with her, seeing she had not her health. Having made a good time of probation here, of more than two years, she made her holy profession within the Octave of All Saints, at the age of about 19 years, for

a Converse, because she had not fit talents for the choir.

Upon the 18th day of November in the same year died Sister Mary Leeds of a long, lingering disease, for she had been always sickly ever since her profession, bearing the same with great patience and conformity to God's will. She was a very virtuous and good soul, much addicted to recollection, so as seldom did she speak but what was just necessary, and suffered contempt and other crosses with great mildness, without show of being moved. She gave good edification herein even to her last, and made a most sweet and blessed end. For, having received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction and our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, she soon after died like a lamb, and went out of this life to her Beloved; Mr Richard White assisting her, being come out of England but a little before. Father Barnes was then fallen sick of a pleurisy, whereof he had died if so be that great care had not been taken, so as he recovered.

In the year 1634 upon the 9th day of January died Sister Frances Herbert, being one that had long been distracted, but showed much devotion at the hour of her death. This year upon St Mary Magdalen's day was professed Sister Mary Wiseman, being daughter to Sir Thomas Wiseman of a place in Essex, who himself following the time, it happened that his lady (being a Roper, cousin-german to Mr Anthony Roper) became a Catholic some three or four years before her death. This being her youngest child and but 7 years of age, she entreated her husband of all love at her death that this their daughter might be brought up a Catholic, and that he would send her to Mr Anthony Roper, which desire of hers he faithfully performed. So, coming to live with Mr Roper, although she was a very fine, pretty child, yet Mrs Roper was so cross unto her, that Mr Anthony, seeing his wife did not love the child, determined to send her over to her cousins here, our Reverend Mother and her

Sister Bridget, who yet lived, and did so. For Almighty God of His goodness ordained this means, that the said gentlewoman should be so cross to the child that she might be sent hither to be brought up in virtue and religious life even from her tender infancy, that He might afterwards have her His innocent spouse, not having tested the world nor so much as known the wickedness thereof.

She was admitted here then at 8 years of age, and very well liked of, being a fine, staid child and well-bred, of a good nature and fine disposition, very grave for her years; thus she lived in our monastery among the scholars about eight years or more, so as reckoning her novice year added thereunto, she made her profession at the age of 17 years. Her cousin, our Reverend Mother, had not in this life the comfort to see her professed but only clothed the year before (her death) when she was so sick and full of pain that we had much ado to lead her down to the clothing, as the manner is that the Mother must be present; whom we led back in a chair to her chamber full of pain. She had been named at her christening in England Penelope, but at her first coming hither at Confirmation changed this name to Mary; so our Lord provided that when our Reverend Mother died we should have another Mary Wiseman in the cloister now settled, to her own and our great comfort.

This year in our new monastery at Bruges upon St Martin's day in November died Sister Elizabeth Lovel of the plague; their Father's house being infected a month or two before by the young Lady Babthorpe, who, while sojourning with their Father Confessor, got the plague, which was very hot in the town, and died there of it; she was Sister Frances Babthorpe's mother, who was come over the seas to her husband, Sir William Babthorpe, he being made a captain, having lived some years in the place only of a common soldier.

After her death two of the lay sisters that had been

about her got the plague too, and lying very sick in the Father's house, Sister Elizabeth Lovel was so fervent in charity that she got leave of the Mother with much entreaty to go out and serve them. After that she took leave of the nuns within, as one going to her end, and continued well one week's space, serving them very diligently, but after that fell sick herself, and died most happily with great devotion and much contentment, having long before desired to die. The two lay sisters recovered.

In the year 1635 died Sister Grace Babthorpe, who, as is (has been) said, was the widow of Sir Ralph Babthorpe, and professed with her grandchild here. She lived in religion devoutly and gave especial example of humility, nothing regarding what she had been before, but submitted herself willingly to all religious discipline and honoured the nuns, though much younger than herself in years. By reason of her age she grew contracted in her breast, so as she stooped always with her head in her bosom, which brought her at length to her end. For having been for some time in the sick-house, and finding herself very ill, she was removed to a room apart where they tended her, although we knew not of any danger of death she was in. It happened that being cold weather, one morning as she came from the fire, upon a sudden, going towards her bed her breath was stopped and she died outright, though they came to her and used all means to bring her to herself. It was in vain, for the long contraction of her breast did then as it seems stifle her. Wherefore she could not have the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, for Confession and Communion she had a day or two before; so as although she died suddenly yet not unprovided, but ended this life happily by such means as the Divine Goodness had ordained as best and fittest for her. She had been about thirteen years of her profession in religious life, wherein she lived only with edification to others but also with great contentment to herself, taking much pains in the reading of her great Office. By reason of her years, she was dispensed

from reading and singing with the choir; therefore she kneeled by, and performed the divine service by herself being bound to the Breviary in respect that she was professed a veiled nun. So much reading apart was very painful to her aged sight, which notwithstanding she performed with great care and diligence for the love of God, as also bore patiently such things as happened to her contrary to her nature and former breeding, not complaining thereof, though she felt it sometimes hard.

This year upon St Thomas Aquinas' day in Lent died the Prioress of our monastery at Bruges, Sister Frances Stanford, having been but sickly all the time of her government, and the last year of her life very ill with a lingering ague that consumed her. She made a very blessed end, having governed that cloister about eight years with good edification, wisdom, and mildness, laudably performing her office of superior, though it was against her will and mind, for she loved rather to obey than command.*

* The word "landeacon," which occurs more than once in this chapter, seems to be equivalent to the title of rural dean.

PREFACE TO CHAPTER THE SIXTH

Sister Mary Pole and her relatives. The family of Blessed Margaret Pole. Sisters Anne Pole and Margaret Windsor of Syon. The Fermors. Richard Fermor, Confessor of the Faith. An account of his sufferings from the Teignmouth Chronicle. Arabella Fermor. "The Rape of the Lock."

THE election of Sister Mary Pole to be Prioress of Bruges, with which our chronicler opens the present chapter, calls for some notice of the Pole family, which I was compelled to omit in the first volume of the Chronicle. But before doing so, I have two remarks to make. Our chronicler spells Pole *Pool*, and Rome *Room*. That such was the way of pronouncing the names in those days, is known from Shakespeare's play on words in *King John*, where Constance wishes it were lawful "that I have *room* with *Rome*," etc.

My second remark concerns an act of literary restitution to be made for a totally innocent and unintentional spoliation. Brother Foley, in his *Records*, S.J., Vol. III., p. 790, and after him Father Morris in the *Month* for April 1889, have ascribed a passage given in this number of the Chronicle to a totally different hand. It was a pure mistake, in which nobody was in fault, nor is it worth while discussing it further. Later on, Father Morris had the use of the MS. before me, in which he has left some useful pencil notes. Besides he has made ample amends by the fresh light he has thrown on the story of Sir Geoffrey Pole in the aforesaid admirable article in the *Month*, of which I am about to avail myself.

Sister Mary Pole, professed 19th June 1622, was the daughter of Geoffrey Pole, and grand-daughter of Sir Geoffrey Pole, whose mother and brother, Blessed Margaret of Salisbury and Lord Montague, were among the noblest of the victims of Henry VIII. It is with these two Geoffreys that Father Morris's article is

concerned, and before going further I shall epitomise part of his observations, beginning with his vindication of Sir Geoffrey, Sister Mary's grandfather. Lingard sums up the common verdict of historians against him in these words: "Geoffrey Pole saved his life, as it was supposed, by revealing the secrets of his companions in misfortune; the rest were beheaded," among them his own brother, Lord Montague. A very different account is given in the text of our Chronicle, which, though Father Morris was not aware of it, was furnished to the chronicler by Sir Geoffrey's granddaughter. Sir Geoffrey's reputation is further vindicated by the Spaniard Garcias, who was in England at the time, and whose "Chronicle of Henry VIII." has been translated and edited by Major Martin Sharp Hume. It is the work of an unlettered man, but an eye-witness of many of the scenes which he describes, and despite its blunders gives much light on events of the time. Garcias explains how Sir Geoffrey, never dreaming he was injuring his brothers, was entrapped by Cromwell into an admission that Lord Montague had sought absolution from Rome for taking the oath of supremacy, on which admission he was executed, and may not unjustly be regarded as a martyr, if we could fully trust Garcias' narrative. "He (Sir Geoffrey) went about for two years like one terror-stricken, and as he lived four miles from Chichester, he saw one day in Chichester a Flemish ship, into which he resolved to get, and with her he passed over to Flanders, leaving his wife and children. Thence he found his way to Rome, and throwing himself at the feet of his brother, the Cardinal, he said: 'My Lord, I do not deserve to call myself your brother, for I have been the cause of our brother's death.' The Cardinal, seeing he had sinned through ignorance, pardoned him, and brought him to the feet of the Pope, and procured forgiveness and absolution for his sin. Then the Cardinal sent him to Flanders with letters to the Bishop of Liège, who has him to this day, treating him with all honour, and allowing him a ducat a day, and food for himself, two attendants, and a horse."

Concerning Geoffrey Pole, the younger, Sister Mary's father, Father Morris adds much original information. He lived at Lordington, the "house four miles from Chichester," in Racton parish, and here probably Sister Mary Pole was born. The house was the property of Constance Lady Pole, Sir Geoffrey's wife, of the family of Pakenham in Suffolk (not *Paginham*), who passed to Lordington about 1420. Geoffrey Pole was a worthy descendant of Blessed Margaret, and showed his zeal for the Faith in many

ways, besides "beating hansomely" Elizabeth's catch-polls and making them eat their writs. Father Morris gives a letter written from Rheims by Cardinal Allen to Father Agazzarri, Rector of the English College at Rome, from which I transcribe a portion.

"He who will give you this is the nephew of a man of holy memory among us, Cardinal Pole's brother's son, who is not only avoiding the common persecution against Catholics, but fearing the deadly enemies of his name and royal blood, is obliged to quit his country and leave his property, his wife and children, bringing with him into exile only his eldest son, a boy of seven. In proportion to his means there was no one in all England more liberal to afflicted Catholics and especially to priests. To his house as to a safe harbour priests have always gone. He supported four or five, often more. Of this Father Leonard Hide, once a student of yours, can be an eye-witness and an example, and he can tell you how much he has done and borne for the Faith, and other priests write to me to the same effect from England."

Another Louvain MS. says that "having an aunt of his married unto an heretical bishop, he would play them such merry tricks in contempt of that heretical dignity, as when he chanced to ride by the house sometimes, he would blow a horn and shoot off a pistol, for to give them a mock."

The Diary of the English College at Rome relates his arrival there in 1582 with his son Arthur, "an engaging child of eight years," and records that in his Sussex mansion he kept two oratories with three altars. A mystery hangs over the fate of Sister Mary's brother Arthur. He was placed by the Pope to be educated in the Palazzo of Cardinal Farnese with the son of the Prince of Parma. In a pedigree contained in a *Life of Cardinal Pole*, published in 1767, whereof a copy is in the library of our canonesses, his name appears ,with the words, "slain in Rome." His brother Geoffrey (the 3rd), writes Father Morris, "is said to be the ancestor of Sir James Pole, of Wirehall" in Cheshire. Their sister, our Sister Mary, became Prioress of Bruges.

One of the sisters of Geoffrey (Sister Mary's father) was Margaret, married to Walter, brother of Lord Windsor. I suspect she is the mother of Sister Margaret Windsor of Syon, who died in 1643. She would not be the first of the daughters of the house of Pole among the children of St Bridget. Anne Pole, seventh

Prioress (not Abbess) of Syon, died in 1501. She was a near relative of Edward IV. of England, a daughter of the king's sister Elizabeth, who married John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk. Cicely, Duchess of York, King Edward's mother, leaves in her will, "To my daughter Anne, Prioress of Syon, a book of Bonaventure." The will is dated 1st April 1495. (Nicholas' *Testamenta Vetusta*, Vol. I., pp. 422-23.)

Of the other children of Constance Lady Pole I have little to say. Her son Thomas inherited Lordington House; Catherine married Sir Anthony Fortescue; Elizabeth became the wife of William Nevill, a Lincolnshire squire, and Mary married William Cuffaud. By Mr Gillow's kindness I have been favoured with a pedigree of the Cuffauds of Cuffaud in Hampshire. Two of them, descendants of Blessed Margaret, entered the Society of Jesus. Constance, the daughter of William Cuffaud and Mary Pole, by her marriage with Richard Lambton, became the ancestress of an illustrious posterity in our Catholic annals. The name sometimes appears as Lambe, but another of Mr Gillow's MS. pedigrees places the identity beyond a doubt. Among these descendants are: Fr. Anthony Lambton, S.J., who died in 1668, and his sister, Sister Mary Lambton, Canoness at Louvain; Sister Teresa Lambe or Lambton, also of St Monica's. Of the same family was Venerable Joseph Lambton, martyred at Newcastle-on-Tyne 23rd July 1593, in the presence of his relatives under circumstances of unusual atrocity. John Lambton, whose grandson Richard married Sister Mary Pole's niece, was the ancestor of the present Lord Durham. Sister Mary had four sisters, Jane, Constance, Catherine, and Martha; her mother's maiden name was Catherine Dutton. Writing in Devonshire, I ought not to omit all mention of the Poles of Devon, now represented by Sir Edmund Reginald de la Pole, and General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, as it is from a branch of these Devonshire Poles that Reginald Cardinal Pole was descended. Sir William Pole is the best of our Devon historians, and they have left their name all over the county, though originally of Tiverton. It is amusing to read in Prince's *Worthies* of Devon, of Sir Nicholas owning the North Pole and South Pole, near Kingsbridge. Reginald and Arthur were always favourite names in the family.

Among the charges on which Blessed Margaret Pole was sent to the scaffold, one was the possession of a banner on which the Five Wounds of Our Lord were painted (which was taken to be the standard of the Pilgrimage of Grace). This gives a meaning

to what our chronicler tells us of the action of her daughter-in-law, the wife of Sir Geoffrey Pole, in having five Masses said for him in honour of the Five Wounds, as related in the Louvain MS.

To what has been said, I may here add that "Constance Pole of the house of Cardinal Pole," married to one Captain Gaddilt (?), died at Brussels, and was buried in the church of our canonesses at Louvain in November 1658. She was probably a sister of Sister Mary Pole.

Although it is not my purpose to give the biographies of the nuns of the Bruges community whose Chronicle is to be published under abler editorship than mine, yet I may be allowed to follow the example of our Louvain chronicler, and add a few lines on one or two of those who went from Louvain to Bruges, beginning with the first prioress of that community, Sister Frances Stanford. She was the daughter of Edmund Stanford of Perry Hall in Staffordshire, by his wife Mary, daughter of Thomas Shelley of Mapledurham in Hampshire by a daughter of Sir John Luttrell. Both the parents of Sister Frances were good Catholics. It seems that Father Robert Stanford, who entered the English College in Rome in 1613, was professed S.J. in 1628, and died in 1659, was a brother of our Sister Stanford, and that Anne Stanford, Poor Clare, professed at Gravelines (1619) at the age of 28, was her sister, while Dorothy Stanford, professed at Gravelines, aged 20, in 1649 (died 1679), is like to have been their niece.

I may also be allowed at this stage of our work to insert a notice, for which I could not find convenient room elsewhere, of a dear old Catholic family, that of Fermor (originally Farmer), which serves as a connecting link for the families of Morgan, Markham, Throckmorton, Plowden, Towneley, Tempest, and many others that figure in the pages of St Monica's Chronicle. Sister Cornelia, daughter of Sir Richard Fermor of Somerton in Oxfordshire, a cousin of Sister Margaret Plowden, was professed in 1628, and Sister Anne Fermor in 1657. The only way in which we can show our gratitude to those whose patient sufferings saved the Faith from extinction among us, is to rescue, as far as in us lies, their memory from oblivion; and so we here subjoin some brief notes on these Fermors of Somerton and Tusmore.

With Richard Fermor, merchant of the staple at Calais, begins the long history of their sufferings for the Catholic religion. Of

this heroic confessor Stow writes: "1540, May 26, was sent to the Tower Dr Wilson and Dr Sampson, Bishop of Chichester, for relieving certain prisoners which had denied to subscribe to the King's supremacy; for the same offence Richard Farmer, grocer, of London, a rich and wealthy citizen, was committed to the Marshalsea, and after arraigned and attainted in the premunire and lost all his goods; his wife and children thrust out of doors. Also the Keeper of Newgate was sent to the Marshalsea for allowing Mr Powell and Dr Abel, his prisoners, to go under bail." As Bishop Sampson was imprisoned for succouring the holy martyr, Blessed Thomas Abel, Fermor (the name was formerly spelt Farmer) may have been in the same case. But if so, it was not his only offence, for in the annals of the Benedictine nuns of Teignmouth I read:

"An ancestor of our Lady Abbess Fermor was Richard Fermor, elder brother of William Fermor, Lord of Somerton, who died 1552. Having made a large fortune as merchant at Calais, he settled himself at Eaton Weston in Northamptonshire, which as well as many other fair lands, he had purchased. He lived at this his seat with great splendour and hospitality for many years; but being a very zealous Catholic, and not complying with the various changes in religion, he changed his hospitality into charity for those of his faith. He fell under the king's heavy displeasure for conveying relief to one Nicholas Thayne, formerly his confessor, who was at that time a close prisoner in the jail of Buckingham. Although nothing was ever proved against him but that he had sent him eightpence and a couple of shirts, yet his own great wealth and his false friend Cromwell, the king's vicar-general, were the cause of his ruin. Hall, a contemporary historian, tells us that in 1540, he was committed to the Marshalsea for relieving certain traitorous persons who denied the king's supremacy (this fully proving him to be a confessor of the Faith), that, being arraigned in Westminster Hall, he was attainted in a praemunire, that is, his whole estate, real and personal, was seized for the king's use: and this was executed with such severity and strictness that nothing was left him or his family. The good old man retired to the village of Wappenham, in sight of his former habitation, and lived in the parsonage house, the advowson of which being in his gift the incumbent thereof had been presented by him. There he lived most holily for several years.

"In the time of his prosperity he had a jester, Will Somers, who afterwards served the king in the same capacity. This man,

entertaining a grateful remembrance of his first master, and having admission to the king at all times, especially when sick and melancholy and near his end, let fall some lucky words which caused the king to give orders towards a restitution. But his death prevented this, and it was only in 1550 that his property was restored to him by the king's patents. However, through different grants and sales which had been made by the crown during the long interval, it did not amount to one-third of what he had had. He now returned to his manor at Eaton, and about three years after, having some foreknowledge of his death, he visited many of his friends, took leave of them, retired to his devotions, and was found dead in that posture on 17th January 1553, and was buried in the parish church of Eaton, under a gray marble stone. His wife, who survived him, was daughter of Sir William Browne, Lord Mayor of London, and died in 1580, leaving three sons and five daughters."

The manor of Somerton was inherited by his son Thomas from his uncle William. Richard's eldest son, Sir John, became the ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret, and with his line we have nothing to do. The fidelity of Richard Fermor was amply rewarded in his descendants, but we have left ourselves only space to indicate the crowd of holy vocations among them and the existing Catholic families in which his posterity still continues. One of Sir Richard's daughters by his wife, Cornelia Cornwallis, was our Sister Cornelia Fermor, nun at St Monica's, of whom our chronicler writes that "she was dying, we may say for thirty years. . . . Modest, prudent, silent, mild, and affable, and never heard to complain." Her brother, Father Thomas Fermor, S.J., was living in 1682. Her sister Lucy married William, a younger son of William, Lord Petre, and her half-sister Mary, by her marriage with Thomas Morgan of Weston in Warwickshire, became the mother of Sister Mary Morgan, Teresian nun at Antwerp, now Lanherne. Among the children of Sister Cornelia's eldest brother, Henry, we have Sister Anne, nun at St Monica's, "a fair, sweet creature," as she is described in a manuscript at St Augustine's, while the graver chronicler calls her "a quiet, good-humoured, fervorous religious." Mr Gillow says in his *History of St Thomas's Priory*, Stafford, that the holy secular priest, who died a prisoner for the Faith under the name of Farmer in Stafford jail in 1685, "has been thought to be one of the six younger sons of Henry Fermor." Henry married Ursula,

daughter of Sir Peter Middleton of Middleton in Yorkshire. Henry Fermor was succeeded by his son Richard, our Sister Anne's brother.

As we shall have later on to say very much on the illustrious Catholic family of Towneley, I need only here record that Ursula, daughter of the last named, married Charles Towneley of Towneley, and that their daughter was Sister Ursula Towneley, canoness at St Monica's. But it is the next generation that claims our special attention. It counted two sons and nine daughters, of whom five were nuns. One of these was Abbess Fermor, O.S.B., of Dunkerque, now Teignmouth, whose sister was a nun in the same community. But while Winefred and Mary Fermor (Dames Placida and Frances), were living their cloistered life at Dunkerque, their sister Arabella became the heroine, most unwillingly, of the amusing romance immortalised in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. The Fermors were on a visit to their great friend, John, titular Baron Caryll, at West Grinstead (seven of the Carylls of West Grinstead were nuns at Dunkerque) on which occasion the young Lord Petre for a wager surreptitiously cut off a lock of Arabella's hair, and refused to restore it. This created a serious breach between the families of Petre and Fermor, and Caryll, hoping to reconcile them, prevailed on Pope, who was staying at West Grinstead, to write his mock-heroic poem on the event, which after all only made things worse.

The present writer, while sitting under "Pope's Oak" at West Grinstead, where Pope is said to have written his *Rape of the Lock*, could not help reflecting how well the charming scenery around him, in its tame and cultivated character, suited the muse of Alexander Pope. Lord Petre died in the following year. Arabella Fermor married Francis Perkins of Ufton Court in Berkshire, a house that served for centuries as a home for hunted priests. Of the family of Perkins of Ufton Court we may have occasion to write hereafter.

Of the descendants of that valiant confessor of the Faith, Richard Fermor, commemorated in the Teignmouth Chronicle, some twenty or upwards were priests or nuns. One of the family, Robert Fermor, settled at Rome, where he died in 1810, having married an Italian lady. One of his sons was a Dominican, another a canon of St Peter's, and two of his daughters were nuns at Perugia. The family name is extinct; their descendants must be looked for among the families of Towneley, Plowden,

Petre, Throckmorton, etc. Of these alliances the most interesting to our community is that with More of Kirklington. Cecily More was for twenty-two years prioress of St Monica's, dying in 1755, and her brother John More of Kirklington, co. Notts, was buried in the convent church.

They were descendants of Sir Edward More of Kirklington, mortally wounded at the battle of Marston Moor.

CHAPTER VI

From the departure of Sister Mary Pole to assume the Government of the Bruges community to the end of the siege of Louvain. Louvain besieged by the Prince of Orange. Flight of a portion of the community. Events of the siege. State of St Monica's. The siege raised by the arrival of the imperialists under Piccolomini. 1635.

After the death (of Prioress Stanford) they (the Bruges community) remained a good while without a new superior, by reason they could not well determine upon the election. For first they had chosen Sister Grace Constable, then procuratrix, as the most fit among them for government. But the bishop would not accept of her by reason that she was much too young, but desired them to choose a superior from hence, whereupon they agreed together and elected Sister Mary Pool (Pole) for their superior and hither sent for her their servant. But she refused to accept of the charge until they agreed to some things which she required, so he was fain to go back for that time without her, until they sent him again with satisfaction of what things she demanded.

In all which doings time passed away, and it was already the month of May; and upon the 8th day of the said month she departed hence, being dismissed with the good liking and consent both of our convent and theirs as judged fit for the purpose. She was a wise, prudent, and virtuous woman, and of good sufficiency for such a charge, but somewhat aged. Our Reverend Father Barnes went

with her, and a lay sister who was to return home again with our Father. She went thither by Antwerp, because our good friend Mr Clifford desired to see and confer with her about business (for he used to assist both our houses), as also being there she was most kindly and costly entertained by the English Teresians who loved our house much. So after that she arrived at Bruges and was very welcome to them, especially the bishop there being very glad they had chosen a superior that could speak the language, for she had the French tongue perfect, having lived some years in France before her entry into religion. So she was installed in her office with the liking and joy of them who had so long wanted a superior.

Soon after her departure hence came on us that great tribulation memorable to prosperity, for the Hollanders by the King of France assisted, gathered a mighty army of Frenchmen besides their own, and got entry into this Province, being let in by those of Liège, who were in league both with them and our prince. These Hollanders, then under the conduct of the Prince of Orange, having much secret confederacy with many chief men of this country, intended fully to have overrun and vanquished the whole country and abolish the Catholic religion, bringing in heresy. But Almighty God ordained that the King of Spain had sent here at that time his own brother, a virtuous and innocent prince, to govern the country after the Infanta's death (who was deceased), and he obtaining help from the emperor at length saved the country. But first the enemies made a foul havoc ; for having obtained in a skirmish the victory of our men through the treacherous proceedings of our horsemen, Prince Ferdinando was fain to retire himself hither to fortify this town, and left Tirlemont where before he lay with a good garrison of soldiers therein. Upon his departure presently the enemy set upon the town, and by violence took it, although composition was in hand between the town and the Prince of

Orange. Nevertheless, they got in with such fury and used such violence and abominations for the space of three days as is sufficiently known, and therefore needeth here no further declaration, but only to show how we hearing the news thereof upon the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi it struck a cold fear into those of this town. Insomuch that the religious women determined to fly hence in time, and many worldly women also upon the reports of the horrible violences at Tirlemont, for it was most terrible and fearful to hear of.

We thus being in great perplexity, our Reverend Mother consulted with our Fathers what was the best to be done; and at first they thought we must all have fled, the danger being so imminent; but afterwards it was agreed that first only they that were most fearful and timorous should go, and the rest to stay with our Mother till this town was in more danger, for as yet the prince lay here with his army. Hereupon we were all called together into the Chapter-house, and then our Reverend Mother with a heavy heart gave leave unto all that would to fly, and she provided means for them, as also ordained that our second Father, Mr White, shall have care of them: the rest that would stay with her behind till more danger, had also freedom to do as liked them best.

Then did half the convent choose to fly, and the other half chose to stay, and all things were ordered in the best manner we could, though with most bitter afflictions in our hearts. Within a day or two waggons were provided, and thirty-five persons went away upon St Anthony of Padua's day, as also almost all the worldly (secular) women of this town fled. We then remained here in great fear and suspense what would happen, for the wicked enemies, after these their vile and base ransack having set on fire the town of Tirlemont, came directly to this city, but by reason that the prince was here then with a great army

they durst not besiege it, only by hovering here about a week, and then at length by a trick of treachery that removed our prince and army hence. For agreeing with some spies they got secretly in that they should cast wild fire about in the night to set this town afire, they did so, and thought to have set it afire in four quarters of the city, as they afterwards confessed that were taken, but the wild fire did not take more than in one quarter which was near the place where the prince lodged, who seeing the town on fire commanded presently the soldiers should go to keep the walls while others where quenching it, as fearing some treachery. The fire consumed some houses before it could be stayed, and in the meantime the crafty enemy got on this side the town, not setting upon the walls as was imagined, but got further into the country where before he could not come. So our prince with his army was forced to make away to defend other places, leaving here a strong garrison of 5000 men, and got himself into Brussels not without great danger of his person.

We were then here in a pitiful case, hearing the enemy had taken hold of the waters, and no succour could come to us that way, so as we were then caged in, and all safe means of flying barred. Then did we cast ourselves into the Providence of God with resignation to suffer whatever He should permit, knowing that nothing could befall us without his permission. Nevertheless, the fear of being abused by those soldiers and cruel villains was most terrible, and made us to live in great fear with heavy hearts, praying and calling upon God to defend us, and on our Blessed Lady, Queen of Virgins. For the loss of our lives we counted nothing in comparison of that other misery and danger.

The enemy then made a bravado before the town of Brussels, but yet at length retired and only wasted the country and killed many of the clowns, taking their wives

and daughters, and murdering children so that 100 infants were found slain by them and laid in a church. After this they determined to return hither, and take first our town into their hands, which they thought to do with small difficulty. Therefore, upon midsummer day, being then Sunday, their whole army approached hither, and if Almighty God had not blinded the enemy not to see what was best for them, they might easily have taken the town at their first coming. But lingering about awhile in thinking, and saying the town should be their breakfast next day, we had time to fortify ourselves.

After dinner on St John's day we perceived a great fire near the town, and sending out to know what it was we understood that our men did burn some houses that stood near the town, to the end that the enemies should not shelter themselves there and molest the town. We then went up into the high garret over the Church where we saw the fire, and perceived also the enemies upon the hills near the town riding fast up and down. At night also that day of midsummer we saw a little village near the city on fire, which was likewise done by our own folks, who made fortifications and half moons beyond the walls on the outside for to keep off the enemy's near approach. The Prince of Orange sent a trumpeter (as the manner is) to bid the town yield, or else threatened to batter it apieces, but our own good prince had placed here a stout and worthy man for governor, one who before had been Governor of Bois-le-duc, and held it out bravely until the last, and when it must needs yield, yet brought the enemy to good conditions. This man then, wisely taking the letters and messages of the Prince of Orange, answered him as he thought best, and never made the citizens acquainted therewith at the present, as knowing well their fearful minds which would have yielded the town upon such threats. Then our men, day and night, filled the walls and fortifications, shooting almost continually. So as our

cannons, beginning then to roar, made us learn to bear the noise and tumult of war, which continued of our side two or three days, for seeing the enemies labouring to set up their artillery against us, our men killed them still as they were working. Yet, notwithstanding, they continued their work (as the manner is) until they had set up (some say) thirty pieces of artillery and great cannons wherewith they intended indeed to batter the town wholly. And all this while our men and artillery did shoot at them that we could not sleep in the night with the noise, only we had yet the comfort that the great shooting was of our side until Wednesday morning (being then 27th June and day fortnight after our Sisters' departure), after our Prime was over, there came news to us in the choir that they thought our cloister to be on fire, for some of the first shot lighted full upon the cloister, and pierced through two thick walls of a low room, as also above battered down a cell where one of our lay sisters took up a ball of 40-lbs. weight and brought it in her lap by the choir to show us; but otherwise our house was not on fire, only the fury of the shot made folks to think so at first. So as our neighbours came to give us warning thereof, ringing so long a peal at the gate as struck us to the heart, fearing some ill news, which proved to be this. Then did our Reverend Father come in, and we all flocked about him, and our Reverend Mother, consulting what to do, whether we should go further into the town, for some had offered us their houses, or whether we should stay here in danger of our lives, and our Father thought it best we should stay here, remaining on this side of the house, and in the new building, where the cannon had not yet lighted, as also to stay only in the low rooms, as in the Church vestry, and the places thereabout, the grate and our Mother's low chamber; for that if we should go into the town we might be in as much and more danger than here. We therefore resolved to stay, only we removed our things to this side of the house. Our Office we said in the Church below, and

the grate was our refectory; but being so little a room the lay sisters did eat without in the gallery. Our beds were brought down, and some lay in our Mother's chamber, some in the infirmary, and some in the other low places, insomuch as one or two beds were laid in the vestry of the Church, and one or two at the grate. Our kitchen was in the warm-chamber, and we were also forced to bring down our clothes and other things out of the cells and high rooms, by reason a commandment came from the town that nothing should be left in the high rooms that might take fire, because they feared the casting of wild fire with the shot. But Almighty God, out of His favourable providence and care of us, ordained so that the enemy removed his cannon and set it higher, some say because one mocked him, saying that it would do the town no harm so low, and then all his shooting after that, for seven days and seven nights together, flew over our monastery, and did us no harm; excepting one ball which pierced our orchard wall, and one broke into our long gallery and falling down, not passing along, but that was but 16-lbs. weight in iron; and some small shot hurt and mained one of our hogs, and a hen or two which we were fain to kill and eat. From further hurt God preserved us. But the first night of our lying below on the ground we were called up with a great fright, by reason that some of us heard them cry out in the street, "Arms! arms!" Whereupon, we feared the enemy had broken into the town, and so went all into Church with heavy hearts, not knowing what would become of us, committing ourselves into the hands of God, and heartily desiring His divine assistance, where we continued in prayer for two or three hours. We understood afterwards that it was not the enemy, but that our Irish soldiers in the night shooting at the enemy as they lay in their trenches without the town, and wanting powder, called to the citizens on the wall for some, which they not having so ready at hand to give them, raised up a commotion in the

street till they got it. We then went again to take some rest, if the noise of the cannons would permit us, which was most terrible and fearful for the first twenty-five hours, without scarce any relaxation; but God guided the balls to light so as they did very little harm. This seemed almost a miracle, for of 1500 great balls that were found shot in and brought to the town-house, only six or seven persons were killed, two of which were spies of the enemy sent into the town, which showed well the great goodness of God towards us, and how He did not despise the humble prayers and pitiful cries of His people. For in the time of the siege, whilst the men were day and night labouring in shooting at the enemies from the walls, the women went barefoot in pilgrimage to the Church, and our Blessed Lady's picture of miracle at St Peter's was dressed in the best manner, where women with their little children made their recourse for help in this distress, some also praying with their arms across. It was an admirable thing to see, that although the enemy laboured with all his might to ruin the town, yet he could not prevail: but our men had still courage enough to hold out ten days, it seeming at first impossible to have held out and resisted an army of 60,000 men above two or three days. But God was on our side, and their wickedness deserved revenge. Upon St Peter and Paul's Day, our troop of Irish soldiers (for Colonel Preston was here among the garrison with his company) went secretly forth after dinner, getting through a place where they could break in suddenly into the enemy's trenches without being espied aforehand, and coming suddenly upon them killed about 200 of them. So as they took also a good spoil, and returned in again to the town as they saw help approach. By venturing thus desperately, they gained much honour and a good booty, being young, courageous soldiers, without thinking or reflecting in what danger they put themselves, as others more experienced would have done. At which time, we being at Evensong heard them shoot off their muskets so

thick and fast that we knew they were in a hot battle, which made us pray most heartily, till we heard the good news of their victory.

This happened then on Friday, and the Sunday night after we were again frightened by hearing most terrible fight on the walls, insomuch that at the darkest time of the night, which perhaps was twelve, for no clocks went then in the night, but only in the daytime, we could see the walls like flames of fire with their continual shooting. Whereupon, we went altogether again into the Church and commended ourselves heartily unto God. Being thus praying, we heard as it were cries in the street, to our seeming of shrieking, but our Reverend Father went up into a high place to hearken better, and understood that it was rather a shouting of joy for some good luck our men had, and so came down again and told it us to our comfort. After that, about daybreak, we went again to take some rest, as the noise of cannon shot should permit us, and heard good news that all went well on our side, for commonly about daybreak some or other came from the walls to bring us news, we having then in our orchard two Irish soldiers, or some others who watched continually, for else all our things would have been stolen by the garrison of soldiers; but our Reverend Mother hired two to keep them, as also for our comfort and safe-guard in the night which time was always most fearful and terrible. We then said daily besides our Office, two or three Litanies and sometimes one Litany of the Passion, which was half an hour long, as also those two nights that we were frighted up we said many prayers and Litanies in common. After this about our Blessed Lady's Visitation, we had good news, that that night succour was come into the town of much gunpowder and horsemen, which were let in by a gate on the other side, had come many leagues about for to get in safe on that part. This was a good comfort to us; yet again we were in fear the night after by reason the rumour went they would give an assault to the town. But God of His

goodness turned their design by the arrival of Piccolomini with an army of Croates, sent from the emperor, which had been long expected, so that night which we most feared became most quiet, with far less shooting than before, for the enemy's courage was quelled by understanding that Piccolomini arriving at Liège, had been the cause that 200 waggons, which they had sent thither for munition, came back empty, and could get nothing, by reason that the emperor threatened to fire their country of Liège it they assisted our enemies any more. Upon this, the Prince of Orange was much daunted (his army being ready to starve if he continued longer here) sat in Council with the French, what was best to be done, and on Tuesday, next day after our Blessed Lady's Visitation, we heard little shooting on the enemy's side; but a false rumour went that they were undermining to get in upon us, and indeed some say they tried, but that way could not succeed because the earth was so dry, we having there in a long time had no rain, that it fell down upon them as they digged. Nevertheless, we were here in great fear upon this rumour, but God of His goodness freed us soon of all danger, for the conclusion of their foresaid Council was to raise the siege and make away with all speed, fearing much the incursion of them of Piccolomini and the German forces which were arrived. Also having no victuals to live, necessity forced their departure, so as the night before Wednesday they got away secretly, and in the morning news came to us they were gone, which gave us great comfort; nevertheless, we were not secure, fearing still it was some politic trick of theirs to get the town by feigning a flight.

Yet by little and little we were more secured, and the Friday after, passage was free again for the post to pass, so we received from Bruges a great packet of letters from our Sisters that went forth, which could not before come to our hands. Then was our joy redoubled in hearing how wonderfully Almighty God had also assisted and

provided for them by moving many to show them charity ; insomuch as, having now recounted the happy end of our doleful siege, and the great favour that our Lord did us in so admirably defending this town in such a manifest danger, we will now declare how our Sisters fared after their departure hence.

PREFACE TO CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

"Our good friend, Mr Clifford," of Antwerp. Catherine Tempest, his wife. The Tempest family. Their sufferings for the Faith. The Teresians of Antwerp. Sister Anne Worsley, Carmelite Prioress. The Belsons. The Barons Clifford of Holland.

THE siege of Louvain, narrated by our chronicler in the last and the present chapter, was an incident in the war between Spain and Holland, the Prince of Orange referred to in the Chronicle being Frederic Henry, grandfather of William III. of England. Louvain was besieged, but not taken, in 1635. In the flight of part of our community to Bruges, they experienced great kindness from all, and especially from "our good friend, Mr Clifford," and the Teresian nuns at Antwerp.

In the recently published volume of St Monica's Chronicle I had occasion to speak of the Clifford family, and to point out that this Mr Henry Clifford of Antwerp was the son of Henry Clifford of Brackenbury, and of a daughter of the house of Thimelby, who died a nun at St Monica's. I lamented that I had not succeeded in discovering the name of the lady whom Henry Clifford of Antwerp married. By the kindness of the Tempest family of Broughton this doubt has been cleared up.

In a portion of the Tempest pedigree, which has been kindly forwarded me, I read concerning Catherine Tempest, daughter of Thomas Tempest, and grand-daughter of Robert Tempest of Holmeside, County Durham, that she married Henry Clifford, younger son of Henry Clifford of Brackenbury in Lincolnshire. Her brother Robert Tempest leaves her in his will of 18th November 1643, the rent of £200 for her life; also "my gold ring with death's head, which my brother Clifford gave me when I came from him last." Her will, as "Catherine Tempest, widow, late wife of Henry Clifford, gentleman," is dated at Antwerp, 20th August 1649. She is to be buried in the parish church of St Andrew in Antwerp, "near my dear husband, with a gravestone

GEORGE CLIFFORD, Third Earl of Cumberland.
Born, 1558; died, 1605.

From Portrait at Uglebarnby.

(face page 131)

and inscription to be laid upon us," and in the will names "my servant, Robert Carre, the three sons of my cousin (? uncle) Augustine Belson"; to the children of cousin Thomas Tempest the money due from him under her brother Robert's will. She also names William Roper, and Henry East, servant to cousin Augustine Belson. Executors: her kinsman, Anthony Belson, John Chamberlain of Sherborne, Esq., and Mr Edward Smith, son of George Smith of Ashe, co. Durham. The will was proved 20th August 1654 (Cant. Reg.).

Her brother Robert is described as of Lintz Green in the parish of Lanchester, and mentions her in his will as his sister Clifford.

The name of John Chamberlain of Sherborne Castle in Oxfordshire, reminds us of a Catholic family whose memory should not be allowed to perish. Sir Leonard Chamberlain, Governor of Guernsey, who, according to Wood, died in the second year of Queen Elizabeth, was the father of George Chamberlain, an exile for the Faith in the Low Countries. This George Chamberlain married Mary Pring, the daughter of a worthy burgher of Ghent. Their son George embraced the ecclesiastical state, and by his eminent virtue and learning, rose to be Dean of St Bavon's, and in 1626 was consecrated Bishop of Ipres. His cousin Elizabeth, daughter of John Chamberlain of Sherborne, married John, tenth Lord Bergavenny, brother to Abbess Neville of Pontoise (now Teignmouth), whose beautiful manuscript Chronicle, with the Neville arms on the binding, is one of the treasures of the Benedictine nuns of St Scholastica's Abbey at Teignmouth. Bishop Chamberlain undertook a journey to England to make a renunciation of his estates in his cousin's favour. He died at Ipres, 19th December 1634, universally beloved and esteemed. Wood says he was able to preach fluently in five languages.

A notice of the long-tried family of the Tempests, which was connected with not a few of those houses whose daughters were professed at Louvain, will be in its right place here.

There is a striking scene to be found related in the second volume of Abbot Gasquet's work on the Suppression of the Monasteries, from the narrative of one of Thomas Cromwell's agents. It was at the time of the Northern Rising in the reign of Henry VIII. The royal commissioners chanced to be sitting at Colchester, and the Abbot of St John's had invited them to dine with him. As they were at dinner, a number of uninvited

guests with one Marmaduke Nevell at their head, entered the guest-house hall. To a discourteous remark from a commissioner, Nevell returned a haughty answer, adding: "I am sure my Lord Abbot will make me good cheer, for all the abbeys in Englands be beholden to us, for we have set up all the abbeys again in our country, and though it were never so late they sang Matins the same night. We are plain fellows in the north: you of the south (he could hardly have reflected on the quality of the abbot's guests) though you think as much, durst not utter it." The traveller was no doubt at the head of a sufficient armed force.

His vaunt of the superior resolution of the northerners was not an idle one. And among the Northern insurgents there was no stouter champion than Nicholas Tempest of Bracewell, who carried his zeal so far that on his own confession he forced his way into Whalley Abbey with 300 horsemen, and compelled the abbot and eight of his brethren to take the insurgents' oath. Nicholas Tempest was executed at Tyburn, according to Wriothesley's Chronicle, on 25th May, being the Friday in Whitsunweek, 1537, with the Abbot of Fountains and others of his allies.

This first rash but heroic defence of the ancient Faith stamped its mark on the various branches of the house of Tempest, a mark retained to the present day. I have only space to indicate a few instances of their loyalty and piety, more particularly among those connected with our Louvain Sisters.

Among those who followed the banner of Blessed Thomas Percy in the Northern Rising of 1569, was the grandfather of Catherine Tempest (daughter-in-law of our Sister Clifford), Robert Tempest of Holmeside in Durham, who had been High Sheriff of Durham in 1561. With his gallant son and heir Michael, he took the field under the two great earls, and though he escaped the slaughter that followed on defeat, and found refuge in Scotland with Lord Hume of Fernyhurst, yet his estates were confiscated, and father and son lived for the rest of their days in exile as pensioners of the court of Spain. Michael and his wife Dorothy, daughter of Sir Edward Dymoke of Scrivelsby, lived much at Brussels, but I find them in 1572 at Louvain and Antwerp. Michael's brother Robert, a priest, was papal envoy to Scotland in 1598, and a younger brother William, repurchased some portion of the paternal estates and figures as a recusant at Somerton in Oxfordshire, as late as 1625. Three or four of Robert Tempest's

grandchildren were priests on the English mission, and prisoners for the Faith.

No branch of the family has excelled the Tempests of Broughton during the last three centuries for the ardour of their faith as shown in love of the ecclesiastical and religious state. In the fifteenth and the earlier part of the sixteenth century, I find them much connected with the Cliffords of Cumberland, partly through marriage, for Stephen Tempest, Esquire to Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, in 1527, was a grandson of a Lady Margaret Clifford. To give anything like a history of the priests, monks, and nuns of the family, would be out of the question. The English Benedictine Congregation claims Abbot Tempest of Lambspring, who died in 1579, and a number of Tempests became monks or nuns in Benedictine and other communities. Several entered the Society of Jesus, and the same instinct of piety distinguished the family throughout the nineteenth century. Sir Charles Tempest of Broughton, Bart., died unmarried in 1865, when the title became extinct, leaving his estates to his nephew, Major Arthur Cecil Tempest, of Broughton, and of Coleby in Lincolnshire.

Catherine Clifford, *née* Tempest, must have given a kindly welcome to our canonesses, as they halted at her Antwerp home on their return to St Monica's after their flight from Louvain, as related in the portion of the Chronicle on which we are now engaged. The union between the Catholic exiles was hallowed by their sufferings for the Faith. Still more pleasant it is to see how through their alliance with Cliffords and Belsons the Tempests were connected with St Monica's community. One would also be glad to know who were the "brother Nicholas Hedley" and "aunt Hedley," referred to in the will of Robert Tempest, Catherine Clifford's brother.

Among her executors of her will in 1654 I find Mr William Roper, who was the brother of our Sisters Mary and Margaret Roper, professed at St Monica's, respectively, in 1642 and 1658, daughters of Thomas Roper, and lineal descendants of her

> "Who clasped in her last trance
> Her murdered father's head."

The fragrance that surrounds the memory of Blessed Thomas More seems ever to haunt the community that owes its origin to Margaret Clement.

Nor is it possible at this point to forget that the Teresian convent at Antwerp was founded by a relative of our two Sisters

Roper, Lady Lovel, daughter of John Roper first Lord Teynham (whose three nieces were Benedictine nuns at Pontoise), and widow of Sir Nicholas Lovel. The charming account of the hospitable welcome given by the Prioress of Antwerp to our canonesses, and the affectionate relations between the two communities is enhanced by our knowledge that the said prioress was Sister Ann Worsley, the first of the prioresses of the community now at Lanherne. It is no wonder that the two communities were in such intimate relation, for we read in a document signed by the Archbishop of Mechlin in those times that the English nuns of Antwerp "lead a life more angelic than human, a mirror of religious life, and an example of edification to all the faithful." Among the nuns then at Antwerp we read the names of several related to some of our canonesses of St Monica's, such as Gifford, Leveson, Bedingfeld, and others.

Mrs Clifford mentions a "cousin Belson." He is probably the same Augustine Belson who left a legacy to his niece, Sister Constantia Belson, a canoness at St Monica's. The Belsons were great sufferers for the Faith. Leonard Belson, priest, was a prisoner of the Marshalsea in 1579; Thomas Belson, gentleman, of Brill of Oxfordshire, suffered a glorious martyrdom in 1589; Augustine Belson, a recusant in 1605, was among those given "to make profit of" to Lady Walsingham. Robert Belson married Anne, daughter of Robert Tempest, living in 1581.

NOTE.—Baron Clifford of the Hague, in the Dutch peerage, is a descendant of the Cliffords of Borscombe in Wiltshire, and is consequently allied to the noble house of the Cliffords of Ugbrooke. His ancestor Henry Clifford, was a younger brother of Anthony Clifford, who died 12th September 1580, and is buried in Exeter Cathedral. This Anthony married Anne, daughter of Sir Peter Courtenay of Ugbrooke.

In 1815 Henry Maurice Clifford was created a Baron. He married Anne Frederica, Countess van Limburg-Sirum.

An English Discalced Carmelite (Name unknown). Seventeenth Century

From a picture at Lanherne.

(*Face page* 138.)

CHAPTER VII

How the Sisters, who had fled from Louvain, fared at Bruges. The Rector of the Jesuits at Bruges. The Abbess of St Benedict's at Brussels. Dominicans and Carmelites. "Our good friend, Mr Clifford."

Their departure, as we have said, was on the 13th day of June, at which they went out in danger, and we remained here also with heavy hearts, not knowing what would befall or happen to this town. They, then, being gone forth, the Providence of God began over them even at first, for a lieutenant, which was in the army here then, and of kin to Sister Anne Mortimer, the lay sister, gave us waggons to carry them hence unto Brussels, which was a great pleasure at that time, when waggons were very dear and hard to be had. The third waggon was hired, and being on the way to Brussels, word came to them that their entertainment was provided for at Brussels, by reason that Father Port, who was resident there, a good friend of our house, understanding of our flight and great necessity, when almost all the religious women also fled, had taken order our Sisters should have a good entertainment. So that when they came to Brussels, going in their waggons to the English Monastery of St Benedict's, Madame Barlemont, having her cloister close by their door, wouldneeds entertain the English nuns, and therefore stood ready there, and called out of the window to stay them at her monastery house, for she offered Father Port to take twenty-five, but there went to her only eighteen, and the rest went to St Benedict's. They were in both places entertained very kindly, and at Madame Barlemont's she caused two of her gentle-

men to carry in chairs the two eldest of our Sisters from their waggon to her chamber. Then she came herself and bade them heartily welcome, showed them her chapel, and lent them books to say their Office.

After that they had a good supper, and were lodged, some upon pallets on the ground, for they had not bedsteads for all. At St Benedict's also our sick Sisters were lodged with the rest, and entertained very kindly in the infirmary, and the next day they heard Mass there, as also the others that lodged at Madame Barlemont's, and so took their waggons for Ghent, about seven of the clock in the morning, and one or two of the Fathers also accompanied them, and had sent word beforehand to the Lady Abbess of the English Monastery at Ghent for to entertain them in her cloister, and she had gotten leave of the bishop to have them all in except the scholars, who lodged without. Our Sisters, then having baited and taken their dinner at Alost, in the midway, arrived at Ghent late, and were all received into the English Monastery there and kindly entertained, insomuch that the nuns there let our Sisters have their beds for that night, and sat up themselves, we being as many and more than they. They supped them in their refectory, and the Lady Abbess sat at table with them. The next morning, they stayed there until eleven of the clock, and Father Rector of the English College of Ghent, with other Fathers, came to see our Sisters, and speak with them at the grate. My Lady Abbess also provided a coach to carry them unto the waterside, which was a great way off, where they were to take boat for Bruges, and the rest went on foot. Our Father, Mr White, sent word aforehand to Bruges, unto Mr Bourd, the Father of our monastery there, to provide coaches to be ready for our Sisters (it being about a mile from the waterside to our cloister, named Nazareth). And so all was ordered very well, for he and William Craft, their servant, was ready there attending for them, and at their arrival, which was late, they went so many as could in the coaches, and

the rest on foot, and so arrived to our monastery at nine of the clock at night, where Mother Mary Pole kindly received them, though with a heavy heart to see the great distress our convent was put unto. The house there being so little could scarce hold them all, but with great difficulty they made a shift for a day or two. Arriving there on Friday night, they staid Saturday, and upon Sunday our Father Mr White went to seek out a house for our Sisters to live in, for it was impossible to remain in our cloister, they being so many.

Then began Almighty God to show His liberal goodness towards them, for the Fathers of Ghent having sent word to the Dutch Fathers at Bruges of the distress the nuns of Louvain were in, being forced to fly thither, the Rector there being one that had before lived here at Louvain, took such compassion that he not only was ready to assist our Sisters in what he could, but also caused his Fathers to preach and exhort the townspeople for to relieve with their charity the English nuns, which were fled thither in that distress ; which sermons took such good effect that many were excited to show their charity. So that one canon of the great church there met with Mr White as he was looking for a house, and offered him a house of his for nothing, all the time they should remain there, as also gave them freely of his own cost two barrels of beer, one very strong and the other small. With this good help, our Sisters removed to that house on Monday, except five that were sickly, and one lay sister to attend them, and still God provided that they were assisted with almost all things necessary of charity, for three or four cloisters undertook to help them. The cloister of the Rich Clares lent them other things, and the cloister of the Dominican women gave them also large alms and other things. The forementioned Rector of the Jesuits lent them church stuff, and made them a fair altar, in one of the rooms, which served for their church and choir, as also to entertain strangers, for the house had but three rooms below, two above, and

a garret over them. So in the one room below they made, as is said, their chapel; the other served for their refectory to eat in, and the third was their kitchen to dress the meat; they had also a cellar underneath which did them great pleasure to keep things. In the rooms overhead they lodged, but for the most part they had no other beds than of straw, and their bolsters were faggots. They said their office in the chapel, all except Matins, which they read by themselves, and kept some order, but could not as they should, by reason that, living most upon the charity of good folks, they were continually visited by them who would come and see what they wanted to provide for them.

Especially a good woman, named Laurentia, took them so to heart, that being but poor herself, she would still go about unto rich folks and beg for the nuns of Louvain, daily coming to their house to see what they wanted, and brought them acquainted with four Sisters who were rich and lived unmarried, one of which was a Devote, and the others lived a virtuous life with their mother that was a widow; as also three other Sisters of the like sort, who being rich assisted our religious, together with the former and other worldly persons. There was also a Knight, named Monsieur Nicolas Scketere, who being a widower and a devout man, gave them large alms, commonly 12s. at a time. But to show somewhat particularly these charities. At their first coming to the aforesaid new house, they were unprovided almost of all things, for they found in it but little furniture, yet after one day they were sufficiently assisted by the charity of others, for the Rich Clares sent them two hundred eggs, a great charger of custard, five great loaves of household bread, seven pounds of French butter, sweetmeats for the sick, and many other little necessary things, two wheelbarrows of wood, and lent them household stuff, with the promise of more help still, heartily desiring our Sisters to ask but what they wanted and they should have it. The cloister of the Annunciates sent their

ghostly Father, who brought under his habit a basket of eggs, and made unto our Sisters a comfortable speech, bidding them to be of comfort, for that all would be better than they expected, and promised they should want nothing. That very day also, being the second of their remove to that house, worldly gentlemen gave them ten loaves of household bread, a pot of butter, and other little things, desiring them but to make a bill of what they wanted, and they would come again the next morning and bring more. It happened that after three days, on the Wednesday, that one of our Novices, Sister Grace Bedingfeld, fell most grievously sick of a fever, which was feared to be the plague, and put them to great trouble; but sending for the doctor, it was found to be only a pestilent fever, and he ministered unto her physic, and came almost daily to visit her, with so great a care and love as was admirable, and would take nothing for his pains; as also the apothecary gave all for nothing: such was their charity. They laid then the Novice in the garret above, and Sister Clementina was left with her to tend her, who had been formerly here sick-mistress, and very fit to look unto sick persons. Of the rest they came not to her; but kept in the other rooms for a fortnight, till the danger was past.

After this their charity never ceased all the time our Sisters remained there. The cloister of Dominican women being very rich, assisted them also much; and not content with all this, those cloisters of this Order and the Rich Clares did sometimes invite them to dinner, and made them great cheer with plenty of wine in their speak-house; and some of our Sisters that taught them curious works did sometimes eat there a week together or more. It was admirable to see how Almighty God did move the hearts of good people to show them charity. One canon came and gave them 3 pounds sterling at once, besides lesser alms, as patacons, were ordinary; yea oftentimes even the poor that wrought for their living would come and bring them 10 or 20 stivers. One poor woman at the

week's end came and gave them 13 stivers in honour of our Blessed Saviour and the 12 apostles; and once when a carrier brought some wood to the house, and was asking money for his pains, a poor man passing by out with his purse and paid him for the carriage. A woman that sold corn brought them a sack of wheat, saying she was moved to do this charity, hoping she could not fare the worst of it. The whole town it seems was willing to relieve them, for from the townhouse by common consent was sent them 3 loads of wood, and also beer they had from thence. An hospital gave them two barrels of beer. The forementioned devout sisters came almost daily to their house, and brought them still necessaries, in so much that, having so good relief, our Father Mr White, who had the charge of our Sisters, for our Reverend Mother had put them under his obedience at their parting thence, resolved to send for the sickly persons that had remained at our cloister at Nazareth, and they came away the day after our Blessed Lady's Visitation. One of them, being very sick, found far better keeping there by their charity than she could have had here at home, having continually wine, sugar, and other sweetmeats given her plentifully. It seems God Himself was become their Provisor, for oftentimes having almost no provisions in the house left, before the next day they were well provided. Sometimes gentlewomen would come and dine with them, and bring with all a good dinner; yea, very good cheer sometimes was given them; 2 great tarts on St Anne's Day by Monsieur Scketere aforenamed.

Now in this time, because some must bear the place of superior, our forenamed Father appointed one of the elders that went forth, Sister Anne Bromfield, to be called Mother, and the other officers he appointed to be as they were here, the grate-Sister, Sacristan, Refectrice, and Procuratrix; but for the cellaress and the sick-mistress, which remained there, he appointed others of those that went forth. Their order was then, at six in the morning

they read together Prime and Tierce, and upon holidays had then a first Mass by a friend of theirs that came there, afterwards the other Hours and Mass before dinner, and our Lady's Litanies that we used here for the wars before Mass, were there said for their benefactors awhile. In the afternoon at convenient time they read Evensong and Compline, and afterwards at night, before they went to bed, they said the Litanies of the Saints for their benefactors. Their Matins they always said apart by themselves, and continued this order all the while they remained at Bruges. Upon St Alexius Day they were invited all to dinner at the cloister of Dominican women, and they provided a coach and waggon, which went and came so as to fetch them all, for it was a great way from their house. The Rich Clares and the Annunciates were their neighbours, but these not; wherefore it being not fit for nuns to walk the streets, they provided always very decently a coach for them. And being there at good cheer, with store of wine, Mr Bourd, the Father of Nazareth, came and brought letters to Mr White and then from our Reverend Mother, who sent for them home, not all together because it was too troublesome, but with a competent company at once, it being left to the discretion of Mr White, to order all as he saw to be most convenient. Hereupon their joy began to make a true feast, seeing now the coast clear for them to return home.

For although once before they had news from us of our delivery from the enemies, yet our Reverend Mother would not so suddenly send for them till all was secure. With this they began to strive who should go first, but it was appointed that eleven persons (eight nuns, two white sisters, and one of the novices) should go. They stayed then one day, to take leave of their friends there, and then came away very carefully provided for by the way, by their Father, Mr White; and William Craft, the servant of our cloister of Nazareth at Bruges, came along to serve them. So they arrived here upon St Mary Magdalen's Eve, with

great joy, both to themselves and to us, who feared much we should never have seen each other more. Then Mr White stayed here St Mary Magdalen's Day, and so returned back with William Craft, to fetch another company home. But here we must not omit how the good people at Bruges continued still, as before, their charity to our Sisters that remained. Yea, they were so careful that some of them came thither still to see what they wanted, and provided from one house or other necessaries, and also good cherishing for the sick. They also grew acquainted with the cloister of Bernardine women, who relieved them what they could.

It was then ordained that this second company should come home by Antwerp because Mr Clifford, our good friend, desired very earnestly to entertain them in his house. They did so, and arrived here upon the 6th day of August; seven nuns, another novice, and one lay sister and scholar which only of all the scholars returned again, for her sister Agatha Brook remained at our cloister at Bruges, and another, Frances Thimelby, sister to this novice that now came home, being in a great sickness and weakness, went into England for her health, with the intention to come again to us, but the other two, thinking to return into England, for the present were stayed by some, and in the end went unto other cloister, not much against our will for they were not so fit for us. After that, Mr White returned again to fetch all that remained, and it was a wonderful thing to see the kindness of the people at Bruges, who were still sorry when our Sisters were to come home, although they were then at their charges. They had taken so great a love unto them as some of them wept bitterly to part, especially when the last were to come away, they did weep pitifully, grieving so that they must leave them, and many gave them money. They then gave up the house again with great thanks unto the canon, and restored the household stuff to those that had lent it them, and upon the day of our Blessed Lady's Assumption

THOMAS, FIRST BARON CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH,
Lord High Treasurer of England. Born, 1630; died, 1673.

From Portrait at Ugbrooke.

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MOTHER ANNE OF THE ASCENSION (ANN WORSLEY),
Discalced Carmelite, First Prioress of Antwerp (now Lanherne). Welcomed St Monica's Canonesses during Siege of Louvain, 1635. Died, 1644.

From Portrait at Lanherne.

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remained at Nazareth, our cloister there, and the next day after took their journey homeward. But the nuns of St Dominic's Order, being near the waterside where they had to take boat for Ghent, invited them to breakfast, as they had done the other company before, very kindly. They could not then come home directly, by reason that our Reverend Mother sent them word, the prioress of the English Teresians at Antwerp desired very earnestly they might also come by that way as the former had done, for she had gotten leave of the bishop to entertain them, within her cloister. They did so then, and were exceeding much made of by the good religious and kind Mother, insomuch that she made them great cheer, and showed them all the kindness she could. It seemed to her she never did enough. She kept them some days, it being impossible to get away, for between that monastery and ours had always been good correspondence.

So then our Sisters at last came all home on the 23rd of August, St Bartholomew's Eve, and in this the last company, seven nuns, two lay sisters, and the other novice which had been so sick at Bruges, and was now almost recovered.

So now were returned home thirty-one, for four scholars stayed away as is said. We were then exceeding glad that Almighty God had so admirably preserved us here, and assisted them there with such favourable providence, and finally gathered us all together again; wherefore, upon a fit and convenient day after the Feast of our holy Father St Augustine, on the . . . day of September, we sung here a solemn Mass of the Most Blessed Trinity, for to give the divine Majesty hearty thanks for these great benefits, and the Te Deum Laudamus after the Mass.

We had also another day for recreation, to be merry together and rejoice one with another, and with our good Fathers who suffered so much with us and had taken such pains. Upon the 30th of September, this same year, St

Jerome's Day, were professed two of the forementioned novices that went forth. The third, Sister Mary Philpot, was fain to stay longer by reason that her portion was not ready, and her friends, being much in debt, were not to be trusted for payment; wherefore, both to her grief and ours, she was enforced to stay for the good of our community, being much beloved and brought up here of a child as we shall declare more largely in due time.

PREFACE TO CHAPTER THE EIGHTH

The plague. Sister Winefred Thimelby, "the best loved of all our Reverend Mothers." The Tixall Letters. The Westons, Earls of Portland. Lady Mary Weston. The Astons. A bride's dress in the reign of Charles II. The Philpots of Compton. Sister Benedict Coleman and her brother, Walter Coleman, O.S.F., martyr in prison.

THE terrors of war were succeeded at St Monica's by the horrors of pestilence. The quiet firmness displayed by the Sisters during the siege was equalled by their tranquil confidence, while the plague was ravaging the Low Countries and had invaded their cloister.

From the Chronicle we learn that this terrible scourge had not been unknown to some of them while in England. Those who had once recovered from the disease possessed an immunity from it which enabled them with safety to wait on their stricken Sisters.

A few notes only on some families mentioned in the present chapter will be needed in this place.

Winefred, daughter of Richard Thimelby of Irnham, was professed on the 30th September 1635. In our former volume, the profession of Sister Elizabeth Clifford, her aunt, called for some account, which it is needless to repeat, of the Clifford, Thimelby, and Aston families. The name of Thimelby has passed away, but the houses of Arundell of Wardour and Clifford of Chudleigh represent their ancient race. A few words on Sister Winefred, "the best loved of all our Reverend Mothers," are all I need add to what I have written elsewhere.

Her natural gifts were in full harmony with the spirit of the community of St Monica's, and during her twenty-three years of office she fostered and strengthened that spirit, which the Sisters had received from their first beginning, and have preserved, as the writer can testify, down to the present day, with all its charm of cheerful austerity and frank simplicity. The correspondence of Prioress Thimelby, published by Arthur

Clifford in the Tixall Letters,* is full of an affectionate playfulness, which enhances the gracefulness of her religious fervour. To her brother-in-law, the Hon. Herbert Aston, she writes: "Do not suppose me a well-mortified nun, dead to the world, for, alas! it is not so; I am alive, and as nearly concerned for those I love, as if I had never left them, and must share in all their fortunes, whether good or bad." To her sister, Mrs Herbert Aston: "I am one of the happiest persons living, though still, methinks, I should be happier dying." Her desire that her sister-in-law, Gertrude, "Gatt" as she calls her, daughter of Lord Aston, should take the veil at St Monica's, was at length gratified. To "Gatt" she writes: "My Lord (Portland) in his plain, but cordial way, says: 'Remember me to poor Gatt; would she be a nun? Faith, if she knew the world half as well as I, she would make haste out of it.' Your mistress worries me with her oft kind whispers: 'Is there no hope of Gatt's return?' Sisters Clayton, Lamb, King, Musgrave, Constable, Clarke, Stafford, Aurelia, all and every one ask the same." In the last of her published letters, she says: "Age summons me quickly to the grave, and I thank God I feel no unwillingness to die. But whilst I live, I must love; God forbid my love should die with life."

Among her friends was Lady Mary Weston, daughter of the first Earl of Portland, by his second wife, Frances Waldegrave. This devout lady lived in the convent, where she built for herself "those rooms beyond the chancel of the church in the orchard, where she made also an entry to pass into our choir for the divine service." Her brother Thomas was the Lord Portland, fourth Earl, referred to above, and he seems to have for a time boarded in the chaplain's house.

Their father, Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, Lord Treasurer of England, is said by Clarendon to have incurred public jealousy for "the suspicion of his religion. His wife and all his daughters were declared of the Roman religion; and though he himself and his sons sometimes went to church, yet he was never thought to have any zeal for it. His dependents with whom only he had entire freedom, were all known papists." The "Note-book of John Southcote, D.D.," published in their first volume by the Catholic Record Association, says that he died 13th March 1635, *catolicamente.*

* The originals were sold by Messrs Sotheby in 1899, with the library of the late Sir F. Constable of Aston Hall.

V. P. F. CHRISTOPHORUS COLMAN EX CONVENTU F. F. MIN. RECOLL. ANGL. DUAC. MISSIONARIUS QUI POST SENTENT. MORTE LA TAM LOND. IN CARC. INTER

FATHER CHRISTOPHER OF ST CLARE (WALTER COLEMAN), O.S.F.
Sentenced to Death for his Priesthood. Died in Newgate, 1645.
His Sister was a Nun at St Monica's.

From an Old Print.

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Another of his daughters, half-sister to the one just mentioned, also named Mary, was married to Lord Aston. When Gertrude Thimelby was clothed, we read that "Lord and Lady Aston gave her dowry." According to custom, to symbolise their bidding adieu to the world, novices appeared before the altar in their bridal dress, which they were to exchange for the white robe of a canoness. What follows is worthy of the days of Charles II. "She [Gertrude Thimelby] had a clothing gown of cloth of silver, which cost £40, and she gave £20 more to make it into church stuff. She gave also another vestment, and an antependium of cloth of gold, and a petticoat of cloth of silver, which she gave her niece, Sister Catharine Aston," professed at St Monica's ten years later. Francesca, the Prioress's youngest sister, was professed conditionally in 1644, on her deathbed. From the obit-book I take the following entries: "May.—The Right Honourable Thomas Weston, Earl of Portland, a singular benefactor and dear friend to this monastery. July.—My Lady Mary Weston, sister to Lord Portland, who lived many years here, and was a benefactress to this monastery."

Sister Mary Philpot was professed in July 1536. Her profession connects our community with the Arundells of Wardour. Her mother was a daughter of Thomas Lord Arundell of Wardour. The head of the Philpots of Compton held the office of Vice-Comes of Southampton. Dames Barbara and Mary Philpot were Benedictine nuns at Pontoise (now Teignmouth), and an aunt of Sister Mary, the wife of George Jerningham, was the mother of one of our Louvain canonesses. A great uncle of John Philpot, Sister Mary's father, suffered death for heresy in Queen Mary's reign.

How it fared with Leicestershire Catholics in Elizabeth's reign is graphically described by our chronicler in her beautiful story of the childhood of Sister Frances Burrows. Sister Frances is a link connecting the families of Vaux, Roper, Brookesby, Thimelby, and Wiseman.

Here I may supply an omission in our preceding volume. Sister Benedict (Elizabeth Coleman) professed at St Monica's in 1618, was the daughter of Walter Coleman of Cannock in Staffordshire by his wife Elizabeth Whitgreave of Burton Manor in the same county, of whom our Louvain MS. says that "she died very blessedly." But what recent research has brought to light for the first time is that Walter Coleman, O.S.F., a glorious confessor of the Faith, if not martyr, called in religion Christopher

a Sancta Clara, was her brother or at least half-brother, as his mother may have been Dorothy Comberford. His father married twice, and the order of the marriages is uncertain. The martyr's parentage was hitherto not accurately known. His life is to be found in Mrs Hope's *Franciscan Martyrs in England.* On the 8th December 1641, he was sentenced to death for his priesthood at the old Bailey, but reprieved, and after bearing much cruel usage, died in Newgate in 1645.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM THE PROFESSION OF SISTER WINEFRED THIMELBY TO THE RESIGNATION OF THE OFFICE OF SUB-PRIORESS BY SISTER ELIZABETH SHIRLEY. MR RICHARD THIMELBY'S CAREER. IMPRISONED IN THE TOWER. SISTER GRACE BEDINGFELD. THE PLAGUE AT LOUVAIN. DEATH OF SISTER MARY WORTHINGTON OF PLAGUE. SISTER FRANCES BURROWS. SINGULAR EVENTS OF HER CHILDHOOD. AN APPARITION IN A LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTRY HOUSE. 1635-1637.

THE first of these professed, Sister Winefred Thimelby, was daughter to Richard Thimelby of Irnham in Lincolnshire of an ancient house. He was brother to Sister Elizabeth Clifford, widow, of whom we made mention, and her mother was daughter of Mrs Brookesby, Mrs Anne Vaux's sister, all very good and constant Catholics, who kept Father Garnet, the worthy martyr, in their house, the chief of the Jesuits. This Mr Richard Thimelby suffered much for the Catholic Faith, and being but yet a youth, he was taken from his parents, to be brought up a heretic with the Earl of Lincoln; but for all what they could do, he remained firm and constant in his religion. Afterwards, upon a false accusation of some, he was put in prison, suspecting he had intelligence beyond seas about state matters, and it was only for having gotten into his hands a letter which Father Parsons had written wherein he proved he had never been against the King of Scots, but if he were a Catholic, he would prefer him above all others, and that he had assisted him with many ducats upon such an occasion. This some hearing him read, made such a matter of suspicion, that he was put

first in the country in prison, and afterwards in the Tower of London. It was said he should be executed, but by the earnest labour and suit of good friends, he got himself at length cleared of that imputation, after almost a year's imprisonment. Divers times he sustained losses in the persecution of those times. He was always a harbourer of priests and religious men, keeping one of residence in his house, besides the entertainment of strangers, and Almighty God preserved them, so that among so many searchings as they had, never any was taken. Once the searchers came running up where the priest was at Mass, having entered suddenly the house, but thereupon Mrs Thimelby found a device to call them down to her about some question, and God turned their minds so, that they got a strong conceit nothing was to be found, for that they supposed they had had warning of their coming and so departed away, without more ado.

This good gentleman (Mr Richard Thimelby), had many children, and this was the thirteenth child, who when a little one, heard her father say unto her mother, that it would be an exceeding great joy to him if any of his children would take a religious course, whereupon she began to get some mind thereunto. But her father dying when she was but 5 years old, she soon left off this good desire. Nevertheless, the priest of the house, who was a Jesuit, would still be inciting her to become a religious, especially in this house, but prevailed not with her herein, until he obtained it, as it seems, after his death, for her mother dying also when she was about 10 years of age, and the said priest dying also some time after, she presently upon his death got a full mind to become a religious, and made it known to her eldest brother, unto whose charge all the children were left, who liked well thereof, and sent her hither together with another sister of theirs, named Frances, younger than she, who had also a mind to be a religious, and coming here were both

received, she being then 12 years old, and lived here a scholar with her sister until fit time, then was clothed, and fain to fly (as we have said) in the time of distress with her sisters, for we sent away then all our novices and scholars, as reason was, to make them out of danger, that were free; her sister Frances then we sent home into England, by reason that she had long been sick of a lingering weakness which hindered her clothing and put her life in danger, hoping that with change of air and country she might recover her health, being of good disposition and very desirous of religion; but this her sister having passed her whole year of noviceship before the trouble of flying began, was now professed to her great contentment at the age of 16 years, her brother Sir John Thimelby, showing himself very kind and beneficial both to her and to us.

The other was Sister Grace Bedingfeld, daughter of Mr Francis Bedingfeld of Redlingfield in Suffolk, of whom we have made mention before when we spake of his daughter's profession, Sister Augustine Bedingfeld, in the year 1622, therefore we shall not need to say much in this place, but only that of ten daughters, this was the youngest and had always a desire to be a religious from a little child, her parents also furthering her much therein, who sent willingly almost all their daughters into divers religious houses, and they were very desirous that this should come hither, they therefore got means to have her received, being but 13 years old, who lived here a scholar with the rest until she was clothed with the former. At her going forth unto Bruges, Almighty God tried her with a severe sickness, but she was pretty well recovered at her return home and so made now her holy profession at the age of 17, they both having kept their novice-year before going out to Bruges.

About this time 1635, the plague raged much in the town, and among others it happened that Mrs Mary Green, who lived by our cloister, had her maid sick on the sudden,

but thought it was something else and not the plague. Presently after, she herself fell sick, and then desired for charity of our Reverend Mother that one of our lay sisters might come there to tend her in respect that her maid also lay very sick. Hereupon our Reverend Mother, not knowing that it was the plague, nevertheless for fear of the worst, she would not command, but only asked one of the lay sisters if she would be content to go, and the Dutch Sister, Jannecken, who, as is said, had been Dr Clement's servant, undertook this charity and went to Mrs Green, serving and looking both to her and the maid carefully. But Mrs Green soon died, being an old woman of almost 80 years. The infection soon made an end of her, though yet none knew it was the plague, but we thought she died of age, and therefore she was buried in our church as she had desired, for she left all that she had to our monastery, and having as she said lived all her life a maid in the world, she would have that virgins should be her heirs and rest among us. She had been always a good virtuous woman, and did good works and charity abroad. She had lived fifty years out of England in these parts, for she would not marry, but came over to try if she could be a religious; but it seems it was not God's will she should undertake a religious life, for she was always crossed therein, having offered herself to religious houses divers times; wherefore she settled herself to live virtuously in the world, and so continued many years at Brussels, and going in the habit of a Devote or Jesuitress, but not tying herself to any thing. And after St Monica's cloister was begun, she came here to this town, and continued to live here ever after, being about the space of twenty-six years, and in her old age she grew blind, which was a great cross, because after that she could not help herself to devotion with reading of good things as before, yet she bore her cross with great patience and contentment in the will of God, and came daily to our church, spending most of the morning at her prayers, and often saying

her beads in the day, because she could not see to do anything.

Thus it pleased God at length to take her out of this painful life, having seen and felt the distress of this town in the siege, she remaining here all that time, and so by a short and easy death most happily rendered her soul to her Creator. She left well to our house, for she had of a long time kept for us in store about £80 in money, passing herself many an ill and hard meal for not to break the said sum from us. But out of that her maid should have had £10 and some of her goods, if she had lived, which now came all to us by reason that soon after Mrs Green's death, the maid growing worse, it was discovered she had the plague, and then was carried into the hospital that she might not die in the house. Soon after she died, and we permitted not our lay sister that tended her to come home again to us but procured her a chamber, in the hospital, and to live there, until we should see whether she had taken any infection or no, for as yet she was well in health; but not long after her being there, she grew indeed sick of the plague, which showed that she had taken it before. She was carefully tended and due remedies given her, the Sister of the hospital being very kind to her, so as it pleased God that she recovered and came home again in due time, with all Mrs Green's goods, which had been well aired, washed and cleansed. Nevertheless, we know not upon what occasion, it happened soon after that another of our young lay sisters sickened, Sister Anne Reading; and having been ill all night, in the morning we sent for the doctor, to know what she had, who liked her not, but desired our Reverend Mother to sever her from the community for fear of the worst. Whereupon she was sent out into new buildings for the entertainment of strangers, and she was put into the chambers where Mrs Margaret Stanten had lived before, who, after Dr Clement's death, desired to board with us in the Father's house for some years; but at length we, finding inconvenience of boarders, had procured her to

be dismissed hence by the bishop's appointment. Which happened now well for us that room to be free where our Sister was kept, for it proved indeed that she had the plague, and the other Sister lately recovered and come home was sent now to serve and to look to her. We also procured the hospital Sisters to come daily and minister to her all remedies for that disease, as also a good Franciscan, who used to go unto all infected persons of the plague, came very carefully to assist her, she having well the French language, so as this Sister also recovered, and our cloister was free for this year.

In the year 1636, about the end of May, the servant of our cloister, Giles, being abroad in the town, got the plague which then continued still, and came home very sick, but kept himself close in his chamber for a day or two, thinking with rest to put away what he felt; but at length we were fain to send for the doctor, who doubted he had the plague, whereupon we sent also for the Pest-Father and hospital Sisters, who applied all remedies to him possible, but nothing availed, for they found he was infected with the worst kind of plague called the peppercorn, so as within three or four days he was come to be past hope of life.

Then did our Reverend Mother get the Pest-Father, a good Franciscan, to come and hear his confession, who also made his will for him, and he left us a legacy to our cloister, and disposed of other things as he pleased, leaving the most he had to his only sister; and after that the brothers came and carried him to the hospital, as the manner is in this town commonly to go and die there for to infect their own houses the less, and so upon the 2nd day of June he made a happy end in the hospital as we may well believe, being a very honest and good man, who had served us faithfully about four or five years, and he had been servant to Dr Clement, after whose death he served some time the English Benedictines at Brussels,

and after that came to us. He was a good-natured man, simple and innocent, and bore great affection to our cloister.

After his death, which happened on the Monday, the Friday after, one of our nuns was taken with the plague, Sister Mary Worthington, who at the time attended our Reverend Mother, and she was well to our seeming the day before; yet it appeared afterwards the infection was in her body before, but how she took it none can truly affirm, only we suspected some cause. It happened that on the Friday night, she felt sick all the night, and in the morning at four of the clock got up and felt a swelling risen in her flank where the plague sore useth to be, whereupon before Prime she went and looked about for Sister Clementia, who having had the plague in England, she thought could best discern what she had, and having been in the choir to look for her, at last she found her and told her in what case she was, and how she had been very sick that night. She hearing this thing, and looking also on the swelling, affirmed presently she had the plague, thereupon carried the news to the Reverend Mother, who, being thereat stricken with extreme grief, presently took order to have her severed from the community, and so sent her forth to that outward building, where our lay sister had been laid the year before, which is not out of the inclosure; and the two lay sisters which had tended Giles and were as yet there without, took her in charge to look to her with all diligence. Then were the hospital Sisters sent for, who seeing her, said she was very sorely infected, yet all remedies that could be devised, were applied unto her, so that she remained five days alive, and we in suspense what would become of her. Then was the Pest-Father also sent for to come to her, for having the language very well, he could assist her, who also said that some little before, he had in his sleep dreamt that St Monica's cloister called for him, because the plague was gotten there, which proved soon most true. He was a holy and fervent man, who assisted

her with exceeding care and charity, even to the last, and she was very well content with him, but nevertheless our Reverend Father could not be satisfied till he wrote a letter to her for to know if there were any need, and if that she desired him he would willingly go to help her. She sent him word again, and assured him that she had nothing that troubled her conscience, but that for confession or anything else, she could speak as freely to that good Father, though at first she was a little troubled that she must die so without the company of our Sisters and our Reverend Mother, whom she loved most dearly, yet, notwithstanding, she resigned herself unto the will of God, and was content.

The Franciscan Father had great compassion that so young and able a person for God's service must die in the flower of her age, but yet he animated her so that, after all the remedies applied nothing availing to save her life, upon St Barnabas Day late at night after Compline, she entered into her mortal agony, and seeing there was no hope of remedy, but that she must die, desired the two lay sisters that tended her to carry her down by any means into the little garden, which joined to those rooms, that she might die in the air, and not so much infect the house, as they used to do in this town. They yielded to her request, and made her a shelter in the garden, and a bed and bedstead was set up thereunder, where being brought, the good Father assisted her with prayers and holy admonitions, even to the last, and would not depart from her when she gave up the ghost, but yet caused the lay sisters to go aside, as she herself also desired them by sign to do. It was a pitiful thing for both our Fathers to hear her groan in her last pains, and the Franciscan read so loud the commendations as they could hear him, yea, some that were in the choir at that time heard him.

She happily rendered her soul to God after ten of the clock at night, and we were in great sorrow when we knew

Venerable Thomas Tunstal, Priest.
Martyred at Norwich, July 13, 1616.

From Portrait at Stonyhurst.

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of her death, especially our Reverend Mother felt this cross extremely, by reason that she loved her much and had long been her mistress, and brought her up in religion and assisted her in matters of spirit. She was a very virtuous religious, and always both in the world and in the cloister, of an innocent life, so as it was thought that she never committed a mortal sin, for she was always of a set and womanly carriage, not wild or given much to play and sport as commonly young people are. Her mother also brought her up very carefully in virtue and the fear of God, and coming so young to the monastery, as hath been heretofore declared, and her life here so laudable and virtuous in all her conversations, we hoped she soon got to heaven, only it was pity to lose so young a person, and who was like to prove a very profitable member in holy religion, for she was healthy and of a sweet and wise carriage, fit to be put to anything, a great lover of the choir and laborious in outward things, fervent to do God service. She had been but eight years professed, and we were compelled to bury her in our orchard, having hallowed some ground there; and the said Father buried her with the assistance of the two lay sisters, for our fear was too great to bury her within.

After that we kept close for six weeks, not writing abroad to any, and we had a relaxation from work, as the manner is at such times, for to erect their minds out of fear, and leave to speak, but some turned that time of freedom to spend it more recollected, and give themselves to God, praying heartily for the good of our house. We also took generally every morning a kind of preservative against the plague, and burned every morning pitch to smoke the house all over, and did not rise at midnight to Matins because the doctor counselled us so, but we read our Compline after the grace of supper, and began the Matins at seven of the clock, when before we used to go to Compline. But this manner we found more

painful than to rise at midnight, and were glad afterwards to come again to our old custom. We also sang daily to our Blessed Lady, after the High Mass, the Antiphon *Stella Coeli*, and for a while read our Lady's Litanies after Evensong, and it pleased Almighty God, of His goodness, to cease the infection so as none else took it; but after this we were wholly free of further plague and danger.

This danger being past, upon St James the Apostle's Day, and the Feast of St Anne, the visitor sat here to hear what the convent had to say, by reason that the three years were out of our Reverend Mother's installing, being then confirmed for no more time.

We were now to know the bishop's will concerning her further government. Wherefore, when after all were heard, and the disposition of their minds towards her well manifested to the visitor, we were fain to expect a long while to know his mind and will, for he still delayed this time and left us in suspense, by reason as we understood afterwards, that he sent to Mechlin to consult with his vicarious (vicar), who had made the former visitation, and installed our prioress according to the election, for he that now visited us was only our new landdeken (rural dean), a wise and good man, the former landdeken that accompanied the vicarious before, being this year dead of the plague. So after due consultation of all that was delivered up in this visitation, he sent hither the landdeken that now visited us, and confirmed our Reverend Mother for three years more.

In this time of suspense, upon the Octave of St Lawrence, the 17th of August, was professed Sister Mary Philpot, the first of our three novices, who, as has been said, could not be professed with the other two, by reason that her portion was not ready till now. She was daughter to Sir John Philpot of Compton in Hampshire, and her mother was grand-daughter to the Earl of Southampton,

whose only daughter married Count Arundel, and her daughter, the Lady Mary, married Sir John Philpot, but died when this child was yet at nurse, and the other very young. They were both Catholics, but further particulars we could not learn, by reason that she came so young to the cloister as not to know the world or her friends; for her father sent her over to us when she was a little one of 6 or 7 years old, with a sister of hers who after a some time went out and married. But this one always desired to be a religious, for Almighty God drew her sweetly to Him from her very infancy, to have always a great love to our cloister and religious life. Therefore at fit years she was clothed with the two that were last professed, being then the eldest.

Therefore now after her profession we gave her the same place above the other two, because she had stayed, as is aforesaid, only for the good of our house, and not for any fault of her own, as also being a good humble soul. For that is a privilege which it is in the convent's will either to grant or deny, unless the profession hath been stayed behind others of their fellow-novices, wherein commonly they proceed according to the disposition of the party, as is thought to be best.

Now at this time we had no more novices, nor yet scholars, but only Sister Dorothy Brook, Sir Basil Brook's daughter, whom we intended, upon assurance of her means by her father, to make her secured to the house in that state of life, because she was not thought fit to undertake any vows, but being a good simple soul she might live so a virtuous life in the cloister. Her sister, as is said, remained at our monastery at Bruges, because at her going out in the time of the siege she liked that place and would stay there, whom they received as a white Sister; but we here had resolved to receive no more white Sisters two or three years before.

In the year 1637, upon the 3rd day of March, died Sister Frances Burrows, one of the elders that came from St Ursula's in the second company. She had been sickly all her life long, and weak. She was very tractable, obedient to all her superiors, and suffered much, because she had some little defects, which, though she laboured hard to subdue, she could not so wholly overcome them, but that sometimes a hasty word came from her, which nevertheless was presently amended with humbly speaking her fault. So it may well be hoped she hath gained a good crown in heaven for the continual labour she took here in overcoming herself, although for her humiliations some small defects still seemed to remain, which, perhaps, were not so displeasing to God as to creatures; also for her great patience and humility, which showed most in divers occasions, especially at her going forth to Bruges with the rest at the time of our distress, when she gave great edification, as also by her sweet and blessed death.

And in respect that we have not hitherto particularly spoken of her parents and her coming to religion, we will now set it down here, as it was noted down in a paper apart by our Reverend Father. She was born at Burrow-on-the-hill in Leicestershire, her father a gentleman but a younger brother; his name was Anthony Burrows. Her mother, called Maud, was daughter to Lord Vaux, Baron of Harrowden in Northamptonshire. This daughter of theirs was first brought up in her father's house, her mother dying when she was but 5 years of age, in whose infancy this happened worthy of note, and might be accounted a sign of God's graces which she was afterwards to receive. Her father, being a man who then in his religion followed the time and frequented the churches of heretics, was wont on Sundays and holy-days to go with his family to their services. Frances, being very young, was carried thither also in the maid's arms, but so soon as she was within the church she fell fast asleep, not waking

till she was out of the church again, and this continued with her after she could go alone, and was so observed in her, that they thought it bootless to lead her into the church, but would leave her in the churchyard to play during the time of service.

Soon after her mother's death, she was taken from her father's care, and assumed by a kinswoman of hers, one Mrs Brooksby, a young widow, daughter to Lord Vaux, who brought her up as her own daughter, for the most part at Harrowden House, where her cousin lived. When this child came first to the said widow, she took her in her arms with tears and said: "I will have Frances, I will have Frances"; having before intended to have taken another of the sisters who was her god-daughter. "For to this child," quoth she, "God will give a blessing which none of the rest shall have"; which proved true, for she became a religious, and none of the rest so much as Catholic. Being committed to this her cousin's care, she was first taught to say her prayers, then instructed in the Catholic religion and admitted to be present at the exercises thereof, for this was a very Catholic house. As she grew in years, so did she in the constant profession of her religion.

She showed great courage when the pursuivants and other officers came to the house to search for priests, church stuff, or Catholic books, which was there often to do, the rest hiding them in secret places made in the house for that purpose. But she was always let out to go up and down to answer the officers, because her courage was such as she never seemed to be daunted or feared of anything. It happened, when she was but 11 years of age, a priest being at Mass in the chamber above, and another present, a great noise was heard in the house below; and fearing it to be as indeed it was, the priest desired the gentlewoman of the house to go down and the girl with her to see what the matter was. They went, and in the hall found, through negligence of the doorkeeper,

the pursuivants and constables, entered with many swords drawn; which the child seeing, cried out, "Oh! put up your swords, or else my mother will die, for she cannot endure to see a naked sword." The officers perceiving the gentlewoman's countenance to change, believed her and put up their swords. But Frances runneth back again, pretending to fetch some wine for her mother, shut the doors, gave warning to the priests, helped to hide them, and then came back again to the pursuivants, having frustrated them of their expectation, for they could find no priest. Such was her present will, not disturbed in time of danger.

Another time, a pursuivant thinking with terror to make her disclose the secret places of the house, caught her by the arm, and holding his naked dagger at her breast, threatened that if she would not tell him where the priests were, he would stab her in the heart. She, undaunted, as not apprehending anything of death, bade him if he durst, and with courage said, "If you do, it shall be the hottest blood that ever thou sheddest in thy life." The pursuivant, perceiving that death could not fright her, offered a £100 to have her, for to make a present to the Lord Bishop of London, saying it was pity a maid of her courage should be spoiled with papistry. Being now come to years of discretion and some ripeness of judgment, conversing daily with priests and hearing many good things (and sometimes her cousin talked of a sister of hers, called Elizabeth, who was a nun at Rouen in France of St Clare's Order), she got thereupon a great love unto that kind of life, although she could not imagine what it was to be a nun. Being ashamed to ask, she contented herself that surely it was a fine thing, but wavering in her mind, sometimes she would be a nun, sometimes not; thus she continued working with her mind some ten years. Once in an evening, about twilight, having left her company and being alone with thoughts of being a nun, she felt in her soul great and

strong inspirations from God in which she took very much delight, yet understood not what she felt, but resolutely resolved to remain a virgin all her life. In the summer after this, being in a Catholic gentleman's house where for some time she remained, it happened on a Sunday after dinner, as she was alone in a little garden with great comfort of mind, thinking of being a nun, she suddenly heard one to knock at the back door of the said garden, where none could come except those of the house, and knowing that the servants were at dinner, she thought it might be some of the children. She went and opened the door, and saw there a man clothed in woollen cloth, all in white. His garments were very long, but neatly tucked up, and such as she had never seen before. He looked cheerfully on her, and spoke unto her, but she understood him not, and so she told him. Then he made signs to her, as she thought, for to have something to eat. Wherefore presently she runs to the butler to ask something for a poor man. He gave her a good piece of bread and meat, and whilst that he went to fetch her also a pot of strong beer, she cut a piece of pie that was there, and conveyed it out at the window that the butler might not see it, and so went with haste to the man, fearing he might be departed, but he was not gone. She gave it to him, who took it graciously, ate the bread and meat, and drank the beer to her seeming, but the pie he took up in the tuck of his garment. She perceiving him about to do it, said to him "Oh! you will spoil your white coat," at which he smiled, but yet put it in. All this while she stood, as it were forgetful of herself, earnestly viewing and beholding him, never having seen any man in the like attire before; who, when he had eaten, and drunk, lifting up his hand, with his two forefingers gave her a long blessing and went away. But she forgetting still herself, would not so leave him, but followed him a good way, till coming to a stile, remembering where she was and that alone, forthwith ran back in all haste home,

and told the gentleman of the house and the priest who was there what she had seen. They went presently with all speed to fetch him but never could see or spy him. She made inquiry of the neighbours, who all said they had seen no such man, and they never would hear more of him. Neither could she imagine what he might be until, three years after, coming to Louvain to be a religious, and visiting the church of Augustine Friars before she entered (who serve the church in white) she saw theirs to be the same habit which the man wore whom she had seen before, and it was now a great motive to settle her in her vocation ; counting this as a means wherewith Almighty God had called her. She was sent over by Father Garnet the elder, martyr, who was Superior of the Jesuits in England, being about 19 years of age, and was professed on the 13th of July, two years after, having been one year scholar and one year novice. She made a blessed end by a quiet and sweet death, after some time of sharp sickness, having had a lingering weakness, with which she was daily troubled, for to make her crown of patience in heaven. She bore the office of Sacristan at St Ursula's, and had taken good pains therein, and here she was often employed in divers things by obedience, and was still ready to do willingly what she could in the service of the convents, as looking to the workmen or such like employments having but a weak voice for the choir.

On the 5th day of February in this year, we chose a new sub-prioress, by reason that the other, Sister Elizabeth Shirley, who had set up this monastery (as is aforesaid) and continued about twenty-eight years in that office, was now by reason of great age grown so infirm as she could not follow more the order in coming either to the refectory or choir, but only with great difficulty, and therefore had long desired to be released of her office, which now at length was granted her. So the convent chose Sister Mary Copley to that office, who before had been Arcaria thirteen years, since the death of Sister Mary Welch, unto whom

succeeded Sister Mary Scudamore for some two or three months, having given up her office of procuratrix because she was sick, and died soon as has been aforesaid. Now, therefore, Sister Augustine Bedingfeld was chosen Arcaria. And the old sub-prioress after that, with great contentment, lived to herself, being tended in a chamber apart as her weakness required, and gave good example of humility and true virtue.

PREFACE TO CHAPTER THE NINTH

Lancashire Catholics. The Towneleys of Towneley. John Towneley, the invincible champion of the Faith. Charles Towneley, the Cavalier. Richard Towneley, the Carthusian Prior. Sister Christina of St Monica's. The Jacobite Rising of 1715. With Prince Charles Edward in 1745. Trial and execution of Francis Towneley in 1746.

THE last chapter of this second volume is largely taken up with the holy deaths of Sisters of St Monica's, of whom we have already given an account elsewhere. But it brings before us a devout Lancashire family, the Gillibrands of Chorley, and records the remarkable incident of a priest, the Reverend Richard Worthington, being taken out of the Spanish ambassador's coach in the streets of London, and carried at once to prison. He was a native of Louvain, and two of his sisters were professed at St Monica's.

The occurrence of these two names of Worthington and Gillibrand suggests the addition in this preface of some further notes on Catholic families from Lancashire, represented among our canonesses. I may be allowed to make a further extract from the letter of Richard Worthington, written from Blainscough, 14th September 1698, to his four sisters, canonesses at Louvain, from which we have already quoted. "Doctor Worthington told me he gave you an account of good Mr Oliver Tootel's death. He died the fifth of May last, and as always he showed himself a true friend to us, so at his death, made Cousin Gillibrand and me executors. . . . I read part of Sister Mary's letter which concerned Mr Hervis to Cousin Charles Towneley. Sir Rowland Stanley and his three daughters were at Blainscoe this summer, going and coming from Towneley. They were much satisfied with their visit to Towneley, and meeting also my cousin Markham, he and his lady with her aunt Catharine Towneley out of Nottinghamshire, Mr Tempest and his lady from Broughton."

Right Reverend William Vaughan,
Bishop of Plymouth. Died, October 25, 1902 ; buried at St Augustine's Priory.

[*Face page* 170.

The profession of Sister Christina (Ursula) Towneley does not fall within the part of the Chronicle comprised in the present volume. But the connection of the Towneleys with the families of Worthington and Tempest is a sufficient excuse, if any were needed, for giving a notice of the Towneleys of Towneley before we close our series of family histories.

Sister Ursula Towneley of St Monica's was the daughter of Charles Towneley and his wife Ursula Fermor; and her two aunts, Margaret and Cecily Towneley, were Augustinian canonesses at Paris.

The Towneleys' race is run now; the name became extinct from failure in the male line in our own days, and their ancestral home from Saxon days knows them no more. We are only concerned with their sufferings in the days of persecution, which are indelibly written in the records of our glorious confessors, and which the author of "Lydiate Hall" justly describes as inconceivable, adding that in consequence of their staunch adherence to an obnoxious creed, the family had remained without preferment, so that Charles Towneley of Towneley, its representative in 1876, although perhaps the greatest commoner in Lancashire, held no higher rank than his ancestor in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

The first to arrest our attention among these heroes of Christ is John Towneley, son of Charles, and grandson of Sir John Towneley, Kt.

Under a portrait of this unconquerable confessor of Christ, formerly at Towneley, was the following inscription: "This John, about the sixth or seventh year of her Majesty's reign that now is, for professing the Apostolic Roman Catholic Faith, was imprisoned first at Chester Castle; then sent to Marshalsea; then to York Castle; then to the Blockhouses in Hull; then to the Gatehouse in Westminster; then to Manchester; then to Broughton in Oxfordshire; then twice to Ely in Cambridgeshire; and so now, seventy-three years old, and blind, is bound to appear and keep within five miles of Towneley, his house. Who hath, since the statute of the twenty-third, paid into the Exchequer twenty pounds a month, and doth still; so that there is paid already above five thousand pounds. A.D. one thousand six hundred and one. John Towneley of Towneley in Lancashire." Five thousand pounds in those days would probably be equivalent to £50,000, nowadays. John Towneley died in 1607. The invincible champion of Christ was the father of thirteen children.

In his examination, being accused of harbouring priests, he confessed that one Henry Crane, clerk, had lived in his house for six years, and that James Hargreaves, clerk, had stayed a night in his house. James Hargreaves had been Vicar of Blackburn, and was one of the priests in prison at Manchester in 1584. In Father Knox's Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen may be read the warrant issued for his arrest, as well as for that of Allen, Lawrence Vaux, and others.

One of the effects on our old Catholic families of the long and cruel persecution was to transform whatever was excessive in their pride of race. This became softened down till it resembled the heroic sentiment of the holy Eleazar, who would not even feign to violate the law given to his fathers by God's ordinance, reflecting, as the inspired writer has it, on "the dignity of his age and his ancient years, and the honour of his grey head." There was nothing unworthy in adding to the supernatural principles of the Catholic Faith the thought of the honour of a noble and ancient house to assist them in the conflict.

Of the imperious spirit that would sometimes tarnish true nobility we have an amusing instance in Baines's *Lancashire*. Fellows, *Lancaster Herald*, relates his experience with Sir John Towneley, the grandfather of the holy confessor of the Faith. To his petition to be allowed to draw up the family pedigree, Sir John replied, "that he would have no note taken of him;" "that there were no more gentlemen in Lancashire than my Lord Derby and Monteagle. I sought him," adds Fellows, "all the day, riding in the wild country, and his reward was eleven shillings, which the guide had the most part, and I had as evil a journey as ever I had."

Less than fifty years afterwards, when the holy Canon Regular, Laurence Vaux, was arraigned with his friend Gilbert Tichbourne before the cruel Bishop Aylmer, on his expressing a hope that a bishop would not deal with him more harshly than the soldiers in whose power he had been in the Low Countries, Aylmer replied: "I have committed to jail lately two men of great wealth, and illustrious birth, Throckmorton and another (Towneley) whose annual income amounts to £1000, and dost thou hope I will let a papist such as thou art, go free." Then he at once committed him to the Gatehouse, where amid every kind of squalor and suffering, he found a multitude of priests, laymen, and women "of whom," says the letter in the Douay Diaries, "Towneley, a gentle-

man of gentle birth, holds the first place; and next Mrs Heath and her daughter" (relatives of Archbishop Heath). No doubt the company of men like Laurence Vaux was of great consolation to our holy confessor. Still more would he have rejoiced if he could have foreseen that as a reward of his cruel trials the house of Towneley should never swerve from the Faith until the name should be extinct.

John Towneley was succeeded by his son Richard; of the children of the latter the third was Charles, who inherited his father's estates on the death of his brothers, John and Richard. In his 14th year he was sent to St Omer's College, where he spent two years, returning to England till his 19th year. He tried his vocation at the English College, Rome, but not finding himself called to the priesthood, returned home. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Trappes-Byrnand. At the outbreak of the Civil War he drew the sword for his king and fell fighting at the battle of Marston Moor. The two young ladies of the house of Towneley, who about 1620 are said (Gee's *Foot out the Snare*) to have gone abroad to a nunnery, presumably for their education, were perhaps his sisters; and at the same time a priest named Towneley is said to be "lodging about the Strand" in London.

With the softening of the rigour of persecution after the death of King James, such Catholic families as were noted for intellectual gifts and manliness of character, being by their faith debarred from political life, sought in various channels an outlet for their energies. Richard Towneley, the next in the line, who died at York in 1707, was a distinguished mathematician and astronomer. He married Mary, the daughter of Clement Paston of Barmingham in Norfolk. He was singularly blessed in his children. Richard his son was the Carthusian Prior of Sheen Anglorum at Nieuport from 1714 to 1722, when he resigned. He died there in 1729. Before his profession as a Carthusian at Bourg-Fontaine, he had sought admission among the Trappists. His two sisters, Cecily and Margaret, were professed among the Canonesses Regular at Paris, and his brother John appears in the pedigree as a monk, without further indication. Of the other children of Richard Towneley, Dorothy became the wife of Francis Howard of Corby Castle, and Frances was married to Cuthbert Kennet, Esq. Their father died in 1707. Charles, his son and heir, who married Ursula, daughter of Richard Fermor of Tusmore, only survived him till 1711. These were the parents of our Sister Christina

(Ursula) Towneley, professed at St Monica's in 1712, where she died in 1771.

Evil times were now at hand. The Jacobite Rising of 1715 had involved numbers of Catholics. Its wisdom may well be questioned, but the purity of the motives of the insurgents is beyond question. For them it was in defence not only of loyalty, but of religion, of which we shall see more in the history of James, Earl of Derwentwater. How far it affected the house of Towneley is our present concern. Many Catholic estates were forfeited, and after the suppression of the insurrection, such as refused to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy were compelled to register their estates. For what follows we are indebted to Mr Orlebar Payne's volumes on the Catholic non-jurors of 1715.

Richard, the son and heir of Charles Towneley, was now in a difficult position. He had married Mary, the sister of William, fourth and last Lord Widdrington. The Widdringtons were fervent Catholics and ardent Jacobites. His lordship joined the insurgents at Warkworth, marched with them to Preston, where he was taken prisoner with his two brothers, and afterwards condemned to death. Though his life was spared, he was not restored to his honours or estates. He was offered a sufficient provision for the maintenance of his children if he would agree to their being educated as Protestants. His answer to the commissioner was, "that they might proceed to sell the said estate." His daughter Apollonia went beyond the seas and became a nun.

It seems beyond doubt that Richard Towneley followed his brother-in-law's example and joined the Jacobite army. William Baines of Preston deposed before the royal commissioners that "he saw Richard Towneley of Towneley with a cockade in his hat with twelve or fourteen men with him, all with cockades, swords, pistols, and guns, on Sunday morning, marching among the said rebels to oppose the king's forces." How he escaped the consequences is not clear. A bitter enemy of the Jacobites writes: "If Mr Tildesley and Mr Towneley were acquitted for want of evidence, it was not because sufficient evidence could not be had, for there are depositions against them so direct and plain that had these persons been produced as witnesses it must have made a jury, even of Jacobites, ashamed to have acquitted them." But for a time he was in the utmost alarm, and we find him writing to his London agent, Richard Starky of Furnival's Inn, to acquaint the

commissioners that his house had been forcibly entered and two bailiffs put in possession. "They threaten," he adds, "to sell the small goods I have procured for the poor children, and throw them out of doors within a few days." This was on 12th February 1716. However, matters were happily composed, and Richard Towneley was left in peace until his death in 1735. His wife, the Hon. Mary Widdrington, died in 1731.

Sister Christina had been three years professed among the white-robed Sisters of St Monica's when messengers from England brought her tidings of the Jacobite Rising and the tragedies that followed it, the execution of Lord Derwentwater and others on Tower Hill and at Tyburn. She was thirty years later to receive news that would bring her far more bitter affliction. Her two brothers, John and Francis, wearied and harassed with the sad state of England under the first sovereign of the House of Hanover, had gone beyond the seas and entered the army of France. Both served with distinction, and fought at the siege of Philipsburg. John translated Butler's *Hudibras* into French, a congenial occupation for a descendant of the cavaliers, whose ancestor had fallen at Marston. But in the fatal year of 1745, the call of Prince Charles Edward for volunteers to risk their all for the restoration of the Stuarts to their throne was irresistible.

Prince Charles Edward landed on the coast of Lochaber in Scotland on the 16th July 1745, and his standard was immediately joined by a large body of Highlanders. Edinburgh was speedily taken, and the English army under General Cope was defeated at Prestonpans. Marching southward, the prince invested Carlisle, thence continuing his march to Derby, whence he was forced to retreat from the refusal of the Highland clans to advance further. In his expectations of active help from the Catholic families in the north of England he was largely disappointed. But the two gallant brothers, John and Francis Towneley, joined him at Manchester, and shared his fortunes till the last. Trained to arms in the French service, they were among the most valuable of the Prince's officers, and their high principles of loyality and religion would not allow them to desert the cause of the Stuarts. John was to accompany the prince during his retreat into Scotland, and to share in the victory of Falkirk, escaping to France after the disastrous defeat at Culloden. His brother Francis, who took a more prominent part in the war, was less fortunate. He was Governor of Carlisle at the time of

its surrender to the Duke of Cumberland; was made prisoner there, and the hero suffered a Jacobite traitor's doom. We subjoin the details of his trial and execution from the official reports. It is but just that we should view the tragedy from the standpoint of the sufferers. No doubt of the justice of their cause tarnished the heroism of their sacrifice, and they offered that sacrifice as much out of fidelity to their religion as from loyalty to the king, so that it is no wonder if their descendants often cherish their memory, almost as that of martyrs to their loyality and to their Faith. They usually died with sentiments of the most devoted piety.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1746 gives from the *London Gazette* the list of officers in the Manchester Regiment at Carlisle, commanded by Col. Francis Towneley. From Lancashire: Francis Towneley, Peter Moss, Thomas Deacon, John Berwick, Robert Deacon, John Holker, Charles Deacon, Charles Gaylor, James Wilding, John Betts, William Bradshaw, Thomas Syddell. From Northumberland: John Saunderson, John Hurter. From Yorkshire: Andrew Blood. From Staffordshire: Thomas Chadwick. From Cheshire: Thomas Funival and Samuel Maddock. From the same source I have abridged the account of the trial of Francis Towneley.

He was arraigned 3rd July 1746, and a true Bill found against him, before the Lord Chief Justice Lee, the Lord Chief Justice Willes, and others.

On the 15th, the court met again, "and proceeded to the trial of Francis Towneley, gentleman, Colonel of the Manchester regiment and Governor of Carlisle. The indictment was read, setting forth that the prisoner levied war, and appeared in arms against the king in several places, and especially that the 10th of November last he appeared in a hostile manner at Carlisle in the county of Cumberland with upwards of 3000 persons, and took possession of the city and citadel of Carlisle aforesaid, being the city and citadel of our Lord the King, and the same by means of a cruel slaughter of his Majesty's subjects, did keep and defend." The witnesses were then called. Roger Macdonald deposed to having seen the prisoner at Derby and elsewhere, wearing the white cockade and tartan plaid, and marching as colonel at the head of his regiment. The regimental banners bore on one side the inscription: "Liberty and Property;" on the other, "Church and King." Samuel Maddock (who had turned king's evidence) deposed that some of the regiment always mounted

guard at Col. Towneley's quarters; that at Derby they beat up for volunteers to serve under Colonel Towneley; that the colonel was made by the prince governor of Carlisle, where he mounted guns and so forth; that he passionately rebuked Colonel Hamilton for surrendering the citadel, saying "it was better to die with arms in our hands, than be taken by these d——d Hanoverians."

Austin Coleman confirmed the above evidence. Captains Vere and Carey of the Royal Army gave evidence as to terms of surrender. The prisoner's counsel pleaded that about the year 1728, he was, by some family misfortunes, obliged to retire to France where he received a commission from the French king, and served under the Duke of Berwick at the siege of Philipsburg; that on his return to England he had lived privately till the breaking out of these troubles, when he received a colonel's commission from the King of France, in whose service he had been for sixteen years, and ought therefore to be considered as a French officer. Captain Carpenter proved the granting of the commission. To this it was answered that being a natural born British subject all proof of his entering into the service of France made against him, and after the evidence had been summed up by the Lord Chief Justice Lee, the jury consulted in court, but not agreeing withdrew, and in ten minutes found the prisoner guilty.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1746 gives the following account of his execution (page 383).

"Wednesday 30th (July), about 11 o'clock were, pursuant to their sentences conveyed on three hurdles from the New Gaol, Southwark, to Kennington Gallows, attended by a strong party of soldiers, Francis Towneley, George Fletcher, Thomas Chadwick, James Dawson, Thomas Deacon, John Berwick, Andrew Blood, Thomas Siddal, and Thomas David Morgan. A pile of faggots and a block were placed near the gallows; and while the prisoners were removing from the sledges into a cart drawn under the tree for that purpose, the faggots were set on fire, and the guards formed a circle round the place of execution. When they had spent near an hour in their devotions, though not attended by any clergyman, they severally delivered papers to the sheriff and were soon turned off. When they had hung about five minutes, Mr Towneley was cut down. His body, not being quite dead, was stripped and laid on the block. The hangman with a cleaver severed his head from his body, which

were put into a coffin; then taking out the bowels and heart, threw them into the fire; he then proceeded to the next. . . . When the heart of the last was put into the fire, the executioner cried out, 'God save King George'; at which the multitude of spectators gave a great shout. The heads and bodies were conveyed back in coffins to the prison from whence they came. They behaved in a manner suitable to their unhappy circumstances, all of them seeming calm and comforted though none shed tears. Three of their heads are to be set up, viz., Morgan's upon Temple Bar, Towneley's at Carlisle, and Siddal's at Manchester." The writer was, of course, ignorant of the source of their tranquil firmness, and knew nothing of the grace of the sacraments they had received in prison. In a letter signed A. Horne, published in the *General Evening Post*, September 1746, we read, "Walking very lately by the Romish chapel near Lincoln's Inn Fields, I entered . . . and turning myself towards the right hand, my eye was catched by sundry pieces of paper both written and printed, stuck against the wall. My curiosity induced me to read a part of them. I found them to be requests for departed souls. Among these requests for prayers there were two I particularly remarked; one was for Mr Francis Towneley, and the other for Mr Andrew Blood, who, as the labels mentioned, died on the 30th day of July 1746. I was struck with indignation at the sight and left the place, reflecting how by such acts true religion was perverted and scandalised, and our government insulted." He goes on to say, "he is surprised any can offer up prayers for the departed souls of men executed for a rebellion." Such was Protestant England in the eighteenth century.

Deep was the mourning among the Catholics of Lancashire over the fate of the gallant Colonel Towneley, but greatest of all must have been the sorrow of Sister Christina at St Monica's.

I have left myself no space to detail the later history of his family. The next successor to the estates was Charles Towneley, whose magnificent collection of clanical works of art forms one of the treasures of the British Museum. Only in very late years, after more than 130 generations from the first Lord of Towneley, did this illustrious race become extinct in the male line. Mabel, daughter of Colonel John Towneley, its last representative, who, through her parents unites in herself the ancient family of Towneley and Tichbourne, is the present Lady Clifford of Chudleigh.

NOTE.—Among the MSS. preserved at Newton Abbot is the following letter, dated from Towneley 17th March 1692. It is written by Charles Towneley to his cousin Sister Mary Genevieve Worthington, professed at St Monica's in 1674, and afterwards prioress for seven years. She died 20th November 1734.

"DEAR COUSIN,

"After the kind reprimand you give me for not writing last year, I cannot again be guilty of the same fault. I thought the iniquity of the times might have been an excuse, but since you think otherwise, I acquiesce.

"We are all very glad to hear that you, your sisters and family * are well. The best return I can make is the like news of us and ours.

"My mother, now in her 91st year, is perfectly worn out, yet enjoys her health; but we have reason to fear that the least blast will take her off. My brother Towneley's eyes are as well as usually couched eyes are. My nephew, your humble servant his wife,† gives us frequent hopes of a new increase to the two boys and a girl they already have. My niece Kennet and niece Constable are in the North with my niece Howard, who at last has brought an heir to that family. Besides services from all here to all with you, my brother sends a blessing to his goddaughter. My niece Cecily, though not perfectly free from all symptoms of her distemper, yet is so far advancing in the cure that she does not question but to find it on this side the seas. Mrs Aylmer may here find my service.

"I shall continue my endeavour to serve good Mrs Horrds. Times here are bad, and taxes lie heavily on all, so that it is hard to find such as have anything left for charity. However, be pleased, as you shall see occasions, to let her have 20s. I will see if I can make it more; so much I shall answer, and that and more (if gotten) shall be put into your father's hands. I hope ere long to see them, in the meantime have sent this open to Blainscoe that your relations there may add to it what they please, and then seal and send it forward. We are here much satisfied that you have some correspondence with my niece Margaret.

* *I.e.*, the community of St Monica's. Catholics were in danger from the penal laws, hence the cautious expression.

† *I.e.*, my nephew's wife.

"I beg you would be pleased to remember us all here when you are to improve your remembrances into more than barren compliments.*

"I am, dear Cousin, your affectionate kinsman and Servant,

"CHARLES TOWNELEY.

"Charles Wilkinson returns you his most humble service."

* *I.e.*, at times of prayer.

CHAPTER IX

From the death of Sister Anne Brumfield to the visit to St Monica's of William Howard, Viscount Stafford, afterwards martyred. Prioress Throckmorton confirmed in her office for life. Death of the Reverend John Bolt. Sister Mary Roper and the Roper family. A succession of holy deaths. The Gillibrands. Arrest of a priest when driving through London in the Spanish Ambassador's coach.

Upon the 16th of April 1638, died Sister Anne Brumfield, one of the elders that, as we have lately declared, went forth to Bruges in the time of the siege, at which time she was also very sickly as she had been some years, by the cough of a wasting consumption and other pains which at length brought her to her end. But to say something of her life in religion: we have at first related how by mere affliction of mind in the world our Lord brought her to be a Catholic, and after that to religion, wherein expecting to find comfort, Almighty God, who, in His Divine Wisdom, knoweth best what is best for everyone, denied it her all the time of her life, but gave her instead thereof a fervent will to serve Him, and grace to go through her desolation of mind, affliction, and divers temptations for the space of forty years that she lived therein; and trying all the help she could of divers learned men, by no means could she get quit of her internal afflictions; for she was indeed therein in earnest, and for many years sought too much the freedom of her sufferings and inward troubles, and did not rather, as she ought, settle herself to bear all quietly and patiently, but thought it was fit to hope and expect help

therein. Some four or five years before her death she wholly settled herself to expect no help during her life but resigned herself in all to the Divine Will, who pleased to lead her by such a dry and desolate way that she might be a comfort and example to others.

She gave good edification to all, and left behind her worthily the name of a most strict observer of the Order and a lover of prayer; for though she had no sensible comfort therein, yet of the great desire she had to enjoy God, she esteemed most of that act which is nearest Him, and had yet less delight in exterior recreation than in prayer, out of the fervour of her will, insomuch as many thought she did enjoy much devotion, seeing her so much addicted to prayer, and to spend much time therein. In her later years she commonly stayed all the morning in the choir, in which time she could not meditate nor yet discourse quietly with her understanding any long time, but only now and then for some short space make an aspiration of the will, which was presently dashed again with her importunate thoughts, temptations, and afflictions.

Therefore, usually she spent all the time in vocal prayer—as, her beads after divers manners, dirges, and other vocal prayers—for thereby she better kept down the working of imagination, so as to overcome temptation, especially those against Faith, which commonly haunted her. She performed the office of chantress or sub-chantress above twenty years, and was also some years custos and schoolmistress, all which offices she performed carefully and well, for all her internal afflictions; as also while she had her health was very sharp in penance to herself, taking sometimes very hard disciplines, and at St Ursula's sometimes wore haircloth, and all her life she was given to abstinence. Her failing in strict observance of order and practice of virtue was so seldom as came scarce to be exteriorly noted, but known only to one to whom she was free, and whom she had access unto with leave and approbation of her superiors

and ghostly fathers. This Sister also prayed for her frequently, for the space of sixteen years, until she came to be wholly resigned. That Sister was much younger than herself, yet loving her dearly, she stuck not to subject herself to her by a secret obedience by the appointment of her superior, who condescended to her desire herein. The other also loving her most cordially in our Lord, as one who had cost her many prayers and tears, exercised this power with great humility and modesty, rather to comfort and assist her than any way to afflict her. In her last sickness, which continued from Christmas until April that she died, she still helped her, by reason that her desolation of mind through the tediousness of sickness began to grow upon her very much before her end.

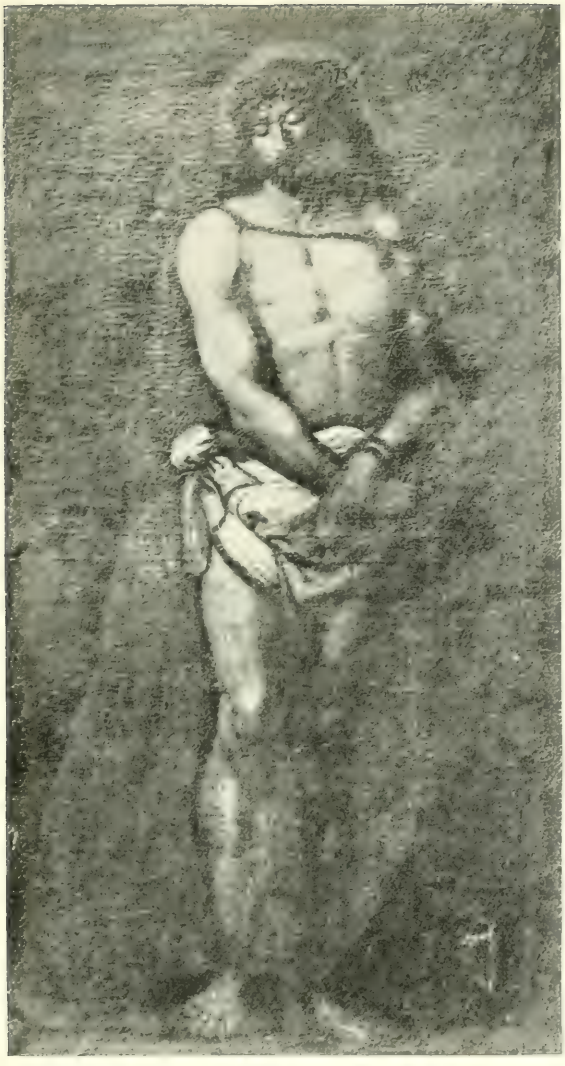
Wherefore, it pleased our merciful Lord to take her away by a sudden but not unprovided death, being ten days before reasonably quiet and well disposed to suffer. In one night, about three o'clock in the morning, the Sister that lay by her heard her cough in the throat, and going to her found her a-dying, so as before our Reverend Mother or the Fathers could come she had given up the ghost.

In the year 1639, Sister Augustine Bedingfeld went from hence to our monastery of Bruges upon the earnest entreaty of the prioress there, Mother Mary Pole, who had long laboured with our archbishop to have her hence, because they imagined by her coming to get some friends, so as that house might prosper better and they might receive more company; and at length, after some difficulties, our convent here consented to it for the good of that cloister, although she was much beloved here.

This same year, the archbishop confirmed by patents (letters patent), our Reverend Mother Prioress in her office, Mother Magdalen Throckmorton, who was twice before confirmed only for three years, but now the third time,

having still the most voices in the election, which had been also made before at the three years' end, she was now established in the place so long as the bishop should please.

Upon the 3rd of August 1640, after midnight, died our reverend good priest, Mr John Bolt, *alias* Johnson, very happily although suddenly, for to such a virtuous and blessed life could not but succeed a happy death. He had about seven years or more before his death been taken with the gout, insomuch that for four or five years he was wholly lame therewith, and we were forced to have our lay sisters to bring him up unto the organ upon great feasts, when he was to play and govern the music. He lived all this time very recollected, lying upon his bed in his chamber alone, passing the time with God in prayer. He had one Sister to tend him, Sister Martha, the second professed in this cloister, with whose help and looking to, he passed his great pains of the gout and other infirmities. He grew still weaker and weaker towards his end, yet at great feasts, when he was carried up into the organ-house, and our Sisters came there to him, the musicianers and others, he would speak so well of good things unto them as showed his fervent spirit. He would also sing to the organ sometimes with great devotion; but being now very old, although he looked young and fresh, it pleased our Lord to take him by a sudden but not unprovided death. For finding himself very ill, he said he had a great pain at his heart, and our Reverend Mother sent him two lay sisters to watch with him in the night, unto whom he spoke fervently of good spiritual things as his custom was, saying he was well but felt his heart as it were oppressed. He said many litanies with them, for he could not sleep, till about two o'clock in the morning he would needs have them to go to bed, for he also would give himself to sleep, and bade them put out the light. The Sister then, who always tended him, Sister Martha Holman, took the light away, and would have carried it out of the room, to have it



OUR LORD AFTER THE FLAGELLATION.

A Painting of the Flemish School, formerly at St Monica's, Louvain, now at St Augustine's Priory.

(*Face page* 184

ready whatever need should be, but he would not let her do so, saying, "Put it out; do as you are bidden." It seems he found himself well. She did so, and though he would have them to go to bed, yet they remained there about him; and presently upon a sudden, one of them, Sister Alexia Hobdy, heard him to rattle, whereupon she suddenly went to him, and speaking, he gave no answer. Then she said to Sister Martha, "He is dying." With that they were in poor case, the light being out, only it was a glimpse of day at that time of the year. Then Sister Martha ran in all haste to call our Fathers, and Mr Richard White was more quick, only slipped on his cassock and came to him. But it was as it seems too late; for with one short breath, he gave up the ghost, and died as we hoped most blessedly, as he had lived. He used to confess and communicate every week, having not for some years been able to say Mass for his lameness of the gout, and so dying at the beginning of the week, about Tuesday, we may suppose he was ready prepared. He had always loved holy poverty, and served us here in the music, and teaching our Sisters twenty-eight years, without taking any pension, contenting himself with only meat and drink and such clothes as we gave him. After his death, our Reverend Mother found that he had yet by him the £10 which she gave him at her profession, which she took now for his burial and to get prayers for his soul. Thus did this good priest end his happy days, having so well contemned the world as we have declared heretofore. He left after his death our Sisters so expert in music by his teaching, as they were able to keep up the same without any other master or help for many years. Sister Anne Evans was then our organist, who, having learnt in the world to play upon the virginals, was since become so skilful upon the organ by his teaching, she was able to keep up the music as before. And Sister Lioba Morgan was also very skilful in prick-song, so as with the help also of others, they kept up the music to the honour of God,

and the devotion of strangers who came to our church and heard them.

The same year, the 1st of September, died Sister Ursula Whitsal, a lay sister, of a long consumption. She could never speak loud, but after a hoarse manner, which showed something of her lungs was perished. She had been long sickly about the house, but upon St Lawrence Eve, having had a great fit in the night of vomiting and great pain, she was brought into the infirmary, and there continued so drawing to her end that all the physician's help could not avail her. But upon this said day she yielded her soul unto our Lord with a still and quiet death, having received all the sacraments, and the convent praying about her, with two or three gasps she departed this life. She was a good Sister, obedient, and very laborious in all that she was able to do; and had for some time served without in the Father's house, and carried herself very well, being of a good nature. We buried her in a new churchyard, which we had made for the lay sisters, because in our cloisters might be more room for to bury the nuns, and this was also hallowed ground, the court within the square cloisters.

This year (1640) the stirs increasing in England, so as our means also were likely to fail, we intended to lay out of our stock both of portions and other moneys that we could get in from rents upon life pensions in these countries. This proved afterwards our best help, when indeed all our rents in England failed by reason of the Civil War that molested the whole kingdom for some years following; Mr Gifford, also foreseeing what was like to happen, sent us our moneys which he had to rent in his hands.

In the beginning of the next year (1641) upon the 1st of September died our Reverend Sub-prioress, Sister Elizabeth Shirley, who, as hath been said, resigned up her office in the year 1637, and after that kept her chamber,

which was allowed her for her sick-house. By reason of her great weakness and infirmity, she had a lay sister to attend her, Sister Agnes Watson. She gave very good example by living so contented, though she was able to do nothing almost to the Order, conforming herself therein to the will of God, for she had before said that she wished not to live any longer than she should be able to keep the Order. Yet, Almighty God ordained otherwise to prepare her the better for a good and happy end by patient suffering of her infirmity and weakness. For this last year of her life she was as it were drawing on towards her end, and would oftentimes when she did go or stir, pant for breath that it would pity one to hear her.

On the Friday, therefore, before her death, she had all the day stood crossing of her arms and panting for breath in a low room wherein she remained by day in the summer-time, being more cool than above, and at night when she was to go up she became so heavy that they had much ado to get her up. Her senses also then failed her from that time till her death, so as she scarce knew anybody, but lay like an innocent, and spoke kindly unto those that came to her. Yet she seemed to know our Reverend Mother, and would speak kindly unto her, saying: "Good Mother, go to bed." The doctor upon Saturday came to her, who perceived she would die, and bade us to annoile (anoint) her; so she received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and upon Sunday morning she rendered up her soul unto God, being forty-six years professed.

She was a woman very zealous in the keeping up of holy religion, a strict observer of the Order, and the foundress of this monastery, as hath been aforesaid, endued with many virtues of a plain and sincere proceeding. She often would say, towards her last end, that she felt a comfort in herself that neither for fair or foul had she ever omitted to speak what she thought was for God's

honour and the good of holy religion. Nevertheless, when she had done her part and spoken what she thought fit, she ever conformed herself unto the good liking of her superiors, for she would never be contrary unto what they thought best, though she herself was often of another opinion in the ordering of things. And although she had not any great liking to have this Mother (Throckmorton) chosen, as not knowing nor understanding what virtue was in her, yet when she saw her elected, so that God had ordained her for the place, she submitted herself unto her like a child, and was ever after very kind and loving unto her, and liked well of her proceedings.

She was an humble woman, which always makes one happy, and showed it on divers occasions. In the chapter she would always, at such times as she was permitted, speak her fault heartily, repeating often her defects and imperfections. Besides, every week on Saturday night, she spake her fault to the lay sister that tended her of all her troublesomeness, in such wise that the Sister was ashamed and would fain have hindered her from it. But she answered her again thus: "Good Sister, let me alone to do my duty"; and always continued that custom for these later years. She was very deaf, which was a greater cross unto others than to herself, for the elders could not so well speak to her of matters, and ask her counsel in things as they would fain have done, because she could not hear unless she spoke so loud that others were like to hear it; but she herself was not sorry, saying that she lived thereby the more quietly and free from knowing of things which perhaps would but trouble her.

In the year 1642, upon St Margaret's Day, the 20th of July, was professed Sister Mary Roper, being the first that our Reverend Mother Magdalen Throckmorton had received in her time of government, and was her cousin-german once removed, for her father, Mr Thomas Roper, was Sir William Roper's son, and this was his eldest child,

and much beloved of him. Her mother was daughter unto one Mr Winchscam, a very virtuous good woman, who would fain have been a religious, but being so very weak and sickly, it was judged by her ghostly father that she could not go through with a religious life; and so she married this Mr Roper, who loved her most dearly, and by whom she had many children, but was always very sickly, and at length as she lay in childbed of one child she had a vision of something that appeared unto her.

The particulars are not known, but only that she thereupon foretold she should die in her next childbed, which proved indeed accordingly. She was brought to bed upon a fright of her child's mishap, as she thought; for her eldest son being at play, and going to reach something for his playfellow under a heap of billets that lay loose, the billets fell upon him, which his mother chancing to espy ran speedily unto him, and the boy fearing he should be whipped for it, would not speak, which made her fear he was dead. They found after he had no harm at all, yet she with this fright fell in labour, ten weeks before her time. The child lived awhile, and was christened Francis before he died. She herself remained for about three weeks, yet still said she should die, and so indeed it proved. She then made a blessed end, having always the priest about her, who caused all the children to come three times unto her for to receive her last blessing. This her daughter Mary was then but 8 years old and the eldest of five children, to whom she gave these good instructions: first, that she should be obedient and dutiful to her father; next, that she be good unto the poor. To that end she left her 5s. in single pence for to give unto the poor. The like she left also to her other children, in all 25s. in single pence, that when they came to use of reason they might know what she had left them was that they should show charity to the poor. So she died happily, leaving her husband much afflicted, who loved her most dearly and

tenderly, and a most loving father to all his children, and a worthy gentleman, much esteemed of Catholics for his worth and good experience in worldly affairs.

He also suffered persecution, and had once a priest taken in his house, with many books, and was carried to prison with the priest; but it is not known what it cost him, and what shift he made to escape the law and to get home again safe.

This his daughter Mary he placed with Catholics his friends, where she was well used, and when she was 14 years old he placed her with his own sister, Mrs Constable, yet so as she should not use her sharply, she being very severe to her own children. Yet she would often molest her upon suspicion that she was in love with a fine gentleman in the house, which was nothing so; yet she was troublesome to her, fearing she would have cast herself away upon that man.

She would sometimes shame her before strangers, which made her get such an aversion from creatures that Almighty God drew her insensibly to have a mind to religion. It happened that, indeed, she fell in love with another gentleman (not him whom her aunt suspected), yet it was always with such an innocence and reservation that when he often wrote to her, always ending, "Yours more than his own," she still answered him, "Neither yours nor my own, but God's alone." Afterwards, when her father intended out of hand to marry her, that he might come and live with her, she at a fit time made the priest to discover unto him that she had a mind to become a religious, which he according to nature was very sensible of and wept most bitterly, yet by no means would hinder her; and when he understood that she would come hither to her cousin, our Reverend Mother, he was better content with this than any other place.

She had often heard, being at her aunt Constable's, of our Reverend Mother, by reason that they wrote sometimes to each other, Ann Roper, who now was Mrs

Constable, and our Reverend Mother, having lived together in the world. A fit opportunity occurring of Mr Worthington being willing to send his daughter once to see her aunt, his sister here (our procuratrix), Mr Thomas Roper sent this his daughter over; so they came both here, she to be a religious, but the other not. Mr Richard Worthington, the priest, brought them over, so then Mistress (Miss) Roper was received here, having the place given her before, and her father gave her a fair clothing gown.

This year (1642) on the 3rd of September, died Sister Elizabeth Clifford, white Sister, and a widow, of whom we spoke at large at her profession in the year 1615. She lived in religion a virtuous life, and gave good edification by her humility and other virtues, having been in the world a housekeeper,* and had good experience in the ordering of things, yet here in religion was content to bear the mortification of not having things according to her mind. She was a pious, worthy woman, and God did choose her out of the world to serve Him so many years in religion, even after she was 50 years old. And now before her death a niece of hers, Sister Frances Thimelby, who, for her sickliness, would not go forward with her sister Winefred, was clothed upon trial if she could have better health, and even in the Bride-week upon Wednesday, Sister Elizabeth Clifford, her aunt, died happily at the age of 78 years and twenty-eight of her profession.

This year we had more moneys laid off, of our rents in England, both by Mr George Gifford and Mr Thomas Roper, of our Sisters' portions, which they had laid at rent there, and we put the said moneys presently out unto rent here at the Mount of Piety for life pensions, which was a great help when in the ensuing years of war in England all our rents there failed. This year also Mr Gillibrand sent us aforehand half of his two daughters' portion,

* That is to say, a lady who had the management of her family and household.

£400. They were then novices, and according to our agreement we were to have some upon rent there till he should pay in the full portion, which was £400 more. But this rent failed afterwards like the rest for some twelve years till times were more quiet; he paid in the rest in the year 1655.

In the year 1643 upon the 10th of February were professed two nuns, Sister Elizabeth and Sister Margaret Gillibrand, two natural sisters, daughters of Mr Thomas Gillibrand of Chorley in Lancashire, and their mother was Sister Winefred Blundell's own sister, named Ann Blundell. She was always brought up a good Catholic, but her husband, Mr Gillibrand, was no Catholic. When he sued to her for marriage she told him plainly that he should never look to have her unless he would become a Catholic. He, then, God's grace concurring, being perhaps well-minded before, became a Catholic, so as they were married by a priest, and he continued ever after a most good and constant Catholic. They had divers children, and among the rest it pleased Almighty God to call these two daughters unto religion, giving unto each of them a dislike of the world; the elder, upon divers motives which drew her to desire religion, and the young had still in the midst of worldly pleasures a dislike of them, so as when she was at dancing or music so felt herself inwardly so grave and sad she could hardly refrain from weeping.

Neither of them said anything of their mind to religion but only to the priest for a long time, until at length the elder sister, one day at her prayers, desired so earnestly of Almighty God that if it were His will she should be a religious, He would please that day to give her some occasion for to discover her mind. It happened just that very same day, as they both sat at work with their mother, she began to discourse with them of religion, which was very unusual, for both she and their father would always shun to speak thereof for not to entice them in any sort thereunto. Now therefore seeing that our Lord presented her this

good occasion, according to her prayer, she thought with herself that now she must speak, and therewith burst forth into a weeping, and told her mother that she had a desire to be a religious. The younger sister upon this occasion also declared that she had the same mind, for indeed she had had a vocation two years before. The mother hereupon was very glad, but yet for tenderness of nature and devotion she also wept, and when their father, her husband, came home she told him of it.

He called them unto him, and examined them divers times, whether their desire proceeded not of some discontent or other cause than from God; if it did, that they should tell him freely of it, and he would seek for remedy thereunto. But when they assured him that their desire to religion proceeded not of any discontent, then he very lovingly promised to assist therein, yea, although that he himself should chance to fare the worse for it. Their desire also was to come hither to this monastery where their aunt was, for they might have gone to Graveling (Gravelines) where their uncle's two daughters were gone not long before, and there they might have been received for much less than here. But they had no mind at all to that place, and so their good father spoke to Mr Worthington, who was his neighbour, and lived but two miles off, who wrote hither to our Reverend Mother, and agreed with us about their portion which was to be £400 apiece, half whereof he was to pay at their profession, and the other half was to run upon rent there until such time as he should pay in the principal.

Upon this agreement with us, Mr Worthington came with them to London, and there his brother, Mr Richard Worthington, the priest, took charge of them, and brought them over himself hither. Having passed their scholarship and novice year, we, hearing their father would not be able to pay us the rent, our Reverend Mother told the younger that she must stay, being young enough, till we saw further how things went there with her father. But the good soul

did weep so bitterly at the great desire she had to be professed, that we accepted of her, having half their portions in our hands, which was to be laid out upon rent here in these parts, and would make a competent rent to maintain them yearly without burthen to our house, though their other rent in England should fail. So they were both now professed upon St Scholastica's day, when our monastery first began, the younger being but 17 years of age and her sister about 22.

After this, it happened that their parents were extremely plundered, as others at that same miserable time of war in England, and were fain to leave their house, which was taken from them, as also they lost their estate, and Mr Gillibrand was forced to fly into Wales. There he lived in poverty, yet content to suffer for God. Their mother went and lived with her daughter, who was then newly married, also in poverty, but with content to suffer for her conscience, being a Catholic.

This year (1643) upon the 22nd of November, died happily Sister Teresa Goulding, having been for many years sickly of a kind of consumption, which proceeded chiefly from want of sleep, because she had such a defect in her head that she could scarcely sleep in a whole night but very little, sometimes suffering very much by this accident unto which no remedy nor medicine availed her. She was a good religious, humble and patient, and strict in the Order as long as she was able to keep it; and afterwards, when she was fain to live in the infirmary, she bore all with great patience. If she chanced sometimes to want what she needed, or when she saw others more cherished than she was, she complained not, but offered all to God, and finished her life blessedly, twenty-three years of her profession.

About this time we began to take in the Father's house boarders. And first came out of England Mr Richard Worthington, priest. Living in the Spanish ambassador's house in London, he was sent by him upon

ANNA MARIA BARBARA, LADY PETRE,
Daughter of James Radcliffe, Third Earl of Derwentwater.

From Painting at Thorndon.

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the day of our Lady's Assumption unto the Lady Tresham, for to minister the holy sacraments unto her, she being then sick. At his return home in the ambassador's coach, he was taken in the street by some that it seems had intelligence that he was a priest, and brought before most malicious officers; he pleaded for himself that he was a stranger born, as indeed he was born here at Louvain. Yet they threatened him that should not avail him; but the ambassador got him freed, promising to send him over; and so he came and boarded here above a year, being our good friend, ever ready to assist us, as his father before had been.

Upon the 27th of February this year 1644, died Sister Frances Blase, our Dutch lay sister, of whom we have before related how she got leave of the bishop to come to this monastery with our English Sisters, the second company that came. She came for love to the English, also because she did not affect the Dutch Mother at St Ursula's, and, as she was wont to say afterwards, she was sick of a dangerous disease, not to love her superior. But here she did very well, was a good obedient religious, and very laborious, and in her appeared the force of God's grace, for she was of a most fierce and choleric nature, and would chide out of all reason when she was moved. But afterwards, when the passion was over, none more ready than she to come to those whom she had offended and speak her fault with great humility and sorrow. Before her death, towards the latter end of her days, her nature became so well broken that she even said of herself she was become like a lamb, so as every one of her fellow-sisters might now govern her. She went a long time sickly about the house and laboured in the garden, till at length she was forced to come into the infirmary, where she prepared herself well to make a happy end.

The day before her death she seemed to be reasonably well, and went to the grate unto her niece who came to see her, but in the morning she felt herself so very ill that she

could not well endure to lie in her bed but would needs get up. The infirmarian, seeing her so sick, would have her to lie still and not rise. Wherefore, she desired our Reverend Mother to bid her lie still; who came to her and said: "Sister Frances, you have always been obedient, now therefore, in honour of our Blessed Saviour's Passion, be content to lie in your bed, and do not rise now." She answered: "Well, Mother"; and so lying down quietly, upon a sudden, with one little turn in her bed, she gave up the ghost, and died most happily in the practice of holy obedience. We were then all at chapter, and our Reverend Mother was hastily called away to come unto her. She died suddenly but not unprovided, for she had well prepared herself with great resignation and willingness to die, being forty years professed and about 63 years of age.

This year (1644), upon the 6th of March, being then Easter Eve, died Sister Margaret Lewkenor. She was a humble and mild religious, of a good nature, and very obedient. She had for many years had a secret infirmity, which she would not discover out of bashfulness, and so in the end it was past recovery, and brought her with great pains unto her end. She then received the sacraments with devotion and resignation unto God's will. But it seems Almighty God would purify this good soul in this life, and therefore gave her a very hard death. All Good Friday she lay as it were in her agony, and about three of the clock the next morning, at her last passage, we thought she saw the enemy, for upon a sudden she opened her eyes so wide and stared more than a creature useth to do, and shutting her teeth fast together, she only drew breath at her nostrils, and made inwardly such a doleful cry as if she would say, "Will nobody help me?" Our Reverend Mother and the sick-mistress and others that were present fell all most heartily to their prayers for her, and sprinkled her with holy water until that fright was over, and she then quietly rendered her soul unto

God, at the age of 46 years and eighteen of her profession.

Upon the 22nd of May 1644, died Sister Ann Handford very sweetly and quietly, having been some years sickly, and inclined to a consumption and dropsy. She was always a mild soul, of a good nature, and very charitable. She would ever be doing some good deed or other, and would take our Sisters' foul candlesticks to make them clean, and thus bring them to their cells. She was before her death in the infirmary, but went about, and even when she was come to the last they had much ado to get her to bed; yet when she was abed and felt how truly she needed it, she was very glad to be there, but still desired the curtains open to give her breath. She was very willing to die, for when a lay sister was fallen sick, and some told her that she might chance to die before her, she answered: "I should be very happy to have her die before me"; and this she repeated twice or thrice. She had an agreement with the sick-mistress that when she should be in her agony she would pray for her, and she would in will join with her. Having then been anointed in due time, not long after they that then watched with her, did not think she had been so near her end, and therefore in the morning went away to take their rest, but first told the sick-mistress that all that night she had desired to have the curtains close, contrary to her former custom, which was always to desire air, and to have them open. The sick-mistress then in the morning drew the curtains and found her in a cold sweat, whereupon she went instantly to call our Reverend Father, and sent one to call our Reverend Mother. Then she returned herself and said to the sick nun, "Jesus!" She answered, leisurely, "Jesus!" and made a sign to her, taking her by the hand. Whereupon, the sick-mistress, imagining she would take something, went about to get it, but seeing that was not her meaning, bethought herself of the agreement that perhaps she would have them to pray for her,

and thereupon asked her if she meant that, who made a sign she did, which showed in what a good disposition she was who could so well remember that which concerned her soul's good. Our Reverend Father and Mother, with others, being present, she sweetly yielded up her soul to God. The passing bell went for her about six of the clock, when this convent rose, and so they all knew that she was dead, wondering much thereat, not thinking she would have died so soon. She was a very fair corpse and sweet countenance, so as it seemed a pity to put so fine a creature into the grave; but she was kept above ground two days, and was buried the next morning after Trinity Sunday; sixteen years of her profession.

This year (1644), about our Blessed Lady's Assumption, came hither to visit our Reverend Mother the Lady Stafford, who, being sole heir of the Lord Stafford, had married the Earl of Arundel's second son, whom the king had made then Lord Stafford; and he also came hither with his lady, and her mother, Mrs Stafford, who was no lady, by reason that her husband died before his father, and before the lordship had fallen to him. She was our Reverend Mother's cousin-german, her father being old Mr Wilford's son, of whom we spoke before, Sister Barbara Wilford's father. The lady and her mother, with a waiting-gentlewoman, had leave to come into our cloister, and so they saw our orchard, dormitory, and some cells, and looked into the Refectory when we sat at table, without tablecloths at supper, with an egg and bread and butter, or some other small thing, as we had tried to do that year. But at the year's end, finding that we had saved nothing by leaving off our supper, we returned again to our former custom of two meals a day, and our Lord provided such means as through His goodness we never wanted necessaries. We also about this time had begun to take boarders in our Father's house; gentlemen, who came out of England, to escape the troubles of the time, and so their board being well

paid, assisted us something. Also sometime before, when the wars began in England, our good friend, Mr George Gifford, who had put out most of our means there, got the moneys in, so as he sent them over to us, and we laid the same here upon liferents, which somewhat increased them, and assisted us for the present to be able to live. But yet all was not sufficient for our competent maintenance, if Almighty God had not wonderfully assisted us, as shall be declared in the ensuing year, 1645.

JAMES RADCLIFFE, EARL OF DERWENTWATER.
Beheaded on Tower Hill, February 24, 1716.

From Engraving by Vertue, after Portrait by Kneller, at Thorndon.

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APPENDIX

St Monica's and the last of the English martyrs. The Earls of Derwentwater. Sisters Katharine and Elizabeth Radcliffe. History of the Radcliffe family. James, Earl of Derwentwater. His trial and execution. Dies for his adherence to the Catholic Faith. His wife and son buried at St Monica's.

"In the year 1688, July 12th, were professed Sisters Katharine and Elizabeth Radcliffe, daughters to the Earl of Derwentwater, who proved great benefactresses, and towards the decline of life, consented for the temporal benefit of the community to go from Louvain to London, where they were detained nearly one year, and safely returned, to the community's great joy. Their sister, Lady Mary Radcliffe, gave them £150 for their use in England, and after Sister Elizabeth died in 1723, their brother Arthur dying without a will, Sister Katharine's share came to £1000."

From the later and more fragmentary portion of the Chronicle compiled by the nuns from such documents as were saved at the time of their flight from Louvain, I have copied this brief notice of the two Sisters Radcliffe. Sister Katharine survived till 1744, and another fragment of the Louvain records describes the two sisters as being noted for their humility and fervour. Their father, Francis, first Earl of Derwentwater, besides many other gifts to the monastery, allowed them an annuity of £100 a year, and the wealth of the family was freely bestowed to assist other gentlewomen whose dowry was insufficent for their admission to the cloister. In our former volume we have given a picture of the Derwentwater vestments, presented by the earl, and still in use at St Augustine's, as well as a portrait of Lady Margaret Radcliffe, and several other Radcliffe pictures, through the kindness of Mr R. D. Radcliffe, help to adorn the present volume. The greatest glory of the house of Derwentwater, now represented by Lord Petre, is of course James, the third Earl, the latest of the long line

of English martyrs, whose undoubted claim to that title we shall make good in this chapter.

For the brief family history, which serves to preface what we have to say of Earl James, and for the pedigree at the end of the book, I am indebted to Mr Radcliffe, while the details of the earl's life and martyrdom are taken from the beautiful little work of Father Charles Bowden of the Oratory. The Ladies, Katharine and Elizabeth Radcliffe, figure in Mr Orlebar Payne's Catholic Nonjurors of 1715, and in his Records of English Catholics he inserts their joint petition, in which they "being in years and very infirm," ask the commissioners for the forfeited estates that the annuity settled on them by their father may be continued, and to appoint a day for hearing their claims. In the reports of the commission, their sister, the Lady Mary, is described "as a great bigot, and therefore not a fit person to be entrusted with a disposal of legacies left by nuncupative wills for superstitious uses, such as 'the maintenance of priests, popish seminaries, and monasteries.'" It is directed that she be examined "and Mr Jenison, her priest." Now to our sketch of the family history.

It is a remarkable story, and worthy of being given at some length. Despite some vicissitudes of fortune at the time of Cromwellian usurpation, and after the flight of James II., the Radcliffes of Derwentwater seem to have been at the highest point of wealth and temporal prosperity when on the eve of their fall, and this in spite of their unswerving fidelity to the Catholic Faith. The final ruin could have been averted, as we shall see, if the martyr-earl would have agreed to sacrifice his conscience to his earthly interests. The daughters of the house of Derwentwater, who, in the days of persecution fled from the world to the cloister, were numerous, and it was owing to their holy prayers that the end of the earthly greatness of their race was hallowed by the martyr's crown.

At Radcliffe Tower on the Irwell, near Bury in Lancashire, we find the cradle of the race. In 1195 William of Radcliffe Tower was Sheriff of Lancashire. Burscough Priory was founded four years later, and Henry Radcliffe witnessed its foundation charter. Richard Radcliffe endowed it with lands in Merton. These early benefactors to monasteries had usually a prosperous line of descendants, and in the sixth generation from William the Sheriff, Thomas Radcliffe, a younger son of Richard Radcliffe and Isabella Pleasington, and an esquire of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,

held lands at Clitheroe and Wymersley, and from him the Derwentwater branch of the family descends through Sir Nicholas, his second son.

Sir John de Derwentwater of Castlerigg and Derwent Isle in Cumberland, left his daughter Elizabeth sole heir to his estates, so that by her marriage with Sir Nicholas this branch of the family became Radcliffes of Derwentwater. "The Derwent," writes Banks, "runs among the mountains called Derwent Fells, and spreads itself into a spacious lake, wherein are three islands: one, the seat of the family of Radcliffe, Kt. temp. Henry V., who married Margaret (Elizabeth), daughter and heir of Sir John de Derwentwater, Kt." Their son, Sir Thomas, mated with Margaret, daughter of Sir William Parr of Kendal Castle, by whom he had a numerous family. Two of his younger sons were priests; his eldest, Sir John, was disinherited; his second, Sir Richard, K.G., fell at Bosworth field, so that the succession fell to his third, Sir Edward, knight banneret, with whom the Radcliffes of Derwentwater were to become Radcliffes of Dilston, a name for ever sacred and dear to Catholics.

By his marriage, shortly before the year 1494, with Anne, only daughter of John Cartington of Cartington Tower, Northumberland, Sir Edward Radcliffe became Lord of Dilston (Dyvelstone) in Northumberland and Hawthorne in Durham, which Anne Cartington inherited through her mother, Joanna Claxton. Dilston Castle, lying east of the abbey and town of Hexham, and overlooking the valley of the Tyne, amid beautiful scenery and surroundings, rich in historical memories of old Northumbrian saints, the centre of a princely inheritance, became henceforward the residence of the Radcliffes. It is a ruin now, but the chapel and the sepulchral vault of the Lords of Dilston still remain.

Sir Cuthbert, eldest son of Sir Edward Radcliffe, married on 6th January 1514, Margaret, the daughter of Henry, Lord Clifford, and his son Sir George took to wife Katharine, daughter of Sir William Mallory of Studley in Yorkshire, the brave old Catholic knight, of whom the Chronicle of St Monica's relates how he stood with drawn sword at the church door, and drove away the officers who came there to establish the Protestant worship. For now the house of Radcliffe had to show itself as loyal and faithful in days of adversity and strife as it had been in peaceful and happy times. To Sir George succeeded his son Sir Francis, who married Isabel, daughter of Sir Ralph Grey of Chillingham, on 19th July 1576; was created a baronet in 1619,

and died 23rd December 1622. He lies buried in Corbridge parish church. In the Domestic State Papers for the year 1616, is a letter stating that "Mr Radcliffe (afterwards Sir Francis) has sent over into a religious house beyond the seas two of his daughters, who are still there." In fact his daughter Margaret, Sister Margaret of St Paul, was professed among the Poor Clares of Gravelines four years before, 3rd July 1612. She died Abbess of the Poor Clares at Aire. Her sister, Elizabeth, in religion Sister Barbara Colet, was then in her novitiate, and professed 15th January 1617. Two other daughters of Sir Francis, Dorothy, Sister Frances of St Bruno, and Anne, Sister Clare Benedict, were professed together on the 22nd July 1619. Their father stood in need of the prayers of his cloistered daughters in 1616. In that year a determined attempt to ruin him was made on account of his religion, and he was arrested on a false charge of having been a dozen years before concerned in the Powder Plot. The informer, Thomas Fenwick, stated that he was at the time in the service of Percy, the conspirator, and had to convey £500 or £600 to London, but on Percy's arrest had to convey it back to Francis Radcliffe of Dilston. The accused frankly acknowledged that he knew Percy, and was in London to compound for his recusancy at the time of the Powder Plot, but denied the charge. This examination was held 18th November, and exactly a month previously we find a letter to Winwood from John Smaithwaite of Elsdon in Riddesdale, telling him of meetings in the North among those of the popish factions, and collections of money to bribe some great man for the liberation of Roger Wodrington (Widdrington) and Francis Radcliffe. However, he weathered the storm.

Concerning the younger children of Sir Francis, I need only add that his son Cuthbert died fighting for his king at Newcastle, and that his daughter, Mary, married Roger Widdrington. Sir Edward, his eldest son, succeeded him in 1620, enlarged the estates partly by purchases and partly by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Barton of Whenby in Yorkshire, and died in 1663. For his loyalty and his faith, his estates were sequestered by the Parliament, and he himself reduced almost to beggary, nor did he recover them till the Restoration. The loyal baronet and his wife were buried in the vault of Dilston. Two of their daughters, Clare and Ursula, were professed as Dames Bridget and Thecla* among the Benedictine

* Otherwise Ursula.

nuns of Cambrai. Their sister Mary, the wife of William Tunstall of Wycliffe, was the mother of Sisters Christina and Margaret Tunstall, Bridgettines at Syon. His only surviving son, Francis, succeeded him.

With Sir Francis Radcliffe, created by James II. Baron Tynedale, Viscount Langley, and first Earl of Derwentwater, we enter upon the last stage of this long family history. He, too, had to suffer for his religion, being often presented for non-attendance at church, and he was a short time under arrest and in danger on account of Oates' plot. He married Katharine, daughter of Sir William Fenwick of Meldon, and widow of Henry Lawson of Brough, slain in the royal cause at Melton Mowbray in 1644. For a complete account of his family I refer my readers to the pedigree. His son, William, died at his house in the Lingaria at Rome, and two of his daughters were our two Sisters Radcliffe of St Monica's, while a third, Margaret, became the wife of Sir Philip Constable of Everingham. The error of his life was his ambitious design of marrying his eldest son, Edward, to a daughter of Charles II., by the Duchess of Cleveland, with the condition that his son should be Earl of Sussex, which he never obtained, though in the end his son married Lady Mary Tudor, another natural daughter of the king, on condition that she should remain a Protestant. He died in 1696, and was succeeded by his son Edward.

The life of Edward, second Earl of Derwentwater, was rendered unhappy by his ill-omened marriage. In the year 1700 he was separated by deed from the countess, and he died in 1705.

His eldest son, James, third Earl of Derwentwater, and a martyr for the Catholic Faith, succeeded to his titles and his splendid estates. He was born at the London house of the family in Arlington Street, but his boyhood was spent at the Court of St Germain's, and on the death of James II., he took the oath of allegiance to his son. In 1708 he returned to England, being then 20 years of age, "slender and delicate in figure, but of active habits; of middle height, with fair hair, blue or rather grey eyes, and a particularly noble and pleasing countenance; a most amiable youth, brave, generous, and hospitable;" brilliant in conversation, and an accomplished musician, with a sweet and powerful voice, he used often to accompany himself on the guitar. He was fond of the chase, universally beloved by his neighbours and dependents, and delighted in succouring the poor, for whose benefit he would every Thursday empty the larder of all the meat and game it

contained. His piety was deep and sincere, but unostentatious. On 10th July, 1712 he married Anna Maria, daughter of Sir John Webb of Canford in Dorset, Bart.

By this marriage, a singularly happy one, he had two children, John, Viscount Radcliffe, who died in London unmarried in 1731, and Anna Maria, who became the wife of the eighth Lord Petre. John was buried in the church of St Monica's Convent, whither his remains were conveyed by his grandfather, Sir John Webb. But of the further relations of the family with our canonesses, we shall have more to say in the sequel.

The earl's life passed very happily amid its stately and romantic surroundings, and he and his countess spent their time on their estates, daily visiting the cottages of the poor, and living more for others than for themselves, bringing happiness to all around them. It is true that his thoughts and prayers were ever with his exiled king. The lot of the exiled Stuarts cast a shadow over his life, and he even allowed himself to join the association, half convivial, half political, known as the "Corporation of the ancient Borough of Walton le Dale," which was a centre of Jacobite activity. But he was not formed for a conspirator, being fully aware of the danger of any attempt to restore by force of arms the Stuart dynasty, and was only at last prevailed upon to join in the rising by force of circumstances, and by the determined influence of his countess.

On the fateful 16th of August 1715,* the royal standard of the House of Stuart was unfurled in Scotland by the Earl of Mar. The ministry ordered the arrest of the Earl of Derwentwater. For seven weeks he kept in hiding. On the 6th of October, with his brother Charles and an armed force, he left Dilston. With drawn swords they rode through Corbridge. Lord Widdrington joined them the next day at Warkworth, and by sound of trumpet proclaimed King James III. Seventy Scottish borderers joined them at Morpeth, Lord Kenmure at Rothbury. In Scotland they were reinforced by Mackintosh with his Highlanders. Returning into England, scarce 1000 in number, the mere terror of their appearance put to flight near Penrith the militia under the Earl of Carlisle, though they numbered, according to some, 25,000. Towneley, Anderton, Butler, and many another gallant gentleman joined them on the march.

Under the incompetent General Foster, they made a brave

* Burton, in his *History of Scotland*, gives the date of raising of the standard by Mar at Braemar as 6th September 1715.

stand at Preston. But for the incapacity of the general it would have been a victory. Against the advice of the earl, Foster surrendered to General Carpenter, the earl and Brigadier MacIntosh voluntarily giving themselves up as hostages during a temporary cessation of arms. The prisoners were treated with disgraceful cruelty. Two hundred, including Lord Derwentwater and his brother, were sent to London, where the noblemen were sent to the Tower. Lady Derwentwater, on receiving the news, left Dilston at once, and rode to London through roads covered with snow that often reached to the horse's girths. Till the 19th of January she shared her lord's captivity in the Tower.

Referring my readers to Father Bowden's admirable work for a complete account of the last days of the earl's life, I must now hasten to the closing scene. The impeachment in the House of Lords of the seven peers, Derwentwater, Nithsdale, Widdrington, Carnwath, Wintoun, Kenmure, and Nairn, was made on 9th January 1716, and the prisoners were heard in court on the 19th. Sentence was pronounced on the 9th of February, the Lord High Steward informing the earl that no mitigation of the sentence would be granted, but that he would be executed "in the same manner as the meanest offender."

Immense efforts were made to obtain mercy for the prisoners. The young Countess of Derwentwater, accompanied by other noble ladies, vainly implored on her knees the king's pardon for her husband. An address to the king on behalf of Lord Derwentwater was carried in the House of Lords, and it is said that an offer of £60,000 was made to the Government with the same object. The others being respited, the Lords Derwentwater, Kenmure, and Nithsdale were ordered for execution; the last named escaped from the Tower through the heroic courage of his countess, whose sister was Prioress of the canonesses at Bruges.

Meanwhile, the earl calmly prepared himself for death, and for the last fortnight of his life had the constant attendance and help of the Reverend George Pippard, S.J., to whom he made his confession, and from whom he twice received Holy Communion. The last time was the day before his execution, when Mass was said in his prison cell. He was always cheerful and pleasant, and Bishop Giffard, who was not allowed to visit him, wrote him a most consoling letter. His own affectionate letters to his wife and relatives may be seen in Father Bowden's work, as well as Father Pippard's account of his last days and death. From that account I transcribe the following passages, as proving the

justice of the title of martyr, which I do not hesitate to give him.

"When on the Monday before he died his life was offered him if he would change his religion,* he told it me with the greatest transports of joy, and that, having refused his life upon such terms, he hoped it was not now making a virtue of necessity, and that had he a thousand lives, he would sooner part with them than renounce his faith, and with tears of joy in his eyes he humbly thanked God. From that time forward I took him to be another man. The Holy Ghost visibly had taken possession of his heart. The Tuesday following some others came to him, advising him to send for some minister of the Church of England, according to my Lord Chancellor's advice, with whom he might talk on indifferent things, as he did not intend to change his religion, and on the strength of that they would at least get a reprieve for him, and that, this once got, his life was safe. He thanked them, but would not give any handle for people to think he had any doubt in his religion. The Wednesday, he was prayed to read a Protestant prayer-book for much the same motives, and he made the same answer as the day before."

One of these misguided messengers was the unhappy Lord Waldegrave, the first of his family to forsake his religion. The holy martyr did what he could to convert him, but without success.

His execution was on the 24th of February, Feast of St Matthias, on Tower Hill, in the sight of many thousands of spectators. The earl was dressed in black velvet, and a small gold crucifix was suspended from his neck. He prayed in silence for a quarter of an hour, and then from the rails of the scaffold addressed the people, reading his speech from a paper in his hand. He asked pardon from those whom he might have scandalised by pleading guilty at his trial, though he had done it by advice, adding: "But I am sensible that in this I have made bold with my loyalty, having never any other but King James the Third for my rightful and lawful sovereign." He said he had rejected proposals made to him for saving his life, which he found inconsistent with his honour and conscience, and that he died a Roman Catholic. He then prayed aloud, reciting some of the penitential psalms. On the sheriff saying: "God save the King!" the earl answered, "God save King James." Then the executioner, weep-

* This offer was made on behalf of the Government by Viscount Sydney and the Duke of Roxburgh, who visited him on the 20th.

THE CRADLE OF THE EARLS OF DERWENTWATER,
With cypher E. R., that of the Second Earl, the property of Mr R. D. Radcliffe.
Deposited in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

From Photo contributed by R. D. RADCLIFFE, Esq.

[*Face page* 208.

ing, asked his forgiveness. The end will best be given in Father Bowden's words.

"Turning his head to the executioner, he added: 'After the third time I cry *Sweet Jesus*, strike then, and do what is most convenient to you.' The silence all around was intense and unbroken; then his voice was heard, 'Sweet Jesus, receive my spirit.' Again, after a momentary delay, 'Sweet Jesus, be merciful to me'; then louder still, 'Sweet Jesus'—but at this instant came a bright flash of steel, and Derwentwater was no more—no more on earth, but a martyr added to the white-robed army above."

The body was embalmed, and at dead of night conveyed to the young countess at Dagenham Park in Essex. Then his friends bore it to his home at Dilston, resting by day and travelling by night. On 6th March, it was met by the priest at Sunderland Bridge, two miles from Durham, when, as an eye-witness relates, "A most beautiful glory appeared over the hearse, sending forth resplendent streams of all sorts of colours to the east and west." Miracles were wrought at his tomb. We must not forestall the judgment of the Apostolic See, but may well and piously hope that the martyr's name will one day be enrolled among the blessed. His heart, which remained incorrupt, was taken first to the Benedictine nuns at Pontoise and then to the Augustinian canonesses at Paris. It was carried away by the communists in 1871. In 1874, the body was removed by Lord Petre, his descendant, to the Chantry Chapel at Thorndon Hall. The estates were conferred on Greenwich Hospital.

The widowed Countess of Derwentwater went over to the Low Countries. She died of small-pox at Brussels, 30th August 1723; her body was brought to Louvain, and buried in St Monica's Church. Seven years later, on the 31st of December 1731, her only son, John, followed her to the grave, dying at his grandfather's house in Great Marlborough Street, London. Sir John Webb conveyed his body to Louvain, and it was buried beside his mother's in St Monica's Church. The martyr-earl's brother, Charles, who had escaped from prison in 1716, on his nephew's death, assumed the title of Earl of Derwentwater; sailed from France with his son to join the Stuart Rising in 1745, was captured at sea, and executed at Tyburn in virtue of his former sentence, 8th December 1746. He had married Charlotte Mary Levingstone, Countess of Newburgh, by whom he had several children born abroad, most of them in Rome. His son, James Bartholomew

Radcliffe, born at Vincennes, succeeded to the titles of Earl of Newburgh, Viscount Kinnaird, and Baron Levingstone, which were inherited by his only son, Anthony James Radcliffe, who died without issue 28th November 1814, the last male descendant of the first Earl of Derwentwater.

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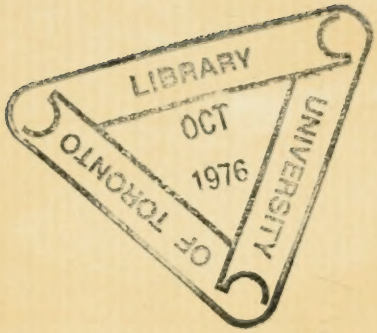
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